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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

MAY, 1916

TEN CENTS

Continental Publishing Co., Limited Toronto, Canada

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Cheer Up

The Cost is Small - Get an Overland

$850

Roadster $825

THE man of that family now escapes the utter weariness which used to drag him down.

The mother of that family enjoys a new freedom which makes her a better wife and mother.

The children of that family are ruddier—hardier.

They all lead a bigger, broader, healthier, happier, more united family life.

And all because of their Overland!

This Overland costs only $850.

But it is every inch an Overland—a perfect beauty.

Though a small, light, economical car, it is roomy, sturdy and powerful.

And it is absolutely complete to the last detail.

Never before has a stylish, comfortable, completely equipped car been offered at anywhere near so low a price.

Now for the first time, exacting pride and strictest economy are fully satisfied in one and the same car.

And for easy riding this newest Overland is not to be compared with any other car of its size.

In fact, many a big, high-priced car is nowhere near so easy riding.

It has cantilever rear springs which absorb road shocks more perfectly than any other type.

Large four-inch tires add to its easy riding qualities.

And the seats are soft and deep and built up over long spiral springs.

The seats are also broad and wide—ample in their roominess for five full grown people.

Of course it is electrically lighted and started and the electrical control switches are located on the steering column—right at your hand.

You should have a car this spring—

And if you want top class at bottom price, it must be this Overland, for no other car meets both these requirements.

No wonder it has swept the country—the biggest and quickest success of all our long line of record breaking models.

But one thousand cars a day is the present limit of our production.

That is more than double the capacity of any other producer of cars of this size and class.

But the demand is in proportion to the excess value in this car.

Order yours now to avoid delay.

See the Overland dealer today.

Catalog on request—Please address Dept. 682

Willys-Overland, Limited

Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ont.

EVERYWOMAN'S · OPPORTUNITY · LIST

CLASSIFIED·ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange.

Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

Public Benefactors

HAVE you ever thought how great are the benefits that accrue to the reading, thinking public, and to everyone,—because of advertising?

The advertiser is a public benefactor!

Some day I'll tell you why, in detail, through the columns of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. But just now let us consider the little adlets on this classified page.

Every thing and every service set forth in these brief classified messages, is, in so far as we can learn, *good*. Were they otherwise, they never would be allowed to get this entré to our readers.

"Things have got to be good or they won't stand advertising" in these enlightened days!

I suggest that you read every little ad. and find the one with the messsage of a special benefit for which you are looking.

If by chance the thing, or the service, or the opportunity you seek is not in this page, will you write and tell me about it? I'll get the information for you!

Address,—The Manager, Classified and Small Ads. Division, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Agents Wanted

AGENTS SEND 5c. for sample of Dr. May's Magno-Electric Comb. Is sanitary, unbreakable, low price. Opportunity for you. Magnetic Comb Co., St. Thomas, Ont.

AGENTS: 500% PROFIT. Gold and Silver sign letters for store and office windows. Anyone can put on. Write to-day for free sample. Metallic Letter Co., 413 N. Clark St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED. On every R. F. D. Route in Canada we want an agent to solicit renewal and new subscriptions for us. Easy work and good pay. Address Agencies Division, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

BRUSHES FOR EVERY PURPOSE for the home and institution. The Fuller Fountain Auto Washer cleans car in 30 minutes. A new sales method makes failure impossible. Send for terms, your territory is valuable. Fuller Brush Company, Hartford, Conn.

HUNDRED PER CENT PROFIT, selling our sanitary household brushes all or spare time. Big repeaters. Protected territory. Write Canadian Fuller Brush, 61 Richmond W., Toronto.

$40 WEEKLY introducing new combination dipper. Nine useful articles in one. Belliveau cleared $80 ten days. Sample postpaid 35c. Particulars free. Secure territory now for busy summer season. Pelco Producing Co., Dept. M., 451 Decarie, Montreal.

Agents Take Notice

MRS. COPE, MACGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $102.00 in four days. Sold to every home in Macgrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 9 Dundas Street, Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

Authors—Manuscripts

WRITERS.—Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, E. W. 3, Hannibal, Mo.

Beauty Culture

BEAUTY AND WEALTH.—Our system of Beauty Culture shows how you may attain both. Contains many valuable formulas for manufacturing beauty specialties and toilet preparations. Particulars and beauty folder free. Write to-day. Sterling Co., Post Office Box 262, Montreal, Que.

WAVECURL HAIR-CURLING FLUID will make your hair beautifully wavy and curly. Send 15c for a sample. Wavecurl Co., 38a. St. Paul, Minn.

Books, Periodicals, Etc.

CANADIAN FAMILY COOK BOOK.—Compiled by Lady Gay, contains 540 pages and 1,134 recipes, many of which have been handed down from mother to daughter for generations. There are tempting soups, breads, rolls, cakes, pastry and salads. It tells how to bring out all the goodness and tempting aroma of this or that cut of beef, and it gives rules telling the best ways of cooking vegetables. With the aid of this cook book you can get up a dinner which your guests will never forget, for it is the way that a dish is made and the little touches which give it the palate pleasing flavor. Besides telling you how to make appetizing dishes, the Canadian Family Cook Book tells you how to serve them, and gives you lots of other useful information. Write Home Library Association, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, Ont., enclosing $1.25, and we will send you the Canadian Family Cook Book by mail, postage paid.

WRITE FOR OUR BOOKLET "Big Returns." It gives full particulars about classified advertising in this magazine, with rates, date of closing, etc. Send for one to-day—it may suggest something to you, if you want to buy something, sell something, exchange something. Here is your opportunity.

24 COMPLETE NOVELS, NOVELETTES and stories 15c. War map of Europe, 15" x 16", four colors. Shows latest Balkan changes. Mailed you postpaid for 10c. Canada Mail Order Co., Desk E., Toronto.

Business Opportunities

$85 A MONTH.—We will pay $85 a month to anyone who secures an average of five subscriptions per day for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Write for our salary offer. Address, Continental Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Educational

AMERICA'S FINEST PENMAN teaches rapid, tireless business writing by mail, small expense. Write for free illustrated journal. F. B. Courtney, Box W. 492, Detroit, Mich.

BECOME A TRAINED NURSE by home study in spare time. You can qualify to earn $15 to $25 a week in from three to six months. Hospital experience and diploma included in one year. Established 15 years. Thousands graduated. Catalog free. American Training School, Chicago.

BRIEFHAND.—The modern substitute for stenography, uses longhand letters. Easily learned. Complete course $1.00. Sample lesson free. Premier Briefhand School, Dept. 5, Washington, D.C.

IF YOU HAVE HESITATED TO try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in the way of your success you need delay no longer. Write a letter to the Classified Department of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont., and state fully what you want to put into your advertisement and the amount of space you want it to occupy. Copy will be at once submitted for your approval, together with full particulars as to rates, classification and closing date of next available issue.

Family Remedies

A GREAT REMEDY.—Dr. Henderson's Herb Treatment, in tablet form, will cure Rheumatism, Constipation, Eczema, Stomach Troubles, Kidney and Liver Trouble. Three months' treatment, with our certified guarantee, for one dollar, postpaid. Henderson Herb Co., 173 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Agents wanted.

Farm Products

BERRY PLANTS AND FLOWERS.—Catalogue free. Chas. Provan, Langley Fort, B.C.

THE ONE BEST OUTLET for farm produce, non-fertile eggs, poultry, separator butter. Write Gunns, Ltd., 78 Front St. East, Toronto.

For Children

THE FAMOUS "QUADDIES" BOOKS by Thornton W. Burgess. Each book in this delightful series is devoted to the adventures of one animal and tells of his pranks, his good times, troubles, friends and enemies. The illustrations are unusually clever. In the series are the adventures of Reddy Fox, Johnny Chuck, Peter Cottontail, Unc' Billy Possum, Mr. Mocker, Jerry Muskrat, Danny Meadow Mouse, Grandfather Frog, Sammy Jay and Chatterer the Red Squirrel. Children thoroughly enjoy these stories. Price 50c. each postpaid. The Home Library Association, 62 Temperance St., Toronto.

Garden Specialties

GLADIOLUS, THE COMING FLOWER.—Send for free cultural directions and catalogue of the best varieties ever offered in Canada. H. P. Vanwagner, R. 5, Hamilton, Ont.

Help Wanted

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.—Comfortable living, home sewing, plain cloth seams. Any sewing machine. Steady. No canvassing. No triflers wanted. Samples 10c., returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Jobbers Sewing, Rehoboth, Del.

HAVE YOU ANY SPARE TIME to convert into dollars by representing us in your community? Address your letter to the Circulation Manager, Continental Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Hemstitching and Pleating

ACCORDION PLEATING, Cloth Covered Buttons, Hemstitching, Scalloping, Initialing, Embroidery, etc. Write for our catalogue No. 3, Toronto Pleating Co., 14 Breadalbane St., Toronto, Ont.

Home Furnishings

WRITE for our large photo-illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

Miscellaneous

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN.—Swedenborg's great work on "Heaven and Hell" and the life after death, over 400 pages, only 25 cents, postpaid. W. H. Law, 486F, Euclid Ave., Toronto, Ont.

LADIES' HANDSOME BROOCH FREE.—Send one dollar for strand of beautiful California flower beads, any color, and receive beautiful brooch free. May Cochran, Long Beach, California.

PLASTOGRAPHY.—Reproduce beautiful medallions of President Wilson. Statuary—life busts of your friends. Free mold and copyrighted instructions, price $1.00. Philip B. Spahr, York, Pa.

Miscellaneous—Continued

SALARY GUARANTEED. Don't waste a minute. Address a postal card and find out about our Salary Guaranteed to Agents. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD offers a real opportunity of steady permanent income to the right agent. Address Agency Division, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

SILK REMNANTS for crazy patchwork. Large trial package of good-sized pieces in pretty designs, grand assortment, only 10c., 3 for 25c. Embroidery, silk, odd lengths, assorted colors in packages at 10c. and 25c. People's Specialties Co., Box 1836, Winnipeg.

WHAT WILL THE COMING year bring to you? Reliable scientific forecast from planetary aspects. Thousands testify to benefit derived. Send date of birth and 10c. for trial reading. L. Thomson, Dept. 63, Kansas City, Mo.

YOUR FUTURE FORETOLD.—Accurate information concerning business, love, marriage, etc. Scientific astrology. Send birthdate, 10c. coin, for trial reading. A. P. Frank, Department 168, Kansas City, Mo.

Motion Picture Acting

BECOME A PHOTO PLAY ACTOR or Actress. One of the most pleasant and well paid of professions. Send stamp for particulars of our mail order course. This includes scenario writing. Photo-Players, Heintzman Bldg., Yonge St., Toronto.

Motion Picture Plays

SHORT STORIES, Novels, Plays and Photo Plays wanted. We sell all standard literature. Opportunity for writers of reputation. Work of novices edited and a small fee charged. Manuscripts Universal, Society of Writers, Inc. George Munro, former Editor, Seaside Library, Editor, 220 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

WRITE MOTION PICTURE PLAYS. $50 each. Experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

$1,200 A YEAR for spare time writing one moving picture play a week. We show you how. Send for free book of valuable information of special prize offer. Chicago Photo Playwright College, Box 178 K 7, Chicago.

Nursing

PRIVATE NURSES easily earn $25.00 weekly. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

WANTED, PUPIL NURSES for training; one year high school necessary; monthly allowance sufficient for expenses. Elyria Memorial Hospital, Elyria, Ohio.

Pianos for Sale

BARGAINS AT HEINTZMAN HALL IN ORGANS, Pianos, Player-Pianos. Heintzman & Co. cabinet grand upright piano, polished rosewood case, has long over-strung scale, 7⅓ octave keyboard. The piano is in perfect condition and has an elegant tone. Special, $285.

AUTOPIANO New York. Player-piano, polished mahogany case, plays 88-note music and is thoroughly up-to-date in every way. This instrument is a snap at $475.

HEINTZMAN & CO. square grand piano in handsome rosewood case with carved legs, has a rich melodious tone. Special at $145.

BELL FIVE-OCTAVE ORGAN, oil finished walnut case, has 7 stops including Vox Humana, Forte, etc. Knee swell only. A snap at $22.

WRITE OUR MAIL ORDER DEPT. for big list of bargains in used instruments of all descriptions Ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co., Ltd., Heintzman Hall, 195 D. Yonge St., Toronto.

Photography

ART PRINTS.—Films developed 10c., all sizes. Prints 2½ x 3¼ 3c., 2½ x 4¼ 4c. Work guaranteed. Send negative for samples. Girard's Commercial Photo Shop, Holyoke, Mass.

Picture Framing

ARTISTIC PICTURE FRAMING.—Best work, reasonable prices; write for particulars, J. W. Geddes, 425 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Postage Stamps

STAMPS FOR COLLECTORS. — Canadian Revenues, catalogue value $1.20, free to new applicants for approvals, giving satisfactory references. Mrs. Oughtred, 28 Lincoln Avenue, Montreal, Que.

Postcards

LEAP YEAR POST CARDS.—The latest up-to-date postcards, 6 for 10c., 18 for 25c. Meaford Novelty Co., 693 Queen St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Printing

100 ENVELOPES.—Your name and address printed on the corner, 30c. postpaid. Samples free. E.W. Breneisa, Wheeler, Indiana.

Pure Bred Poultry

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—High class strain. All the Standard Breeds of Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Write to-day for free catalogue. J. H. Rutherford, Alvion, Ontario.

Razor Blades Sharpened

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts—Gillette 35c. dozen; Ever Ready 25c. Mail to A. L. Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

Real Estate—Farm Lands

IS HE CRAZY? The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 941 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for $6 per month. Your profit should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

Schools and Colleges

LEARN AT HOME.—Bookkeeping, Stenography, Matriculation, Civil Service, Teachers' Courses, Journalism, Special English, Engineering, Beginner's Course. Ask for anything you need. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. E.W., Toronto, Canada.

YOUNG PEOPLE.—For five dollars cash, and easy payments, you can take private instruction at home by mail in Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting or Arithmetic. Write now. Listowel Business College, Listowel, Ontario.

Snapshots Enlarged

WHY NOT HAVE your little snapshots enlarged and decorate your room with pictures of interest. We will make for you a beautiful 8 x 10 enlargement for 35 cents from any film or plate. Photoart Co., 294 Yonge St., Toronto.

Story Writers Wanted

WANTED—STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS, ETC. We pay on acceptance. Offers submitted. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Please send prepaid with return postage. Cosmos Magazine, 181 Stewart Bldg., Wash., D.C.

Typewriters

ROYAL TYPEWRITER.—"Compare the Work." See our ad. on page 43.

Wearing Apparel

LADIES.—Write for our "Wash Material" samples. Large booklet free on application. Harry Tolton, Berlin, Ont.

Writing for Pay

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

Why Not Advertise

ADVERTISING DOESN'T PAY—when you do not advertise. Why not grasp the opportunities offered by EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD Classified Department. Scores of advertisers use this department month after month to build up their business. You can insert a small advertisement in our Classified Columns at the low rate of 10 cents per word. Whether you want to buy something, sell something or exchange something; whether you want employment or employees, you can use to advantage the Classified Department of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Factory Employes at the Canadian Plant at Ford, Ont.

$50,000 a Month Increase In Wages—Staff Increased By 900 Men Since War Was Declared

Increase the prosperity of the individual and you increase the prosperity of the nation.

The influence thus exerted by the Ford Canadian Company towards upholding and upbuilding the prosperity of the Dominion in times when such an influence is intensely valuable forms a story of real human interest.

This story is founded on three events:

1. An increase in wages of $50,000 a month.
2. The reduction of working hours from nine to eight.
3. The addition of 900 men to the pay roll since war began.

In the Spring of 1915, Canadian manufacturing interests were in most cases being guided by a policy of retrenchment rather than of expansion. It was a time when caution seemed the better part of valor.

The Ford Canadian executives, however, preferred to look upon the situation with more optimism. At that time they were considering putting into effect a higher standard of wages for their employes. They saw no reason why they should stop the wheels of progress on account of the war, so in April 1915, the new Ford standard of wages was adopted.

Here was a war-time increase of from 15 to 60% for every eligible worker in the plant. The average laborer was at once presented with a $38 a month raise.

It is estimated that this increase distributed among the 2,400 Canadian Ford employes amounts to about $50,000 a month. And bear in mind that their previous rate of pay was considered good.

So, by April 16, 1916, the Ford Canadian Company will have given its employes $600,000 in increased wages for one year.

Surely, this is increasing the prosperity of the individual with a vengeance.

Likewise it increases the prosperity of the merchants from whom these employes buy. And it increases the prosperity of the wholesaler from whom the merchants buy and so on down the list. The commission man, the jobber, the manufacturers in all parts of Canada share in it. And in the natural course of events the whole nation benefits from this increased distribution of money.

In the nine leading cities from St. John to Vancouver there are Ford Branch establishments that are also assisting in this promotion of prosperity.

In the plant at Ford City there are about 2000 employes whose places of abode are in the four towns of Ford City, Walkerville, Windsor and Sandwich. There are 1000 more employes working in establishments in these four towns whose output either in its entirety or its greater part is taken by the Ford plant. Thus 3,000 persons there are dependent upon the Ford factory.

Basing an estimate on the fact given in the last census report that there are five in the average family, this makes a total of 15,000 people that look to the Ford Plant for their support.

In other words half the people in these four towns whose combined population is about 30,000 are directly benefited by the prosperity of the Ford Canadian Company.

At the same time that they received this increase in wages, the Ford employes were further benefited by a reduction in working hours of from nine to eight per day.

Few firms, excepting those working on government contracts, have found it desirable to add to their number of employes to any great extent since war began. But so resultful has been the Ford Canadian policy of full speed ahead, war or no war, that it has been necessary to take on 900 additional employes since August 1914.

Has the Ford Company as a Canadian Plant with its own army of highly paid workers done "its bit" for Canada outside of boosting her prosperity? Again let us consult statistics.

In contributing to the Patriotic and Red Cross funds, the employes, officers and stockholders gave $59,304.39 or an average of $29.60. The factory workers alone gave $30,410.04 or an average of $18.71 per man. Office employes gave $6,168.60; everyone, almost without a single exception gave to the absolute limit. For instance, twenty-two girl office employes, stenographers and file clerks contributed a total of $77.50 per month for 12 months.

The total contribution from the town of Ford with its 2,200 population was $75,776.99 or an average of about $34 per capita which is one of the largest per capita contributions of any city or town in the Dominion.

Ford employes are the highest paid automobile workers in the British Empire. They are paid 3 times as well as the average Canadian workmen—receiving $1,200 a year as against the average wage of $435 as given by the last census reports.

The Ford Canadian executives have proved to their own satisfaction—and figures make this proof obvious—that the increased permanency of a man's employment, his increased skill gained through this longer time of service, and other factors, fully counterbalance this increased expenditure in wages.

And so the owner of a Ford car receives a direct benefit from all this since it results in putting into his car a skilled workmanship that is most unusual and that goes far towards making the Ford car the wonderful mechanical production that it is today.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Ford, Ontario

Ford Runabout - - - $480
Ford Touring - - - - 530
Ford Coupelet - - - - 730
Ford Sedan - - - - - 890
Ford Town Car - - - 780
f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

5-B

All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

Everywoman's World Directory of Standard Canadian Products

Ammonia Powder

Eze Manufacturing Co., Limited, Toronto, manufacturers of Star Ammonia Powder, quite the best help on the market for washing and scrubbing and for washing dishes. Takes less than other brands to soften water. Besides being a most satisfactory cleanser, is a thorough and pleasant disinfectant—it destroys disease germs. No other powder is so rich in ammonia gas. Washes clothes, white goods or woollens, paint work, oilcloths, windows, floors, etc., and dishes, cutlery, glassware, kitchen utensils, milk pails, baths, marble, etc., and in fact everything. Demand Star Ammonia from your grocer.

Boats and Engines

Davis Dry Dock Co., Kingston, Ont. Established 1865. Manufacturers of tugs, passenger and freight steamers, life boats, gasoline engines, general repairs, dry dock. Write for descriptive catalogue.

Breakfast Food

The Chisholm Milling Co., Limited, Toronto, manufacturers of Ralston Wheat Food. Ralston Wheat Food is a special brain food, healthful and nourishing for both old and young. It is delicious and appetizing. Only 15c. for a large package at your grocer's, or sent direct.

Canoes, Motor Boats, Etc.

The Peterborough Canoe Co., Limited, Peterborough, Canada, manufacturers of high grade canoes of all kinds. Also Skiffs, Sailing Dingys, Motor Boats and boating supplies. We have a special boat for outboard motor. The quality of "Peterborough" boats is guaranteed. Send for catalogues.

Chocolates

The Private Stock Package, made by Patterson's, Toronto, was the first "dollar a pound" candy sold in Canada ($1.25 in the Western Provinces). To-day it deservedly enjoys a tremendous sale, and is perhaps the best known of all boxed candy. It may be had in various sizes from ½ to 10 pounds and in two assortments. Of course Patterson's make many other lines ranging in price from 50c. to $1.50 a pound, each one containing the greatest possible value commensurate with its selling price. For sale by most druggists and confectioners.

Fencing

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ontario, manufacturers of Peerless wire fencing, gates, etc. Peerless galvanized steel fencing is made by the Open Hearth process, which time and other tests have proven to be the best. By this process all impurities are burned out of the metal thus removing one of the chief causes of rusting. There is a Peerless fence for your every need! Peerless Poultry Fence, closely woven, is a complete barrier against small poultry. Peerless Perfection Fence is strongly made—will resist the attacks and onslaughts of large animals. Peerless Lawn Ornamental Fencing and Gates enhance the beauty of your premises and protect lawns, flower beds, etc. If you need fencing, write us your requirements and we will send you full information on the Peerless fencing that suits your individual needs.

Home Decoration

Benjamin Moore & Co., Limited, of Toronto, manufacture what is known as "Muresco" for wall and ceiling decoration. There are sixteen beautiful tints to choose from, and it is easily applied; will not rub off, crack or peel. Sold by all leading hardware and paint stores. "Muresco" makes "Your Home" beautiful.

Ice Cream Freezers

Home Made Ice Cream has always been economical and healthy and as pure as you wish to make it but Peerless Freezers, made in Canada, have made the making easy, neat and swift. Made and guaranteed by The Wm. Cane & Sons Co., Limited, Newmarket, Canada. Sold at all good hardwares.

Illuminating Glassware

The Jefferson Glass Co., Limited, 388 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, are the only Canadian manufacturers of illuminating glassware. Their special "Moonstone" glass is the most efficient reflecting medium known; it also has a dainty appearance. They also make many beautiful designs in color, decorated and etched shades, bowls, &c., &c. Always ask for Canadian made glass.

Indurated Fibreware

The E. B. Eddy Co.—Tubs, pails, etc. Baby will enjoy his bath if you use a fibreware tub. No cold sides to upset his equilibrium as in the galvanized ware, and no possible splinters in this smoothly finished, light weight, but wearing article.

Infant Tablets

Douglas Infant Tablets (formerly Hennequin's) for babies and small children. Destroy worms, regulate the bowels, relieve teething troubles, allay feverishness, cure indigestion, colic, diarrhoea, constipation, etc. Do not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic. Price 25c. at your druggist, or by mail direct. Address, Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

Infants' Wear

Henry Davis & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont., manufacturers of Priscilla Brand hand-made Infants' wear. We manufacture only hand-made goods for infants, such as bonnets, bootees, jackets, and all articles required for infants. All goods are made of pure wool and perfect in workmanship. Our goods bear the trade mark of the famous Priscilla Knitting. Our catalogue is at your command, showing the varied designs we make. A post card will bring it to you by return. We would suggest your sending for our Special Three-piece Set—bonnet, jacket and bootees, all wool, silk edged and ribbon ties, attractively boxed, for $1.75.

What is Thrift?

Cash Prizes for Best Answers

AS A PEOPLE we Canadians have not come to realize the full meaning of efficiency, of avoiding loss, of utilizing waste material, of spending money wisely.

We have not known the meaning of *thrift*.

Thrift does not mean the hoarding up of money in an old sock, or in a bureau drawer; it is rather a matter of spending,—spending or investing or saving *wisely*.

Since there is need that each one of us Canadians get the right idea about this very important matter, the editors of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD want your definition of *thrift*.

Perhaps you can cite an example from your own experience or observation that will serve to illustrate.

Think it over. Talk it over with your friends. Then send us your answer to the question, "What is Thrift?" Take your cue from the "Production and Thrift" advertisement published for the Government of the Dominion of Canada on page 27 of this issue.

Write on one side of the paper only. Do not have your letter exceed 300 to 600 words in length. Send your letter early, or before May 30th.

Sender of first prize letter will receive $5.00 cash; 2nd prize, $3.00; 3rd prize, $2.00. Decisions will be placed in favor of the ideas suggested rather than for fine writing.

We shall expect you to take part as a patriotic duty, and we hope, as well, that you will win one of the cash prizes. Address answers to Production and Thrift Division, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

P.S.—Would you include in your ideals and practice of thrift any special favor for worthy, standard Canadian-made goods that are good value at a reasonable price? If so, please state why.

Kodakery

Wouldn't you like to look over a collection of pictures of the old home days, showing the intimate scenes that are now but tender memories? You would have such a collection now, if picture-making had been in your childhood as simple as it is to-day.

The Kodak system of all-by-daylight picture-making enables you to provide for your children a collection such as would be priceless to you, had it been possible when you were a youngster. "At Home with the Kodak" is a little booklet, gratis, which tells how to make such pictures. Kodaks are made by us in Canada. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, 582-592 King Street W., Toronto.

Matches

The E. B. Eddy Co.—Pioneer match-makers of Canada. Eddy's "Silent Parlor" and about 30 other brands—all made from faultless lumber. (See washboards and fibreware.)

Mattresses

The Toronto Pad Co., Limited, 333 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont., manufacturers of The Fischman Mattress, guaranteed for 3,000 nights. Each mattress is numbered and dated from the date of its delivery from the factory. We stand behind this guarantee in every respect. Try one on thirty days' trial—your money back if you are not satisfied.

There is a distinction about a Fischman Mattress, that places it in a class by itself. Thirty-five rows of little patented spirals of resistance, embedded in cozy cradles of cotton and wool, make the difference between it and an ordinary mattress. No springs are necessary. It is guaranteed not to sag or spread, and to be absolutely noiseless. If you are looking for more comfort ask your dealer to show you the Fischman Mattress, or write to us for full information.

Mops and Polish

O-Cedar Polish, the wonderful furniture and woodwork polish, dusts, cleans and polishes at the one operation. It is not a gummy, sticky coating but a liquid which cleans and polishes. Seeming blotches and blemishes disappear and all the original beauty of the grain is brought out, leaving a hard, dry, lasting lustre. It is economical because used with water—half and half.

O-Cedar Polish Mops are treated with O-Cedar Polish. They pick up every grain of dust and hold it. They not only dust the surface but they polish it. Easily cleaned and renewed. There are over a million of these mops in use and every one giving satisfaction. They are guaranteed. Made in Canada by the Channell Chemical Co., Ltd., 369 Sorauren Ave., Toronto. Sold by all dealers from coast to coast.

Ointment

"Mentholatum," the best household ointment made in Canada, is a scientific combination of menthol (the active principle of peppermint oil) with other valuable medicinal and antiseptic agents.

Mentholatum is absolutely harmless and can be used on the most delicate skin, as an external application for colds, catarrh, burns, bruises, chaps, croup, etc. It is indispensable and should certainly be in every home, especially where there are children.

If you have never used Mentholatum, send ten cents for a large trial box; your medicine chest is not complete without it. For sale at all drug stores, 25 and 50 cents. The Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg, Ont.

Pianos

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited, Toronto, Can., manufacturers of the Gerhard Heintzman Grand Self Players and upright pianos, of the highest quality only. The Gerhard Heintzman pianos are the result of over half a century of experience and study by masters of harmony, and are recognized as leaders in the musical world, because of their superior tone quality, their durability and beauty of design and finish. Critics select Gerhard Heintzman pianos and player pianos because they consider them the best pianos made. Your present instrument taken in part payment and convenient terms arranged. Visit our warerooms if you can; if not send for catalogue and full information.

If You Want a Piano with refined appearance, tone, quality, responsiveness, and permanency—a piano you will love to play and hear—then make a careful examination of the "Newcombe" piano! It is the only piano equipped with Howard's Patent Straining Rod.

We also carry "Newcombe" Player Pianos which excel for human-like control and temperament.

Write for our catalog. Special attention given to mail orders. Newcombe Piano Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Poultry Feed

The Chisholm Milling Co., Limited, Toronto, manufacturers of Purina Chicken Chowder and Purina Chick Feed. Purina Chick Feed grows "chesty chix" and keeps them in a healthy condition. Purina Chicken Chowder is a special growing feed for the newly hatched chicks and should be fed in addition to Purina Chick Feed. If you are interested in poultry-raising, secure a copy of our latest Purina Booklet. It is sent free for the asking.

Red Cedar Chests

Keenan Woodenware Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Owen Sound, manufacturers of Moth Proof Red Cedar Chests, made in any size or style to suit your requirements. If you have a corner in your room, or a space under the window, or would like one that would slip under a bed, advise us just what you want with exact outside measurements, giving the height from the floor to the top of the chest, and we will quote you.

Rubber Goods

The Dominion Rubber System is composed of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co., Limited and Associated Companies. They operate eight factories, and have twenty-eight branches throughout Canada. They make all kinds of rubber goods, including the famous "Jacques Cartier," "Merchants," "Granby," "Maple Leaf," "Dominion," and "Daisy" brands of rubbers and rubber boots, "Dominion" automobile, motor-cycle, and bicycle tires, "Diamond" hot water bottles, "Dominion" raincoats, "Dominion" bathing caps, "Fleet Foot" outing and sporting shoes, and a thousand-and-one other articles made of rubber, such as elastic bands, fruit-jar rings, shower-bath curtains, hospital supplies, etc.

The headquarters of the Company are in Montreal, P.Q., but, as stated above, they have branches at all important centres.

Silverware

Canadian Wm. A. Rogers, Limited, manufacturers of high class table silverware and hollowware. Head office, Toronto. Branch sales-room and warehouse, Winnipeg.

Underwear

Kingston Hosiery Co., Kingston, Ont., manufacturers of Imperial underwear. One of the oldest underwear mills in Canada. Established 1880. Look for the crown on every garment. Made from the best Australian wool on full fashioned machines. We also manufacture cotton underwear made from the best Egyptian cotton for summer wear.

Vacuum Cleaners

The Clements Manufacturing Co., Limited, 78 Duchess Street, Toronto, manufacturers of "Cadillac" Vacuum Cleaners, the only complete line of electric and hand power cleaners "Made in Canada." We also manufacture "Cadillac" mops and polish. If unable to find a "Cadillac" dealer in your town, write us for descriptive booklet.

Wall Covering

The Alabastine Co., Limited, Paris, Ont., manufacturers of Alabastine wall coatings. These come in beautiful soft tints, which harmonize with any woodwork or furnishings. Alabastine has been made in Canada for 30 years from Canadian and British materials. It is the modern sanitary wall covering. Write to-day for our free portfolio of suggestions for decorating. This gives you a wide range of color schemes from which to choose for any room you wish to decorate and the offer of free stencils in many different and artistic designs. Please mention Everywoman's World when you write. Address, The Alabastine Co., 15 Willow St., Paris.

Washboards

The Very Latest Thing on the market is Eddy's indurated fibreware two-sided board, made of compressed pulp, gives almost everlasting wear.

Let us Make in Canada a Bigger, Better, Busier Commerce

Uses

THESE are the uses for which Ivory Soap is especially suited:

For toilet and bath because it lathers freely, rinses easily, floats, and does not smart or burn.

For nursery use because it cannot irritate the tenderest skin.

For washing fine fabrics because it cannot injure anything that water itself does not harm.

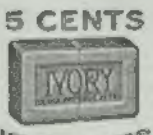
For washing dishes because it does not roughen the hands.

For cleansing better-than-ordinary home furnishings because it cleanses thoroughly without injuring.

Anybody can afford to use Ivory Soap for all these things because it costs but five cents a cake.

IVORY SOAP

5 CENTS



IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

Ivory Soap is made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

LAUGH TIME TALES

Funny Things That Happen People

ETHEL'S DILEMMA

Mrs. Smarte had great ideas on the rearing of children. She spoke at meetings on the subject, and served on the committees of several societies. But somehow she didn't seem to have time to look after her own. They were brought up by the servants.

Of course, they had everything that money could buy, including a French nurse. But one morning little Ethel seemed ill. In desperation, Mrs. Smarte telephoned for the doctor.

"Oh, Doctor," she cried, on his arrival, "I wish you could find out what is wrong with Ethel! I don't think it's much, but her French nurse left yesterday, and there isn't a soul in the house who understands what the poor child says."

Doctor: "I hope your husband followed my prescription?"

Mrs. Shubbs: "No, indeed! If he had he would have broken his neck."

Doctor: "Broken his neck?"

Mrs. Shubbs: "Yes; he threw it out of the fourth storey window."

CHEAP

Mr. Meane: "I have nothing but praise for the new minister."

Mrs. Meane: "So I noticed when the plate was passed around."

NOURISHMENT

Atkins had developed feverish symptoms and had been sent to the nearest hospital, where, among other things, a nurse put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature.

Presently the doctor called to see him.

"Well, Tommy," he asked, "how are you?"

"Fairish, sir," the invalid replied.

"Have you had any nourishment?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you have?"

"A lady gimme a piece of glass to suck, sir."

IN THE FIRE

An ambitious young author sent some of his work to an editor, enclosing the following note:

"If you think my ability to write is useless, please say so. I have other irons in the fire to which I can devote my energies."

The editor returned the MS. with the brief reply:—

"Dear Sir,—I should advise you to put this with your other irons."

Old Lady (to new curate): "Ah, sir, we do enjoy your sermons. They are so instructive. We never knew what sin was until you came to the parish."

IN MOTOR TERMS

Caller: "I suppose you can spell all the short words, Bobbie?"

Bobbie: "I can spell a lot of big ones, too. I can even spell words of four cylinders."

MISUNDERSTOOD

"By the way, Bishop, why is it that you always address your congregation as 'brethren' and never mention the women in your sermons?"

"But, my dear madam, the one embraces the other."

"Oh, but, Bishop, not in church!"

TAKING PRECAUTIONS

A certain country minister was the owner of a swift and spirited horse. One day recently while he was driving through the village, he overtook the local physician on foot. "Jump in, Doctor," he said, pulling up. "I've got a horse here that goes pretty well."

The doctor jumped in and the parson drove off. The horse did go well, in the sense of speed, but in a little while it began to behave badly, and ended by tipping over the carriage and spilling out both the occupants.

The doctor jumped to his feet and felt himself all over to see if he were injured. The parson also got to his feet.

"Look here," exclaimed the doctor, "what do you mean by inviting me to ride behind a horse like that?"

"Well, you see," gasped the parson, "luckily this time there are no bon broken, but I always like to have a doctor wit me when I drive that horse."

AN UNEQUAL MARRIAGE

An old gentleman of eighty-four, having taken to the altar a young damsel of about fifteen, the clergyman said to him:—

"The font is at the other end of the church."

"What do I want with the font?" said the old gentleman.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit, "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."

ENOUGH SAID

"The coffee is weak again this morning. Didn't you speak to the cook about it?"

"Yes, I did; but she says she likes it that way."

NO MAN

It was their honeymoon trip to London, and the first time they had ever been out of Lancashire.

As they waited on the platform at St. Pancras for the guard to bundle their boxes out of the van, the young bride and bridegroom were manifestly embarrassed.

Then an outside porter came up and asked:—

"Can I look after yer baggage for yer, mister?"

The red blood mounted to the young bride's cheeks, and, turning to her hubby, she demanded:

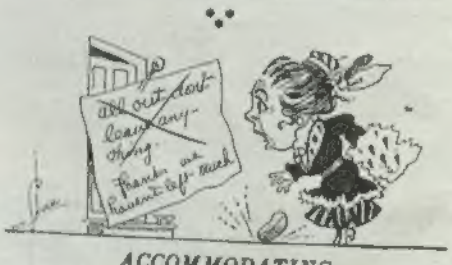
"Well, well, well! If ye ain't a-goin' to thrash him for refairin' to me like that, ye're no man, George!"

HIS IDEA

Johnny: "Ma, little brother came from Heaven, didn't he?"

Mother: "Yes, dear, why?"

Johnny: "Well, he hollers so loud I don't blame the angels for slingin' him out, do you?"



ACCOMMODATING

A lady, going from home for the day, locked everything up, and, for the grocer's benefit, wrote on a card:—

"All out. Don't leave anything."

This she stuck under the knocker on the front door.

On her return she found her house ransacked, and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added:—

"Thanks. We haven't left much."

MISSED THE POINT

She (reflectively): "They say that Love is blind."

He (an oculist, absent-mindedly): "Bring him to me, and I'll see what I can do for him!"

FAR TOO ANXIOUS

"Dear Sue," he whispered, "do you think if I married you your father would ever forgive us?"

"I'm sure he would, dear," she asserted softly.

"And would he give us a house of our own?"

"I know he would, dearest."

"And would he give us enough to live sumptuously on?"

"I am sure of it, Harry, dear."

"And would he take me into the firm?"

"Certainly he would."

"And let me run the business to suit myself?"

"Of course he would, darling."

She snuggled to his bosom, but he put her aside coldly.

"I can never marry you," he said hoarsely. "Your father is too eager to get you off his hands."

PAT'S REGRETS

Pat was very downhearted. He had just spent his savings to pay his passage over to this country from Ireland.

He was roaming idly about the docks on the river front in Montreal, when he chanced to see a diver climb up out of the water, take off his helmet, roll up his suit and walk away.

"Sure," said Pat, "if I had had sense enough I would have bought me a suit like that and walked over meself!"

THE WAY HE SAW HER MOST

Friend: "I see you have turned your wife's picture to the wall. Isn't that rather disrespectful?"

Widower: "No; it seems more natural. You see, most of my time at home I spent in buttoning up her back."

SAVORY & MOORE'S BOOK

Messrs. Savory & Moore, Chemists to The King, and makers of the well-known Infants' Food, issue a little Book entitled "The Baby," which gives a great deal of useful information on the Care and Management of Infants.

A USEFUL GUIDE

The book contains hints on Feeding, Teething, Development, Infant Ailments, and such matters as Sleep, Exercise and Fresh Air, which are so important for baby's well-being. It also contains a chart for recording baby's weight, a dietary for older children, and recipes for simple nourishing dishes. It forms, in fact, a useful mother's guide, which should find a place in every home. It is not intended to take the place of medical advice, when such is needed, but it will often serve to allay needless anxiety, and indicate the right course to be pursued.

FREE TO MOTHERS

Those who are genuinely interested in the subject may obtain a Free copy of the Book by sending name and address on a postcard to Savory & Moore, P.O. Box 1601, Montreal.

Cheerful Monday

The big wash and the little wash can now be done easily in the early morning, with the Connor Ball-Bearing Washer. No more need you endure the terrible drag and strain that goes with the old, hard, hand-rubbing way of washing.

The Connor Ball-Bearing Washer

will do the hard part of your washing. It will do away with half of your work, and ALL of your drudgery on wash-day.

This washer works on a set of large ball-bearings; two motor springs reverse the motion of the tub as it is swung from side to side. This gentle motion forces the hot suds through every thread and fibre of the clothes, leaving them thoroughly clean.

No more hard rubbing is necessary for you on wash-day and your clothes will wear just twice as long when you have The Connor Ball-Bearing Washer do your week's wash for you.

Write at once and get one of our catalogs describing the requirements of the up-to-date home laundry, and its conveniences. It gives actual photographs of our different models and describes them fully. We will tell you how you can have one delivered to you—no matter where you live in Canada. Address,

J. H. Connor & Son, Ltd.,
OTTAWA - - - CANADA

A New Straw Hat for 25 Cts.
WITH
DY-O-LA
Straw Hat Color

An ideal Straw Hat Color in every way—Not too glossy and still fast and water-proof. ¶ Makes old hats look just like New; not like old hats painted over. ¶ Also works well on Satin Slippers and Basket Work.

TRY IT!
¶ Black, Blue, Navy Blue, Tan, Dark Brown, Cardinal, Dark Green, and Purple.
25 cts. A BOTTLE WITH BRUSH
From your Druggist or Dealer, or by Mail.
The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited,
Box 1240. Montreal, Can.

LADIES! Design No 15 is an absolutely new and beautiful pattern for tatted edging, one thread, easy. With sample and full instructions for 10c. Address
THE WHEELER APPLIED ARTS CO.
653 Empire Building Seattle, Washington.

Everywoman's World

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Entered as second class matter at the post office, Toronto, Ont. Entered as second class matter, Sept. 23, 1915, at the post office at Buffalo, N.Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

For the Canadian Woman Who Thinks and Feels

Vol. V., No. 5 *MAY, 1916* *MURRAY SIMONSKI, Superintending Editor*

EDITORIAL

A New Kind of Economy

THE reason Germany has been able to stave off defeat by the Allies is because of her genius for utilizing to the utmost her country's resources.

In Germany nothing is allowed to go to waste.

By her tremendous organization she has been able to reclaim nearly everything that used to be thrown away and remake it into necessities of life.

In Canada some portion of nearly everything is allowed to go to waste.

What our housewives throw away in teaspoons our husbands cannot bring back in shovels.

What our factories burn up the earnings of our people could hardly buy.

But what we are concerned about especially is paper.

Paper—the common, everyday sheet of paper we find in our homes in the form of newspapers, magazines, wrapping paper and books, is wasted more than any other commodity.

What becomes of five hundred million pounds of newspapers, magazines and wrapping paper that find their way into our homes every year? Burned—the most of it.

Burned! Just as if we took five million one dollar bills and put them into the furnace—for that is what the real value of that paper is.

What a colossal waste! What a colossal shame! !

Right now we Canadians face the possibility of a paper famine, especially of that kind of paper used in the making of magazines and books. Our paper mills finding it increasingly difficult to procure the raw material in the form of old paper, rags and sulphite, are being forced into curtailing their production. The result—well, one day we may wake up to find our morning newspaper greatly reduced in size and our favorite magazine either dead or a mere shadow of its former self; our walls bare instead of papered; our store purchases arriving to us loose instead of wrapped; our book stores depleted of stocks, and even our photographs, which were taken a few days previous, unfinished because the photographer could not get the paper to print the negatives on. We may not become a paperless nation, but the things made of paper will be so greatly increased in price as to be almost prohibitive unless—Unless we learn to save that five million dollars of waste paper every year.

We must save our waste paper and see that every scrap of it gets used again by our paper mills for making paper. It is a patriotic duty.

What's in a Name?

In looking over the daily papers you will note one way in which women are backward in taking their place beside men, and that is in the matter of names. The Governor General does not sign his name "Artie" nor does General Sir Sam Hughes go down to posterity according to his own signature as "Sammy" and we have yet to see Sir Robert Borden dub himself as "Bobbie." Sir John Hendrie would blush to find himself in print as "Johnnie" and there would be something doing did Sir John Eaton see himself described as "Jackie."

What business, professional or public man uses anything but his full name unless his parents saw fit—and unwisely—to bestow on him an objectionable appellation when he may shield himself behind his initials?

But how many Hatties, Katies, Lizzies, Minnies, Daisys and Mamies are signing all manner of public communications and documents all over the country to-day? Woman wants the vote—Manitoba has just given it to her—and claims that she is capable of marking that ticklish scrap of paper to the betterment and greater advantage of the nation, but she cannot break away from the pet diminutive of the home, the endearing nickname of the family circle. Pet names, diminutives and nicknames are only permissible in the close intimacy of the home and even there they are in questionable taste when strangers, acquaintances or friends are present.

But in public and in print they are absolutely and entirely out of place. They lack dignity, and the woman who hasn't sense enough to be dignified in public and in print should keep out of both.

The Name and the Fame

A Subscriber writes:—

"Why, oh, why, was it necessary to have such names as Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, Felix J. Koch, Joseph Krauskopf and Madeline Zeiner, four of them all in the one issue? I feel very confident that your editorial staff was convinced of their loyalty or neutrality, but they do not look pleasing in times like these. If their material is valuable and they are known to be on the right side in their sentiments, could they not use a nom de plume? That is honorable, for no one is blamed in literature for using a pseudonym. So many such names are bound to cause ill feeling. Let me give you an instance.

"A friend of mine who had not known your magazine at all became much interested when I showed it to her, displayed my refrigerator and called her attention to the Little Mary contest. I had decided to go into this myself (I want a new piano) and had intended to ask her to subscribe, but when I saw her interest, I suggested that she go into the contest herself. She decided to do so, and took a copy home with her. A few days later she was here again, and was looking over the March number. She is an intelligent woman and was looking at the names of the contributors. She immediately pointed out those four names I have given here and said, 'No, no, I want nothing to do with a magazine that contains articles signed by such German names.' She was very decided about it and as I have not had a chance since of talking with her, I do not know whether she has relented or not. If that was the opinion of one, why wouldn't there be many others who would refuse to subscribe for the same reason? As for me, I object as strongly as she does. Can you give the reason why this was done, if I may ask it?"

DEAR READER,—

It is unfortunate that so many of our writers have German-sounding names, but it can't be helped. We can only assure our readers that all material is subject to the closest scrutiny before publishing, and the pedigrees of our writers are ascertained as far as possible. It would hardly be fair to writers to publish their stories and articles under any but their own names, since our writers take a pride in the production of their work.

Dr. Hirshberg is of Russian birth, but was raised and educated in America, as was Dr. Krauskopf. Felix J. Koch is strongly pro-ally in his sentiments, and who would believe that Madeline Zeiner is the pen name for Muriel Smith?

Some months ago your Editor was accused by a reader of possessing an "un-British name," but when that reader was assured that he was born, raised and educated right here in Toronto, our reader was satisfied that her suspicions were misplaced.

Once and for all, let us say that EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is a Canadian product—Canadian to the core.

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF THE MONTH PRECEDING MONTH OF ISSUE BY CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is $1.00 per year, payable in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Toronto, British and United States subscriptions, $1.25 a year; foreign subscriptions $1.50 a year.

MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Express Money Order or Check, to which exchange has been added.

BE CAREFUL to sign your name and give address plainly written when sending remittances.

CAUTION — CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We will change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTIONS—Watch for renewal subscription blank which will be placed in your magazine when your subscription expires. By using this blank promptly you will avoid missing any issues. Back copies cannot be supplied.

FREE On Friday!

YOUR dealer will give you, FREE next Friday, (or any Friday), a fine, large, 25c. L-V Crepette Dust Cloth, provided you buy at the same time a 50c. bottle of

LIQUID VENEER
(MADE IN CANADA)

Be one of the million housewives who are now dusting, cleaning and polishing their furniture and woodwork with this remarkable new Dust Cloth. It is treated with Liquid Veneer, world-famous for renewing and beautifying.

Take the coupon to your grocer, drug, hardware, paint or furniture store next Friday.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.
Buffalo, N.Y. U.S.A. Bridgeburg, Ont. Canada

L-V DUST CLOTH COUPON

This coupon, when signed by you and presented to a Liquid Veneer dealer on any Friday is redeemable for an L-V Dust Cloth with the purchase of a 50c. bottle of Liquid Veneer.

Name.....
Street..... Town.....

MR. DEALER:—If you have no dust cloths, sell the bearer a 50c. bottle of Liquid Veneer. Send us the coupon and you will receive a Dust Cloth free for your customer.
Buffalo Specialty Co. - Buffalo, N.Y.
EW-10

DIMPLES AND TEETH

Who is presumptious enough to doubt their charm? What havoc a few smiles wrought in the history of past generations!

And to this day, the woman with the gay little laugh finds life easier on that account.

We can't all have dimples—but we can, most of us, have beautifully white teeth. So clean and pleasant to look upon that our friends will say—"I love to see her smile".

Corson's
CHARCOAL TOOTH PASTE
The Dainty Silver Grey Dentifrice

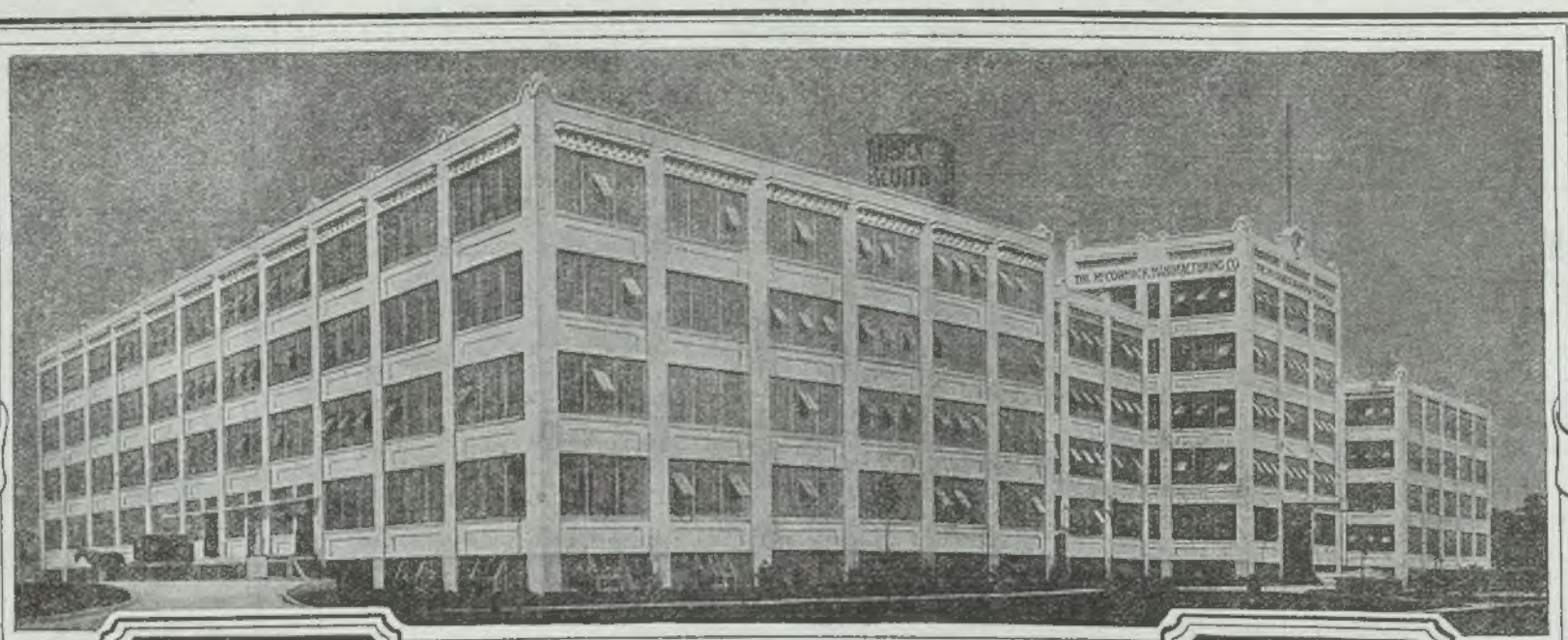
actually whitens the teeth. Try it. You will find it quickly removes that stubborn yellowish tinge that so many tooth pastes will not affect. You may employ it fearlessly—it will not injure the enamel. And you will like its pleasant taste—and the sensation of cool cleanness it leaves in the mouth.

Corson's Charcoal is silver grey in color, velvety yet efficient in action, in short—a real "snappy" tooth paste.

At any drug store or by mail 25c

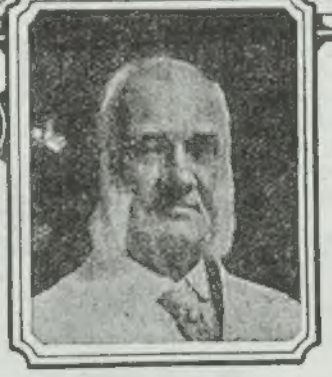
Sovereign Perfumes Ltd.
146 Brock Ave.
TORONTO

At All Druggists
25c.



"Its doors are open to all; its safeguards protect all"

A snow-white home for a pure food



I AM one of five men who started to work with the McCormick Company almost fifty years ago. At first we had nothing but a small kitchen, but it was clean. Even from the very first, scrupulous cleanliness was insisted upon. Everything was done with a view to making McCormick's Biscuits as clean and palatable as could be. We used only those materials such as the housewife herself buys. After forty-nine years, the policy of the house, I am glad to say, hasn't changed any in that respect. Other things of course have, and the result as expressed by the new factory clearly indicates, I think, that our methods have been sound, and because sound, successful.

Thomas Duff

Past Superintendent

Commenced 1866; now retired. Still active in an advisory capacity and still on the pay roll.

McCORMICK MFG. CO., Limited
LONDON

HERE at least is one place where cleanliness is not an afterthought. The factory itself is situated right on the edge of the country. Its equipment is the marvel of visitors. Forty thousand feet of glass flood the whole interior with sunshine and pure air. The tiled walls are white enamelled. The employees—men and women — are spick-and-span in spotless white uniforms — everything is done to secure hygienic cleanliness in every department. For all these precautions, however, our customers do not pay one cent extra. A box of McCormick's Sodas can still be had for as low as 5c. When you are fortunate enough to be able to get purity and cleanliness in biscuits for so little, don't you think you owe it to yourself to at least give them a trial?

AS the present superintendent of the new McCormick Biscuit Plant it has been my privilege to have assisted in its planning. On frequent occasions, before the factory was built, I travelled with the manager through England, Ireland, Scotland and Europe, also in the United States. We visited perhaps a hundred biscuit factories, including the leading bakeries of the world, and I believe that in most respects this new snow-white building surpasses them all. The employees are exceptionally well provided for and the equipment is all that good equipment should be. The biscuits will speak for themselves.

Chas. F. Burston

Present Superintendent

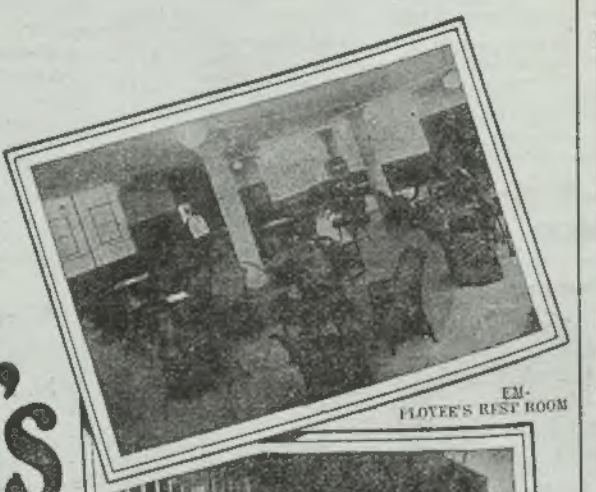
McCORMICK MFG. CO., Limited
LONDON

The McCormick Manufacturing Company, Limited
General Offices and Factory:
LONDON, ONT., Can.

Branch Warehouses:
Montreal :: Ottawa
Hamilton :: Kingston
Winnipeg
Calgary :: Port Arthur
St. John, N.B.

McCormick's *Jersey Cream* Sodas

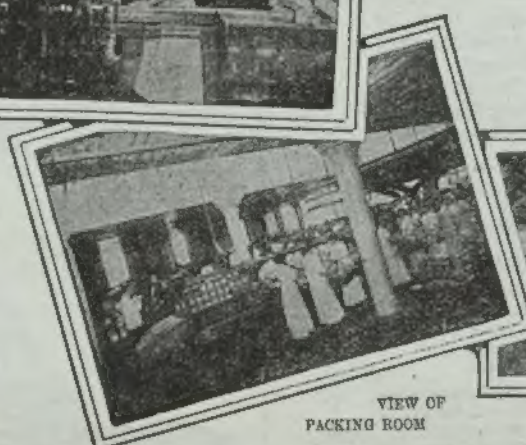
VIEW OF PACKING ROOM



EMPLOYEE'S REST ROOM

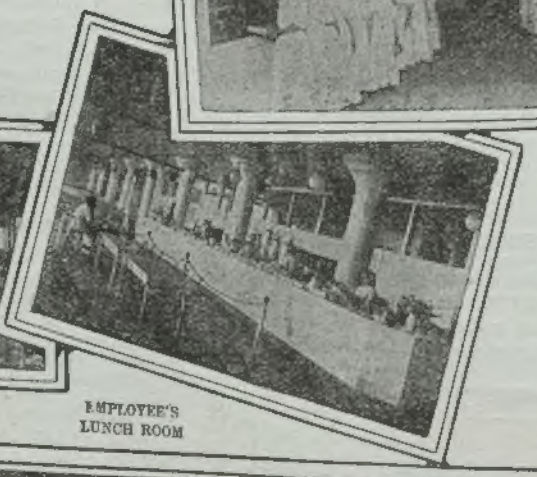
THE PACKING MACHINE

LIBRARY

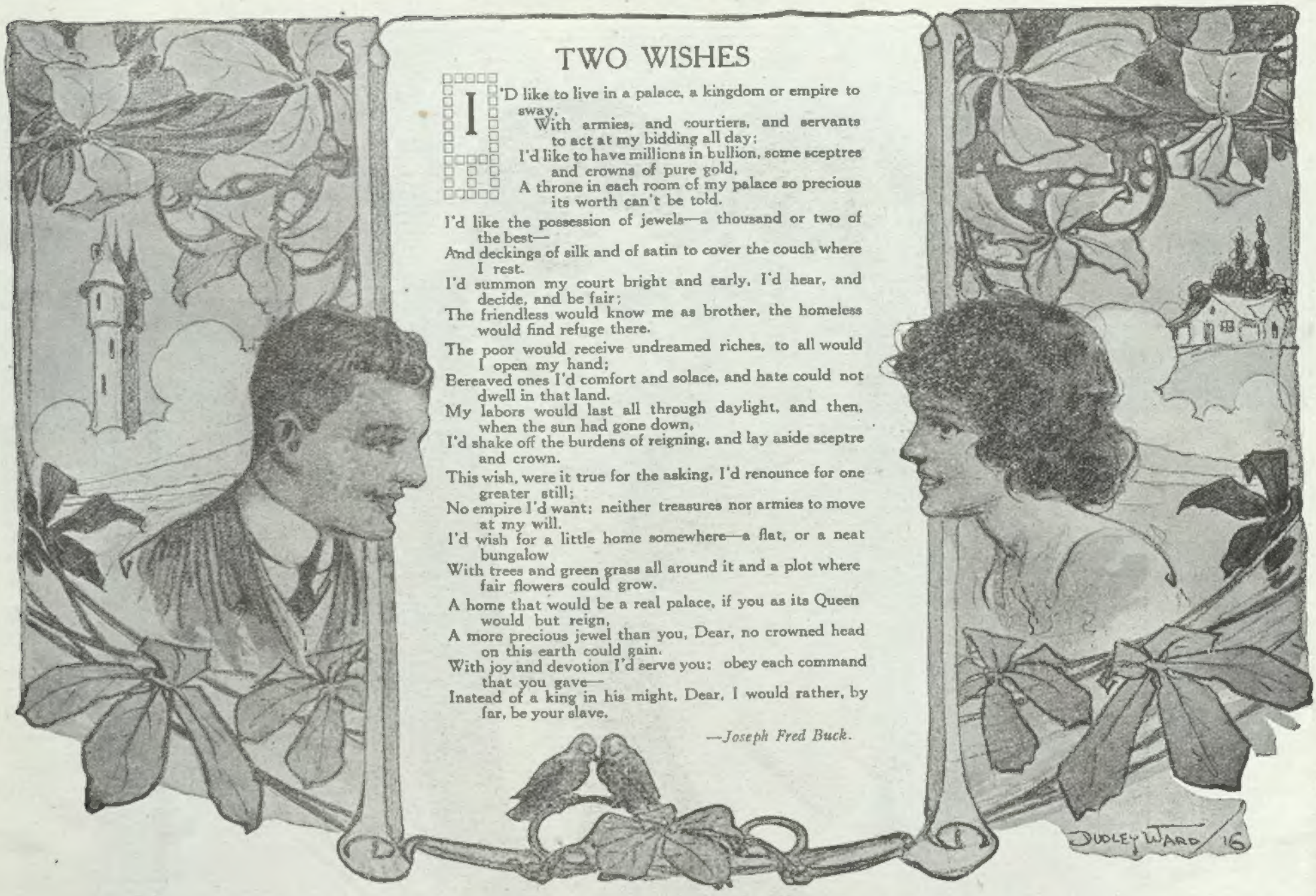


VIEW OF PACKING ROOM

THE BAKERY



EMPLOYEE'S LUNCH ROOM



TWO WISHES

I'D like to live in a palace, a kingdom or empire to sway,
With armies, and courtiers, and servants to act at my bidding all day;
I'd like to have millions in bullion, some sceptres and crowns of pure gold,
A throne in each room of my palace so precious its worth can't be told.

I'd like the possession of jewels—a thousand or two of the best—
And deckings of silk and of satin to cover the couch where I rest.
I'd summon my court bright and early, I'd hear, and decide, and be fair;
The friendless would know me as brother, the homeless would find refuge there.

The poor would receive undreamed riches, to all would I open my hand;
Bereaved ones I'd comfort and solace, and hate could not dwell in that land.
My labors would last all through daylight, and then, when the sun had gone down,
I'd shake off the burdens of reigning, and lay aside sceptre and crown.

This wish, were it true for the asking, I'd renounce for one greater still;
No empire I'd want; neither treasures nor armies to move at my will.
I'd wish for a little home somewhere—a flat, or a neat bungalow
With trees and green grass all around it and a plot where fair flowers could grow.

A home that would be a real palace, if you as its Queen would but reign,
A more precious jewel than you, Dear, no crowned head on this earth could gain.
With joy and devotion I'd serve you: obey each command that you gave—
Instead of a king in his might, Dear, I would rather, by far, be your slave.

—*Joseph Fred Buck.*

OUR LITTLE MRS. LAWRENCE

"Well! Aren't you a clever little schemer though? Bless me, you certainly know how to map out other folk's destinies."

By MADGE RIVERS

PETER STANHOPE LAWRENCE threw down his newspaper and a broad grin lighted up his boyish, handsome features. He had heard a slight rustling sound which, he had reasons for believing, was the swish of a silken kimona. From somewhere the light in the sitting room was switched off and he was left blinking cheerfully at the glowing grate fire. The door was opened cautiously and a tiny creature, almost elfin in the dim light, glided into the room and in a second had taken possession of his knee.

It was a very sweet-smelling creature, wrapped luxuriously in a long, extravagantly flowered kimona. A mop of bright hair fluffed itself around Lawrence's neck as the creature rubbed her cheek against his.

"Was it a Turkish bath to-night?" he asked, still wearing his contented grin.

"Then were you doing your nails?" he persisted as the creature shook its head solemnly (and it may be remarked at this point that the creature was Mrs. Peter Stanhope Lawrence). "Manicuring 'em you mean? No, not that. But it took me such a long time to drain off the ocean and scoop up a dozen or more submarines and a handful of dreadnaughts and a few other things." She sighed softly.

"So Stanny undertook another naval battle in your bath, did he?" Then he added proudly, "The little rascal will be an admiral one of these days."

"That's what Elinor was saying to-day, and now I am reminded that I want to tell you something."

"Is it—is it a secret?"

Lawrence asked hopefully, the cheerful grin broadening into a huge anticipating smile. His wife always had a peculiar little way of communicating her various secret confessions and inspirations. She never could quite make up her mind as to whether she should tell him or not. But, finally succumbing to his persuasive eloquence, she would twist and squirm on his knee until she had one big, good-natured, husbandly ear close to her lips then softly whisper the information.

"No, well—it's not a secret exactly," she was saying, "but it is an idea. The first part of it is that Roger Clinton is in town and is coming to dinner to-morrow night." Her eyes were almost starry and her lips curled gleefully.

For a minute Peter Stanhope Lawrence's face was very near stern: why was *she* so hilarious at *his* coming? Clinton was a nice decent sort of a chap, popular about town and all that, but then her eyes needn't be so shiny for *him*. The words of his mother came forcibly to his mind.

"If she is a flirt during her engagement, don't be too sure that marriage will reform her."

It was true that she had given him many anxious hours just because she wanted to have "some fun"; but he found it easy to forgive and forget it all when they had really settled down in their cozy little home. But now——

"Edna!" he demanded, "why are you so glad Clinton's coming?"

"Stupid old Peter." She pulled his ears gleefully. "I believe that you are jealous." Her laugh rippled out so infectiously that Lawrence smiled in spite of himself.

Still he reiterated: "Well, why are you glad?"

"Because I want Elinor to have a man to love, and children. She deserves 'em."

"Of course, I suppose I'm a bally old funeral," Lawrence shot out, "but to save me I can't see the connection."

"I know, dear." She cooed contentedly. "You're a man, but such an old darling."

At this point two soft bare arms were flung around the funeral's neck and a perfect deluge of kisses rained warmly on any and every part of his face.

"There, there," he puffed when he was released. "Now let's hear all about it."

"Well," she began, with a very important manner, "ever since Elinor wrote me that terribly lonely letter, I've been trying to get her married."

"You've been trying to get her married?" The grin was broad and complacent now.

"Yes. *It's got to be done*"—firmly.

"It's got to be done," he echoed, also firmly.

"Stop, Peter," she ordered imperatively. "Mercy, you'd think we were a 'darky' number in vaudeville, the way you drawl things after me.

"Un mille pardons, Madame. Pray proceed."

"That's why I asked her to come and stay for a month in the city. I think I love her more than if she were my real sister; anyhow, we had the same daddy."

"She is awfully fond of children," she continued.

"Yes, I know she thinks the world of our Stanny."

"She does, but that's nothing. Everybody does. He is her half-nephew and the dearest child in the world."

Edna Lawrence's statements were not cleverly constructed but generally pretty forceful.

"Well then?" Peter asked humbly.

"She even loves dirty little street wretches. She could hug 'em, filth and all. Just think of that. Of course, she'd rather have 'em washed."

"I think she would," Lawrence contributed thoughtfully.

"And she can make good things to eat the way all men's mothers used to make 'em."

Her husband didn't dispute this statement; he knew all about that.

For fully half an hour little Mrs. Lawrence prattled enthusiastically on her half-sister's wonderful and varied abilities. It didn't matter in the least, however, what subject she chose; sitting on her husband's knee, she always had an interested listener. Her simplicity and the child-like musical quality of her voice never failed to please him.

"Daddy doesn't need her; in fact, I believe she sometimes feels that she is—well—superfluous"—doubtfully.

"Yes, I understand."

"And she is so terribly unused to meeting people and being in the world that she could *never* take a position. She wants a home. See?"

He saw all right and innocently wondered where she (his wife) was going to drag Roger Clinton in.

"I don't drag him in at all. He is coming for dinner, to-morrow night in a perfectly dignified manner, and you, Peter, must arrange something to happen by accident so you'll be delayed at the office an hour or so; you'll do that to oblige me, won't you Peter, love?"

"Sure I'm on—but Jove, Edna, I do like my dinner."

"Bless your heart, Larry" (this name came from Lawrence), "you can go over to the club, and we'll save all kinds of nice things for you. Now, you're sleepy, dear. Little Stan was sleepy to-night, too. It must be the weather."

"Must be. But what's the idea of dispensing with my company to-morrow night, little one?"

"Well, you see—it's this way. Elinor is frightfully bashful, and she seems to feel conscious of her ignorance or something like that; and when you and Roger Clinton get together, you talk in such a high and mighty strain that I feel at sea, and I'm sure it would terrify her, and when Roger is alone with us women folk he is such a patient, simple fellow. I've told her that he is a stupid old bore so she isn't scared of his brains. You know that was the reason she wouldn't have anything to do with Mr. Harding—he was so tremendously intellectual; he was a widower of course, but such a dear, and she would have loved his little girl. Well, then I told her how terribly lonely Roger has been since his mother died. She feels so sorry for him, that I wouldn't be surprised if she began to mother him the minute he's inside the door. I guess I'll let Stanny stay up for dinner, then he'll be so cross and sleepy that I'll have to give him all my attention, and I'll bet anything that she'll tell him (I mean Roger) all about the baddest boy in her Sunday School class at home. They say Roger's an infidel, but that won't matter. He won't dare tell her."

"I'm not sure, but I think that he will tell her then that he has dyspepsia, and she'll likely promise to make some little bran cakes for him. She thinks they are a sure cure. Oh, they'll simply have to like each other, Peter Stanhope."

She sighed contentedly.

Her husband's eyes were alight.

"Well! Aren't you a clever little schemer though? Bless me, you certainly know how to map out other folk's destinies. But now, little Stan's mamma is going to be hiked off to bed." So saying he lifted the wriggling, giggling bundle in his arms and marched grandly away.

* * * * *

For seven miserable out-of-town nights Lawrence had had to do without his fireside hour in his big Morris chair. Now on this blessed eighth night he chuckled softly to himself as he looked round the room with an approving glance, and after luxuriously stretching himself he encased

(*Concluded on page 28*)

Write today for this beautiful picture in colors

New Alonzo Kimball Painting! Send for your copy—twice this size and ready for framing. Write today! See offer below.

A skin you love to touch

Send today for this beautiful picture—it will be a constant reminder that you, too, can have the charm of a radiant, velvety skin.

We want everyone who longs for the clearness, freshness and charm of "a skin you love to touch" to have a copy of this beautiful painting. *Write today for yours.* It will make a lovely picture, framed or unframed.

Keep it where you can see it every day—where the freshness, clearness and beauty of "a skin you love to touch" as portrayed here will constantly remind you that the wonderful charm of this radiant, velvety complexion *can* be yours, too. Like so many people, you may be neglecting the greatest opportunity you have to gain this charm.

Your skin is changing every day! As the *old* skin dies, *new* skin forms in its place. *This is your opportunity.* By using the proper treatment you can keep this new skin so active that it cannot help taking on the greater loveliness that you have longed for. So don't neglect this new skin! Begin at once the following Woodbury treatment with the soap prepared by a skin specialist to suit the nature of the skin.

The most famous skin treatment ever formulated

Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face, and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice.* Always be particular to dry your skin well.

Every day this treatment frees your skin of the tiny, old dead particles. Then, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface, and stimulates the small muscular fibres. It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment persistently, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's will bring.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this "skin you love to touch" treatment. Get a cake today and begin tonight to get its benefits.

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The Andrew Jergens Co.,
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Tear out this cake as a reminder to get Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter.

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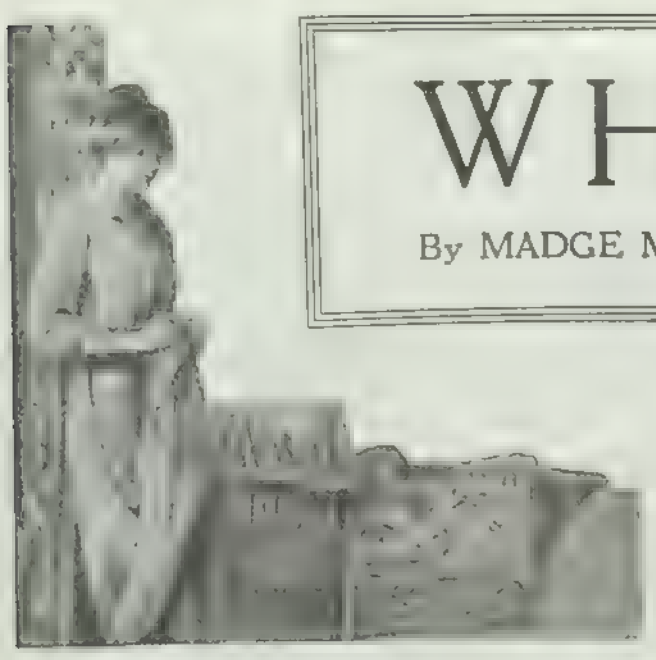
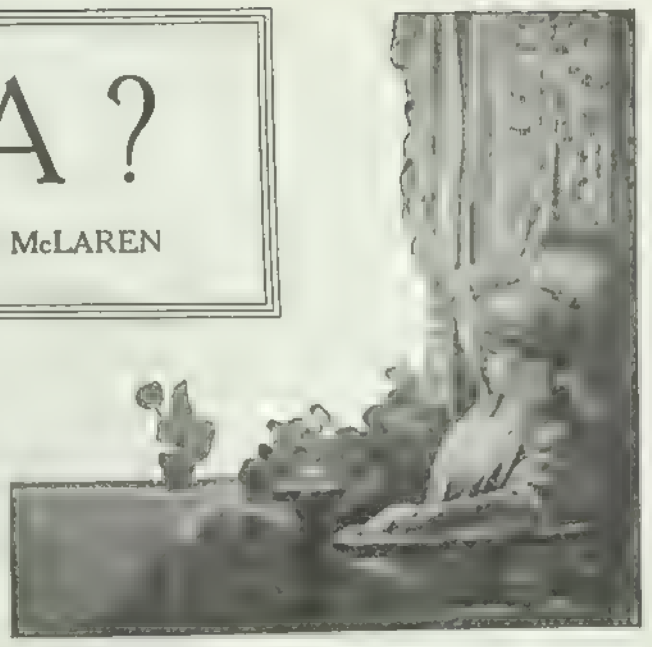


WHY JULIA?

By MADGE MACBETH Illustrated by MAUDE McLAREN



IN every community there is at least one woman who places upon her own brow the crown of Dictator and conscientiously tries to fulfill her duty as monitor of the realm.

Consequently, it was Mrs. Adney who led the open revolt in Screaton against Louie Bolton for "hiring a girl."

"Such tomfoolishness!" she exclaimed. "Hardly more than a bride, with a tiny house, and everything new——"

"——and no children to mess things up," interpolated Mrs. Rivers, who had nine.

"——and such a good housekeeper herself," remarked Mrs. Green, whose slogan was "capability first."

"Tim Bolton doesn't make any big salary either," continued Mrs. Adney, "and even if he gets the Superintendent's place after Christmas, I don't see that he's got any license to hire a girl."

"Suppose he had," argued Mrs. Green, "there isn't enough for her to do. She'll just eat her head off, sitting round."

"Maybe Louie Bolton wants her for company's sake," a small, pale woman piped. She was the sort of person who always smiled the sweetest when saying the most disagreeable things

Mrs. Adney wheeled upon the speaker. So did the other ladies.

"Humph," they said, and then fell silent. The suggestion carried weight. Certainly Tim Bolton was away from home a great deal.

"Well," remarked Mrs. Adney, "she couldn't fill her husband's place with a hired girl, and she need not have gone to the expense of paying for company. I'm sure any of us would be glad to sit with her, and talk about her—er—affairs. I intend to do my duty by her anyway."

But Louie Bolton did not want company; like a wounded animal she longed for solitude and seclusion. She dreaded inexpressibly the coming of an alien presence into the home which had been hers and Tim's—"had been" because that indefinable something which a man stamps upon the place he loves and lives in was gone, despite the fact that his clothes and material belongings still occupied the house.

The latch of the gate clicked, and a young girl carrying a newspaper parcel came up the nasturtium-bordered path. Louie met her at the door and smiled bravely in welcome.

"Come in, Julia," she said.

The smile embarrassed Julia; she was not accustomed to them. In the Home where she had been raised, work left little time for smiles, and in her one and only situation she was expected to perform her duties seriously. Singing, even, was tabooed. She felt a warmth about her heart as she followed Mrs. Bolton into the house. The cheery brightness dazzled her, and she stumbled awkwardly as she went upstairs to the pretty pink room which was to be hers. It was a south room into which the morning sun poured in great, caressing, life-giving waves; it was the room which Louie, way down deep in her woman's heart, had hoped to put to a different use, some day.

Some day!

Presently, Julia slipped shyly downstairs, smoothing the creases out of her new pink uniform, and thinking it a pity to wear anything so nice for working.

"What am I to scrub first?" she asked, taking the nature of her work for granted.

"There is nothing to scrub just now," Louie answered, smiling. "Sit down here for a few minutes and talk to me. We must understand one another thoroughly before we begin."

Pulling her dress smooth in the back, Julia sat stiffly on the edge of a chair, lacing and unlacing her red fingers. The gentle blowing of the bright chintz curtains, the fresh purity of the whole house, the golden radiance of Mrs. Bolton's hair, produced a blur of happy impressions, and reminded her of a bed of brilliant morning glories.

"It is not my intention to teach you my way of housekeeping," continued the pleasing, friendly voice. "I want you to do everything exactly as you did in your last place. Do you understand?"

JULIA came back from her flower-dream to the realities of the present. Her face clouded and her heart sank. The memory of the last seven months was not a happy one.

"Do you mean that you want to live just like Mrs. Closser does?" she faltered.

This was precisely what Mrs. Bolton meant. She was willing to reorganize her entire scheme of life, to re-decorate her house, and to make drastic changes in her wardrobe in order that she might become as Mrs. Closser. Julia looked about with a frankly discouraging eye; the house was too bright, the hangings too fresh, the kitchen too well stocked with wholesome things. And Mrs. Bolton, herself, was no more like that other woman than was Julia.

"But we must change all these things," said Louie. "That is what you are here for—to help and advise me, you know. Beginning with the dining room, what would you suggest?"

"Something to keep the sun out," replied the girl. "She never could abide the sunshine. Said it made wrinkles and dust show up. And some of those cloth pieces to hang over the paper on the walls. I forget what she called them, but I would know them in a shop."

"Tapestries, maybe."

"That's it. And the lights, ma'am—there's too many and they're too bright. She just had a couple of candles, mostly, though when she was having meals by herself she d bring in a lamp from the kitchen."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Louie, quickly. She felt ashamed, like an eavesdropper, and her cheeks burned. "Of course we must alter the lights. Then about food——"

Julia considered, in a puzzled way.

"Do you want to eat like Mrs. Closser, when she was by herself or when she had Mr. Bol—, I mean, when she had company?"

Louie stooped to pick a small thread from the carpet before answering. And when she raised her head all the blood in her body seemed to have flown to her face.

"I want to live all the time," she said, distinctly, "just as Mrs. Closser does—when she has company. You see, Julia, we admire her tremendously—my husband and I—" she stumbled awkwardly through the explanation which she had rehearsed a hundred times to herself,—"and—er—we feel that an entire change in our mode of living will not only be acceptable but good for us. There's nothing so soul-sapping, Julia, as falling into a rut," she suddenly moralized. "Now,—er—as I have lived here all my life, and have seen little of the world outside, I, like all the rest of us in Screaton, live exactly as people did two generations ago. I do not know how to set about making changes, such as Mrs. Closser brought with her. But you, having lived with her, will be able to show me—little tricks in decorating, cooking and serving. And she is *so* tasteful, isn't she?"

Had Julia lived in Shakespeare's day she would doubtless have thrust her tongue into her cheek. Being a product of the present generation she merely looked at Mrs. Bolton from under lowered lids and mumbled, "Yes, ma'am."

THEY began that afternoon, Louie and her lately-acquired maid making a trip to the city and returning with an armful of parcels. The following morning they worked as no housekeeper in Screaton ever had, with the result that when Timothy came home at night he found a metamorphosed home, and he felt rather than saw the beginning of a subtle change in his wife.

The dining room had taken on the appearance of a Turkish retreat; bizzare tapestries and hangings replaced the familiar pictures, a jewelled lantern threw spears of red, blue and green upon the cloth beneath, but gave no light to the rest of the room. A huge scarlet centre piece decorated the table, and Louie, herself, as though to complete the change, was garbed in a remarkable adaptation of Oriental draperies which made Tim feel as though a stranger had usurped her place.

"Hello, what's all this?" he asked in an attempt at jocularity. The room shed an atmosphere which had particularly appealed to him of late, but he did not want that atmosphere in his own home. "Are we openly confessing ourselves in sympathy with the Turks, my dear?"

"Where have you been?" he demanded sternly.
"I have been to dinner in town," she said evenly.

"Oh, no," Louie laughed. "I was just deadly tired of our blatant simplicity, that's all! The houses in Screaton had begun to get on my nerves—especially our own. I felt that I had to branch out and strike an individual note."

It just happened that the note she struck during dinner was one to which Timothy had inclined his attentive ear frequently of late, so it had no novelty to compensate him for the absence of Louie's good rich soup, fine juicy roast and the profusion of fresh vegetables which ordinarily adorned his table. He missed the wholesome, home-made pudding which no whipped cream conundrum could ever equal, and he felt that his dinner was a failure. It consisted of countless unfamiliar tid-bits, on toast, on lettuce, hidden in parsley, nestling beside asparagus and mushrooms, seasoned with lemon peel, green peppers, and a soupcon of garlic. Even a Japanese epicure would have gasped at their number. And the uniformed maid, like a mechanical device for removing the numerous plates and substituting others, whom his wife called Julia?

Why Julia? What was she there for anyway?

The opportunity to ask Louie did not come until they had left the table and repaired to the inglenook in the living room, for coffee. They had sat at the meal called dinner exactly one hour and ten minutes, according to Timothy's watch, and while he had not found the time at all irksome, still, no man wants to sit an hour at the table in his own house with his own wife!

"Oh, Julia?" repeated Louie, carelessly. "She is just a girl who was looking for a place. I was glad to take her for I have decided that no woman is called upon to wash, and dust, and bake her youth away as I have done. One's hands, one's very person, get saturated with a domestic odor which is difficult to counteract by a few leisure moments in the evening. One gets bounded by the duties of the seasons—house-cleaning, preserving, more house-cleaning, and the repairing of the linen closet. Look at Mrs. Green, for example."

She spoke this last airily, and examined her highly polished nails.

Timothy was uneasy, puzzled. The sentiments expressed by his wife were familiar to him; he had concurred in them frequently of late. Familiar also was the heavy perfume which fairly throbbed about the room. But he did not like it in such allopathic doses. He asked himself a hundred times that night, what did it all mean? Where did it all lead? He did not go out; it was too late, and Louie was too entertaining, in her role of Oriental enchantress.

Julia got his breakfast in the morning, and thereafter. Louie stayed in bed and busied her once-capable hands with manicuring implements, until in time Timothy learned to hate their beautiful perfection. In time, too, he commenced to come home for lunch—something which had not transpired for many a miserable day. The first time this happened his coming created little short of a panic in the house. Julia was the first to see him, and she made haste to warn her mistress.

"Oh, quick, Julia, think!" cried Louie, frantically. "What shall I wear? What shall we have to eat?"

Julia took hold of the situation with rare ability; she worked swiftly and well. And when satisfied with the effect her mistress produced, she rushed off to the kitchen, with the comforting assurance that "Mrs. Closser's luncheons shouldn't have nothing on her."

Had Timothy slipped in unseen he would have surprised his wife at the homely task of sponging his clothes. Arriving as he did, however, he found a too-fragrant bundle of lace and ribbons, lying listlessly on a Badgad covered couch, reading a recent novel. From an artistic standpoint the luncheon could not have been improved. Instead of the substantial cold beef, the fried potatoes and sliced peaches, Louie had prepared for herself and Julia, the latter served a charming chafing dish affair, in which green peppers and tinned mushrooms played a conspicuous part. He had expressed himself delighted with no more many and many a time, and Julia knew it!

IN a few weeks, Louie Bolton became the obsession of the village; her conduct was considered not a whit less meretricious than that of Mrs. Closser herself. As a matter of fact there began to grow whisperings of vague extenuations for Mrs. Closser; she was merely a vain, empty-headed butterfly, who had been cast into uncongenial surroundings. She did not know the ways of Screaton and could not adapt herself to them had she known them. She was at least perfectly frank in not returning calls and in her preference for the masculine society of the place. Beside, if a man preferred the company of a woman like that, the fault was to be laid at the door of his wife! (The women who expressed these sentiments kept too close a watch over their husbands to allow even an admiring glance to be wafted in the direction of the unconventional stranger, so it was easier for them to forgive a poor, wayward man!) But with Louie, it was different. She knew the ways of Screaton, and she knew perfectly well how Mrs. Closser had been regarded. Yet, in the face of public condemnation, she chose to imitate her!

She was accused of every sin from extravagance to unfaithfulness, and so startling did the rumor grow that presently it was whispered that Timothy was going to divorce her. (*Continued on page 26*)

JULIA ARTHUR'S OWN STORY OF HER CAREER

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Julia Arthur—our own dear Julia Arthur—has returned to the stage after many years' absence and has made a remarkable success of the leading role in the "Eternal Magdalene". They say she is a greater actress than ever. Even though she has been so long outside of Canada and is married to an American, we still claim her as our own and our readers will be immensely interested in her own story of her career, which we present herewith.

Julia Arthur as a baby in a family group in the old home at Hamilton, Ontario

IN recalling those days of childhood with which every self respecting autobiography begins, I find that the first thing I clearly remember is the sound of my mother's voice. It was a wonderful voice—the most wonderful, I think, that I have ever heard; and it ran through our childish lives as the love motif runs through Wagnerian opera—reasoning with us, coaxing us, instructing us, cajoling us; above all, singing to us and reading aloud to us. There were sixteen of us children, and I was the fifth to arrive. The big house in which we lived in Hamilton, Ontario, was full to the brim of us, bursting at the sides with us. There must have been pandemonium in it at times, but all that comes to me now, rolling down through the years, is the sound of childish laughter and the echo of the music that permeated our home like an atmosphere. On the question of our studies, Mother had her own ideas. To her, a liberal education meant musical training, a knowledge of Shakespeare and the correct use of the speaking voice. She not only read Shakespeare to us, but she made us read aloud to her; and late every afternoon we had a reading session, punctuated by brotherly and sisterly criticisms of appalling candor. Then Mother read and silence fell upon us.

Her poise was no less wonderful than her voice, and I remember vividly the day I first saw it go down. I was about seven, and I had tried an experiment suggested by a playmate. This infant advised me to keep a dime the next time I was sent forth to buy some household necessity, and to tell my mother the article had cost that much more than I had paid for it. She described in detail the hectic debauch we could have with the ten cents, and I fell A few days later I tried the plan; but when I looked into my mother's beautiful eyes and began my lie it died on my lips. She grasped the situation, led me to the nursery, and the next few minutes were filled with the unforeseen and the incredible. I was across her knees, being spanked with vigor. Then she left me alone to reflect upon my sins, but all I thought about was the humiliation of the experience and the urgent need of "getting even."

How could I "get even" with Mother? I thought and thought. At last I saw a pair of scissors lying on the nursery table, and an inspiration came. I knew, as children always know such things, that in her heart Mother was extremely proud of my eyelashes and eyebrows. They were so black, so long and so thick as to be very striking. Once, too, I had overheard her speak of me as "the flower of the flock."

With a smile of triumph I seized those scissors and cut off my eyelashes close to the eyelids. It was an absorbing occupation. Then I cut off the eyebrows, and when I looked in the mirror the result satisfied me, even in that desperate mood. I went downstairs, walked into the room where my mother was sitting, and posed before her with a hand on each of her knees.

"Now," I said coldly, "look at me—and tell me if I'm the flower of the family!"

Then I paid the piper—for after one incredulous, horrified stare, my mother burst into tears; and as I threw myself into her arms and sobbed with her I realized that nowhere, in all the universe, could there be another little girl as hopelessly wicked as I was.

The episode did not improve my appearance, and another adventure which followed soon afterward added the finishing touch to the work of

Her striking beauty fascinates her audience *Another phase of her ever changing beauty*

Her Oriental type accentuated by an Oriental costume

destruction which I had begun One of our family pets was a dog—a Dalmatian hound -and a favorite diversion of mine was to get down on the rug in front of this dog and look deep into his eyes My brother Tom had told me that animals could not meet the gaze of human beings, but I discovered that this was a mistake. Our dog could meet my gaze perfectly, but he did not like to and as I stared into his eyes they seemed to turn red and to burn. Once my mother caught me at this and promptly stopped me.

"Don't do that," she said. "You are frightening the dog, with your big, black eyes and black hair and little face so close to his."

But I persisted in the diversion—and then, one day, the dog sprang. His teeth met in my cheek and he held on. We were alone in the nursery, and it was a long time before others heard the noise of our struggle and came to rescue me My first conscious words to Mother were most edifying:

"Don't worry," I gasped. "I've said my prayers."

I thought it might comfort her to know that if I must die I was in what Catholics call "a state of grace," and possibly it did, though we had a very unpleasant time.

I was fond of having my own way. At school I was frequently very naughty, but I had one outstanding virtue, that I always told the truth. This proclivity of mine got me into trouble at times, and not only that, but it proved embarrassing to my brothers and sisters as well as my elders on occasions.

I remember once, when I was quite a wee thing, being sent to Sunday School with some of my older brothers and sisters. It was a beautiful day —"too good to go indoors," one of my sisters said —so they decided to "play hookey" from Sunday School and climb the mountain. What to do with me was the question. They thought I was too young for the long climb and did everything they could to get me to go to my class alone, but I was obdurate. If they were going up the mountain so was I, so they finally had to let me tog along, swearing me to secrecy and promising me dire punishment if I told. I enjoyed the afternoon, although I was pretty tired when I reached home. Remembering what the elder children had impressed on me about not telling where we had spent the afternoon, and desirous of letting them see that I was keeping my promise, I cried out the moment I saw Mother: "We didn't go up the big hill, we went to Sunday School"

Of my sixteen brothers and sisters my favorite in the family was Tom, who was just a year younger than myself. Together we played hockey, hand ball, cricket and various other games, but our favorite pastime during the winter was coasting down a steep hill on which we were forbidden to slide. Once when Tom and I, with some little friends, were half way down this hill on a long sled, we were warned that a "cop" was coming. Thinking to avoid the cop by bringing the sled to a stop before it reached the foot of the hill, my brother steered us into a ditch. We had been going down the hill at top speed, so this sharp turn threw us off the sled with terrific force. Although we were all pretty well shaken up, no one was seriously hurt except my brother. I thought at first that he was dead, and to make matters worse all our little companions fled, leaving me alone to pick him up and get him home as best I could.

People have frequently asked me how early my talent for acting manifested itself. This is rather difficult to answer definitely. From a very young child I had a taste for reciting and was often asked to give recitations at strawberry festivals and church teas, but the thought of the stage as a profession never occurred to me until I took a course in English literature with John Townsend, a retired English actor, With him I read Shakespeare and rehearsed parts that I played in amateur theatricals, when my neighbors and friends were kind enough to say that I had a career before me I was not a pretty child at that time, with my big, dark eyes, thin face, black hair and large mouth, which the children often teasingly told me was so big that I could "whisper in my own ear," and the white scar in my cheek where the dog had bitten me. My brothers usually called me "Nig", for I was the darkest in the family, and as if to accentuate that swarthiness my Mother always dressed me in dark clothes.

When I went on the stage my parents were very poor, my father having lost heavily in business, so those of us who could were glad to do their part to help fill the family exchequer. It is incredible to me how my mother managed to do for us all as she did She was a splendid woman, strong, slender, intelligent and broad in her ideas. She had a beautiful speaking voice and sang very well. Whenever the opportunity came she went to hear good music. I have heard her tell of taking me to hear the great Pareparosa when she was in Hamilton on her last tour. I was then only a baby in arms, but she had to take me or stay at home, so I made my first appearance at a concert when I was but a few months old.

When I was thirteen, Daniel Bandman, the actor-manager, came to Hamilton at the head of his company in a repertoire, of Shakespeare. He had heard of infant prodigies before, and he had "tried out" some of them. When Townsend hastened to him and broke into proud boastings of his pupil, Bandman lent but a languid ear to his old friend's eloquence. He did, however, consent to see me and hear me read, and I was escorted into his presence by my Father and Mr. Townsend and ordered to do my "stunt."

Even at that tender age Mr. Bandman's attitude piqued me. I had received more adulation than was good for a child of thirteen, and I did not like the manner of this blase person with the "show me" air. I decided to show him in earnest and the resolution steadied my nerves. Instead of giving my audience of three a slice of Shakespeare, as it expected, I threw myself into an impassioned recitation of a poem I admired very much—"Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night." I swung out, "far out," as the poem demanded, and I had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Bandman sit up to watch me do it. Afterwards, as good measure, I gave him "The Last Banquet," while Mr. Bandman studied me thoughtfully and tapped his teeth with his lead pencil

At the close of the entertainment he looked me over for what seemed a long time. I grew restless, for I knew that my appearance was not an asset. I might be long on art, but I was certainly short on beauty. I was very small and very thin. My skirt was above my shoe-tops, and my hair hung in "pig-tails" on my back. In brief, I was merely a "flapper," all eyes and temperament, and the big scar on my face burned white in moments of excitement. All this Bandman took in with slow, appraising glances

(*Continued on page 33*)

They roamed about the garden talking of the flowers.

SCHOOLED WITH BRIARS

A story in four parts of a man who lost a little love but gained a great one.

By L. M. MONTGOMERY
Author of
"Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of the Island," etc., etc.
Illustrated by
ESTELLE M. KERR

CHAPTER I.

A MILD wind was blowing up from the south-west over the ribbon of resinous firs in the valley, the low-lying wheat fields, and the long slopes of aftermath where the lush growth of the clover rivalled the luxuriance of June. It showered its subtle aroma around the tiny old woman who sat among the grasses where the lane of the "old Barry place" curved down the slope by the birch grove. She drank in the autumnal draught as she knitted and basked in the sunshine that mellowed on the slope around her. It pleased her to sit there in the day's maturity, under a sky that was curdled over with films of white cloud, and knit placidly while she watched the wind lifting the ferns in the shadow of the birches and combing the long grasses on the slope. She seldom looked at her knitting. Her tiny hands worked ceaselessly but her large and unsunken blue eyes kept on the landscape a watch that missed little, from the stir and flicker of the sapling leaves at her side to the occasional wayfarers along the Rutherglen main road that ran, straight as a line, to the west until it dipped suddenly into the curve of the fir valley.

Save for the little old woman with the eager eyes not a living creature could be seen near or far. From the Barry homestead, that had topped the birch hill for three generations, to the opal-tinted horizons of the south and west and the gleam of the ocean north and east, the whole world seemed to have fallen for the time being into a pleasant, untroubled dream.

To Mrs. Barry, or Aunt Nan, as everybody in Rutherglen, related and unrelated, affectionately called her, the afternoon was as a cup of delight held to her lips. She drank it unsatedly, thinking aloud meanwhile as was her habit.

"Isn't it good to be alive? I want to live as long as there are afternoons like this. Sakes alive, what smells! Seems to me the very air is dripping with them. There's the mint—and the dying fir. Haven't I always loved the dying fir? It minds me of when I was a girl and the first Mark and I used to go walking in the lane back of home where the firs grew so thick. That was forty years ago. I must be getting an old woman. How still those trees in the hollow look—as if they were talking to the sky. And what a blue there is over the hills! Strange how it always fades before you get to it! The way with most things, I expect. I feel as if I was drinking the sunshine in and storing it up in my heart to last me through the winter. I'm so happy—it doesn't seem to me that I'd have a thing changed if I could. I've had sorrow enough in my life, but it's put behind me now and lived over like those furrows the second Mark ploughed in the lane last spring. They looked ugly for a time, but now they're all picked out with asters and golden rod. It's a dear way nature has. And I just love living."

SHE dropped her knitting for a minute and leaned back against the white birch tree behind her. As she watched Rutherglen road a girl came out from the purple shadow of the firs that overhung it. Aunt Nan recognized her with a smile of delight.

"That's Lois Wilbur. I don't know as there's another soul in the world I'd want to see just now, but I do want to see her. She fits into an afternoon like this without spoiling it as most folks would do. I hope she's coming here. If she passes our gate I believe I'll just run down and lay violent hands on her."

Aunt Nan was spared this exertion, however, for when Lois Wilbur came to the white gate at the end of the Barry lane she turned in under the big willows. She walked with the elastic step of healthy youth, and there was a rich bloom on her face, born of her windy walk up from the valley. As she came up the grassy slope Aunt Nan held out her hand and Lois took it in her own smooth, firmly-moulded one, looking down at the little woman affectionately.

"I thought you'd come," said Aunt Nan. "You belong to the afternoon, so it brought you. Things that really belong together always come together. What a lot of trouble that would save folks if they only believed it. I was afraid you were going on to the shore, and if you had passed our gate, you'd have seen a sight—nothing less than old Aunt Nan careering down the lane full speed to catch you. Truth is, Lois, I was dying for some one to unload all the thoughts I've been gathering out of the afternoon on."

"I did start for the shore," said Lois. "When school came out I thought of the water purling around the rocks in the off-shore wind and it was too much for me, though I really should have gone straight home and done some sewing. But I thought I'd give you a call in passing and bring you up that last magazine."

Aunt Nan reached out for it greedily.

"Is the story finished, Lois?"

"Yes, and you were right. She didn't forgive him. It spoiled the story for me."

"I KNEW she wouldn't," said Aunt Nan triumphantly. "That's what has made the story seem so real to me all along. That girl was so human—one kind of human, of course. There are other kinds. Now, you'd have forgiven him."

Lois smiled introspectively.

"Yes, I think so. If it had been a matter of principle, I don't suppose I could. But it dealt only with emotions juggled by fate and I could—yes, I could have forgiven him if I had loved him, as she pretended to."

"She didn't pretend," said Aunt Nan, quickly. "She *did* love him. But it wasn't her nature to be forgiving, poor thing! Don't I know? I was just like her forty years ago. That's why I understood her so well. I knew she wouldn't forgive him. I wouldn't have then. I couldn't. I could and would now, but it's taken me sixty years to learn how. That's where you have the advantage of me, Lois. You begin where I leave off. It doesn't seem quite fair, does it? It cost me something years ago. But it can't all go for nothing. Do you know—" Aunt Nan dropped her knitting and leaned back against the birch with her eyes on the western sky—"I think that's about the best argument for immortality I know of—leaving out the Bible, of course, for it's no use hurling the Bible at folks who say they don't believe in it, like old Luke Bowes at the Cove. I've read somewhere that nothing is ever wasted. You understand what I mean, I guess—you're up in them scientific things—I ain't. Now, take a woman like me who starts out in life with a good strong tang of temper and a lot of intolerance and any amount of self-will and power of keeping grudges, not to mention a heap of other faults. Well, she lives seventy or eighty years maybe, and it takes her all that time to learn how to control her temper and be forgiving and tolerant. Then she dies. If there ain't any future life all that knowledge and self-control that it took so long to gain goes for nothing—is clean wasted, as you might say. Now, that ain't Nature's way. There's another life where it will all be made use of. I don't mean to talk you to death, Lois. I'm going to stop now and let you have a chance."

"I love to hear you, Aunt Nan," assured Lois. "There is nobody down in the valley like you. I'd feel like a fool if I talked to any of them about the things I discuss with you."

"I know," said Aunt Nan comfortably. "You and I always did understand each other, Lois, from the very first time your mother brought you up here. You were a mite of a child, with such big, serious eyes and long, nutty-brown curls, and a habit of saying all of a sudden such queer, deep-down sort of things. Your mother was real worried about you. She thought you were odd. But I guess I always understood you. You always felt real comfortable with me, didn't you? And you've been in my heart ever since you held up your face to be kissed, out there in the garden, and told me you knew you were a very naughty girl sometimes but you never could do wrong in a garden because the flowers were the eyes of angels watching you."

Lois laughed.

"I've a bit of the same old feeling still when I walk in a garden. Let me go and see yours, Aunt Nan. Your asters must be out now. Mine all got rusted."

"You're going to stay and have tea with me, Lois. Don't say you ain't, now."

"The rocks and the off-shore wind," began Lois, with a dimple and a twinkle, but Aunt Nan interrupted her.

"The rocks will keep and other winds will blow. You *must* stay, Lois. I'm all alone. The second Mark went to the backlands stumping after dinner. Took a snack with him and said he'd be too busy to come home to tea. So you stay—and I'll give you some fruit cake."

Aunt Nan had a whimsical way of referring to her only son as the second Mark. Her husband who had died thirty years before was the first Mark.

"How is Mark now?" asked Lois as they walked up the slope to the garden.

"None too well, though he won't give in that he isn't as perk as usual. He mopes a bit when he thinks I'm not watching. I'll warrant you he's lying on his back among the ferns more'n half the time in those backlands to-day instead of stumping. I told him he wasn't fit to do stumping yet awhile. But he's the first Mark over again—go he would, whistling. That grippe pulls a body down terrible. But I've got Mark coaxed up to take a little trip next week, and I'm in hopes it'll set him up in good shape again. He's going to Exeter to-morrow for Exhibition week—and longer, if he'll listen to me. But he won't. Such a boy for home as he is! And he is such a dear, good boy, Lois. I've never had a mite of worry over him since he was born. We've just been real chums, he and I, as he says himself. Of course, I know it can't go on forever so. Mark will marry some day and then I'll have to share him with his wife. But I'll be willing and glad to, for I know Mark won't choose unworthily, and whoever he brings to the hill will get a whole-hearted welcome from me."

LOIS made no reply but her face flushed. Aunt Nan looked at her shrewdly out of the corner of her eye and was not displeased at what she saw. The sweet old soul had her own harmless wiles and she had for some time been on the look-out for a chance of indirectly assuring Lois that when Mark brought her to the hill farm she would welcome her even more warmly as daughter than as friend.

"I'd have given a good deal once upon a time for the first Mark's mother to have intimated as much to me," she thought. "Lois knows what store I've always set by the second Mark and she might feel a bit anxious as to how I'd take his making-up to her—as he is doing, plain as the nose on your face. Now she knows, I guess, and everything is real nice and comfy."

Aunt Nan's garden had a local fame in Rutherglen. It was a pool of sunshine on fine days and the haunt of mingled fragrance and cool shadows in dull hours, hedged in east and west by the apple and cherry orchards; flowers bloomed there from the waking April days to mid-November. Aunt Nan "had a way with flowers," the Rutherglen people said. Just at this time her heart was wrapped up in her asters, a broad scarf of which ran across the garden from the clumps of tiger lilies at the gate to the old bench under the lilac bushes at the further end. They justified her pride and Lois bent over them, her face alight with rapture.

"This aster bed is a spring-time poem that sang itself in your heart last May and is now taking outward shape like this, Aunt Nan," she said.

"You always say the right thing, Lois. That thought was in my mind, but I could never have put it into words so well."

They roamed about the little, sun-flooded domain for some time, talking of the flowers and of the harmless

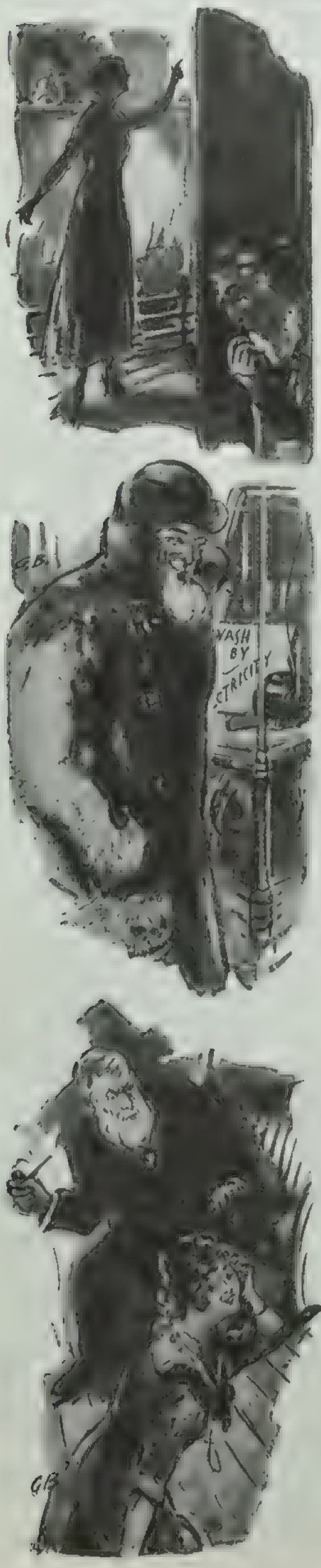
(*Continued on page 34*)

ESPECIALLY ELIZA

How the daughters of Ezreel Mason obtained shares in their father's farm

By
GRACE BOTELER SANDERS

Illustrated by
GEORGE BUTLER



EZREEL MASON groaned and grunted and stretched every aching muscle. He bent over to untie his shoes and groaned again. His rheumatism was getting worse and worse; this aching of the back, this creaking of his bones, this twisting of his knotted fingers were daily growing more unbearable. There was no denying the awful fact. He was growing old!

He fumbled clumsily at the strings of his coarse shoes and after several attempts untied one shoe, pulled it off and dropped it on the floor. How homely it was! It was knotted and wrinkled and gaping at the toe. It was soaked with water. The shoe's usefulness was about done. "So was its owner," reminded the echo.

Through the half open door the old man saw her slim, dark figure silhouetted against a sheet of flame.

No! Ezreel Mason sat up with a jerk and a toss of the head. He was not to be laid on the shelf—yet. The shoe, in a few days, would be discarded, cast aside as a worthless bit of leather. Although it had laboured faithfully to keep its owner's feet dry during the spring rains and warm through winter's snows, though it had done its duty there was no reward for it. When its usefulness was done, all was done. How about Ezreel Mason?

He had left England in early boyhood and come to Canada to find a home. He took a claim and cleared it and made ready the soil. He was well and strong and energetic. The climate was cold but the sun was gloriously golden. And oh, how he had worked! Sitting here upon the side of the downy bed which seemed so hard when rheumatism's pains wracked his whole frame, old Ezreel became in fancy young Ezreel gloating over the countless acres which were covered with the waving gold of the harvest which was as golden as that wondrous sun.

Immediately after breakfast he started for town and returned with a fireless cooker, a vacuum cleaner, a cream separator and a motor washer and a plumber who was to install a water system of heating better even than Bob's.

Many a morning in those old days, when the skies were blue and the sun golden bright over his possessions, the young man had gone out into the midst of the waving sea, bared his broad breast, stretched out his arms and raised his eyes to heaven—this man who had been a begger in the Mother Country—and had cried: "It is mine, all mine; mine because of the heritage which came through hard work!"

Though here in his room alone and old, Ezreel Mason felt again the exultation, the triumph, the fire of conquering, passionate youth. He even remembered how he had stooped to pluck a little flower which was as blue as her eyes—the eyes of the girl in bonny England. He had cradled it in his breast and talked to it as if it were a child. "When the wheat is sold I will come for you," he promised.

Oh, the joy of that harvest time, the pleasure of banking his money! Shortly after he began to build a cabin of polished logs. He dressed the lumber for the floors and rubbed them with resin and oil until they shone like glass. When the cabin was finished he went trapping and when furs enough were stored, young Mason took the skins of the silver fox to Toronto and had them made into a coat that a princess would have envied.

Old Ezreel dropped his pipe and jumped to his feet, spilling his youngest daughter to the floor. "Who in the Sam Hill is Richard?" he thundered.

He refused the fabulous price offered by a furrier for he feared his little bluet would be cold. This coat was an offering to Her, his queen. All winter he worked on the wonderful things which were to be a part of her wedding portion and finally, when all was ready, he dressed himself carefully, and with money in both pockets, he returned to the land where he had been a beggar. He was now a prosperous landowner who had come to claim his bride.

Her name was Mary Mason when he took her to the cabin which love had built. He seated her in an oak chair which he had made and ornamented with hand carving. He threw the priceless fur robe about her and as he wrapped her warm, he fell on his knees and drew her close as he cried passionately: "I love you—love you—love you! All that I am and all that I have is yours. You will love me and be true!"

She answered gravely and sweetly as she laid her pure lips against his, "I will be ever true!"

What had brought these pictures of the past to rheumatic old Ezreel? Why had he wandered thus through the Elysian fields of memory if not to feel the passionate love of youth and the thrill of her kisses? Was it that he might forget rheumatism and its horrors? Was it that he might rejoice over his conquest of disease and poverty. He had held them all in his big hand and crushed them. He had chosen instead wealth and love, which was the sweetest and most precious thing of all.

Hand in hand Mary and he had pulled side by side and turned hard labor into pleasure, turned sorrow into joy. When the wild woods became well tilled fields, when the home made cradle swayed year in and year out and yet again that it might lull the lusty boys and dainty girls to sleep, when the cabin became a well appointed country mansion, and the eyes like bluets became faded, the old man and the old woman were still as children going hand in hand to school.

The two boys, Bob and Ben, handsome, well educated, hard workers like their father were married and lived near. Bob had three blue eyed children, the joy of their Grandparents' hearts. He had an automobile and all kinds of modern machinery which enabled him to do more work in one day than his Father had in four. He had a beautiful home. A cream separator, an electric washer and a vacuum cleaner lessened the labors of Bob's wife, and a fireless cooker, hot and cold water plant and many conveniences made life worth living, and lightened her labor as much as Bob's machinery increased his efficiency. Old Ezreel was proud of all these things and his son's prosperity, and he grinned as he pulled off the other shoe and hobbled to the window to look at the home of Ben, the second son.

He could see in the brilliant moonlight the tall windmill, the house with the hip roof and seven gables and gleaming portico. He could even see the red dairy shorthorn feeding at the stack.

Three of the girls were married and happy The oldest daughter, Eliza, who had helped raise the family, who did the greater part of the housework and helped on the farm and cared for her Mother, was at home and patiently taking whatever favors or reproofs her Father wished to give. There was, too, his youngest, whom he had nicknamed "Tom," a slim graceful girl of seventeen, with her Father's eyes and ways, and consequently holding the greatest part of his heart.

He looked at the bed where his wife lay sleeping. Her hair was snow white. Her face was as dainty as a piece of china and as delicately veined with blue. How beautiful she yet was and how well he had chosen! Old Ezreel's breast swelled with pride because of his wife, his children, his acres and flocks and herds. Where could any one find a better, brighter, happier lot than these?

He had been a begger—once. Now he was king of all this and in his own right. Some day he would hand all this—a princely gift, to his oldest son. He could almost see the newspapers with their coal black headlines, but as he mused a voice broke in on his reverie; it was the scornful, cutting sarcasm of "Tom," his seventeen year old, his pride.

Through the half open door the old man saw her slim, dark figure silhouetted against a sheet of flame. There was no light in the room except that which proceeded from the great fireplace filled with hickory logs which were now enveloped in a scarlet film. The musical snapping and crackling filled the room with merry music. The old man admired and smiled whimsically when he remembered how determined "Tom" was when the architect spoke of leaving out the fireplace from the grand new house. What a girl she was!

The old man smiled proudly as he gazed at "Tom's" straight black hair and blazing cheeks, at the brightness of her eyes and the carmine of her lips. She might have been an Indian princess so straight was she, so haughty, so defiant. Almost sarcastically old Ezreel compared this blazing beauty with the older sister Eliza who bent over the earthern churn. Eliza's hair was a dull mouse color, her eyes meek, her lips gentle, submissive, patient. Eliza was a good girl. Day by day, without a hitch she performed her duties and without assistance, as faithfully as a perfect machine. She had none of the conveniences which her sisters-in-law had seized as their right. Somehow her Father never thought of saving Eliza. He loved her but—"Tom" was favorite, not Eliza.

And again the old man looked at the attractive girlish figure of his youngest. "I wonder what that little prairie dog's snappin' about," he grinned. "She's always yappin' about something." The old man tip-toed to the door. "Guess I'll just listen!"

Tom's first sentence brought a shadow to her Father's face. His jaw dropped. "The limb!" he ejaculated, wrathfully.

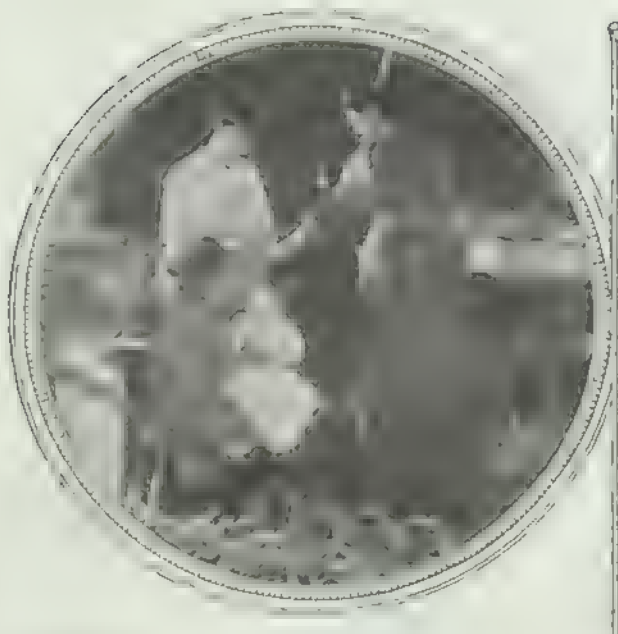
Tom's strident voice continued. "Yes sir! Eliza, I'm going to leave! Believe me I won't stay around here and work twenty-eight years for nothing as you've done, and then be expected to sit down in the boys' chimney corner and take whatever they want to give—snubs included. There's nothing right about such a custom. Of course we couldn't change it, but we can strike and I am going to do it. I am going to start out and make a living for myself. You hear me!"

Old Ezreel sank weakly into a chair. And he had thought they were content! "You helped raise all the babies, Eliza, and tended chickens and made butter to sell and kept house and farmed, but what did you get for it? Your board and clothes!" The cutting sarcasm in that voice was awful. "You were valuable in those days, but what are you worth now, when Mother's hardly able to go and Daddy needs a trained nurse to look after that rheumatism?"

Eliza murmured something and clamped the lid down upon the old fashioned churn. Tom answered impatiently.

"Of course you're glad to do anything you can for them. So am I, but that isn't the question. You have given them the best part of your life, have worked three times as much as Bob, and he'll get the money and you, nothing. If any of the children or the wives get sick, they send immediately for Aunt Eliza, and you are just as good to them as you can be; but after awhile, when you have grown crippled in their service and need care, just tell me who will cheerfully supply it? Not one of them, and they will grunt if they have to give you a room."

(*Concluded on page 27*)

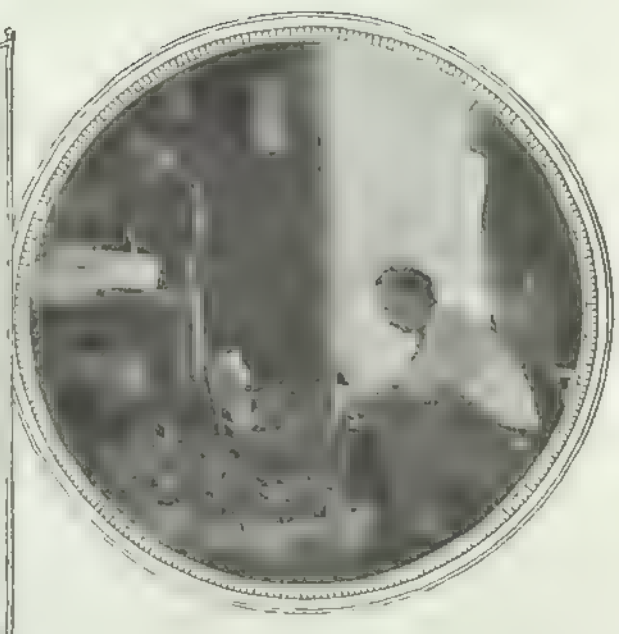


WHAT THE WOMEN OF CANADA WANT

A Land Policy

To help the Canadian born as well as the new Canadian to get to the Land

By ELIZABETH BECKER



A MAN may get a homestead for each of his sons over the age of eighteen years, and another 160 acres as a pre-emption; in all 320 acres for each son. But he cannot get a single acre for his daughter. The law puts a premium on sons but places a very light value on daughters, although those daughters work just as hard as the sons and are a large factor in winning the farmer success. Is this fair and does it encourage women to turn their attention to many phases of farming which offer them congenial work and a profitable return?

WHEN George Barnes landed in Montreal some years ago, straight from the English city life that had been his whole existence, he could scarcely curb his impatience until the necessary immigration formalities were completed, so eager was he to reach the open country of his desire. After he had travelled for days through forest and prairie and had been repeatedly assured that this was only the beginning of Canada's farm lands, he began to realize the immensity of the New World and of the new life upon which he had entered.

Had he dropped a bomb into the orderly and neatly labelled shelves of the wholesale house where he worked in Bradford with a corps of young men much like himself, it would not have caused more surprise than when he announced his immediate departure for Canada to take up farming. "You don't know anything about farming, do you?" "Aren't you afraid you'll starve?" "Have you come into money?" assailed him on every hand. "No," answered all the questions. "There are too many men for every position here, and it is work that girls could do anyway. I am going to a bigger job," defined his intentions.

Having no capital he worked with a farmer for a season, thus gaining experience, some money, and time to locate a desirable homestead. The first few years were hard, as is the beginning of any enterprise, and the letters from his English friends always brought a wave of home sickness that took days to get over; but he persevered and soon the rough little shack made way for a comfortable house. Back he went to Bradford for the rosy cheeked girl who had been waiting impatiently for this time. Notwithstanding the many comforts of the old home, he felt cramped and restricted and longed to get back to the free life of his own acres. The next decade found him in comfortable circumstances and able to prepare his children for whatever course in life they wished to pursue. The satisfaction of feeling himself a factor in the community instead of a mere cog in the industrial machinery added great zest to life.

A young Irishman with four small children cashed his insurance policy to get a start at farming. Nearly a thousand acres of land, a good house, and a family of well educated young people are proof of his wise investment.

Canada's big problem to-day is how to properly distribute over her millions of acres of vacant land her present population of native Canadians and those of foreign birth accustomed to an agricultural life, the returning soldiers, and the influx of immigrants from the British Isles and from the Continent at the close of the war.

We have the land, we need the produce. They need homes and have the power to produce. We must be prepared before they come so that we may place them wisely, and by so doing we shall to a great extent have solved the problems of production and of a foreign market.

The Woman's Problem

WHEN the Warrens decided to sell their little home in the city and buy a farm their friends were doubtful of the success of the plan. They were people of education and refinement. Mr. Warren had left his home in the country before he was old enough to take any responsibility in the farm work. A number of years devoted to faithful office work did not bring the salary needed to live as they felt they must live in justice to themselves and their children. Mrs. Warren was city bred, and though valuing the comforts and advantages of the city, was looking ahead through the next ten years, when her husband's earning powers would decrease, while the expense of bringing up the family must increase. The change would be hard for her, but she could read and study and profit by experience, and what real mother would let selfish considerations weigh against the present good of her children and the ultimate good of all? It was not a serious wrench to leave the life in which they could not share, for it was of no benefit to them to know that the world's finest actors or musicians were in the city if they could not afford to hear them. The question of schools would not be a serious one for a number of years, for they had made it a point to get a farm in a neighborhood with a good school which, while destitute of the fads, frills, and too numerous holidays of the city school, gave a thorough grounding in fundamentals. Then too the children would be in the country all the year round with all out of doors in which to play, plenty of wholesome food at a minimum of cost, and no necessity of being with other children except in school.

The years of hard work told on them, but they were years with hope at the end, and the results amply justified their faith and found them at middle age happy and independent.

The loneliness of the country which has been a serious drawback for some people, has been to a large extent counteracted by the fine organizations of the Women's Institutes, the Home-makers' Clubs, the Rural Life Conference, and various other organizations which add both pleasure and profit to the lives of country women.

The rural telephone and parcel post have done much to bring the farmer into closer and easier touch with his neighboring town and the cities, not to mention the increase of the exchange of neighborliness among themselves.

Better roads, largely due to the spread of the automobile, better sanitation and modern conveniences, are all factors in relieving the isolation of the farmer and his family. True, all these are not to be found in all parts of the country, but a beginning has been made, and well made, which will spread until the country home will be the equal of the city house in all modern improvements and conveniences, and to these are added the better health and lower mortality—especially among children—which are the result of fresh air, lack of congested districts and the consequent spread of contagious disease.

ANOTHER class of woman looking to the land for a real home is the wife of the working man. When hard times press and when the husband's wages with careful management will provide only food, shelter and clothing, with occasional lapses when Johnnie tears the sole off his boot a week before pay day or Mary spills a lap-full of ink on her dress that should wear three months longer, she begins to seek the remedy. When she cannot buy or rent a house with a yard so the children may have some place besides the street in which to play, when the children cannot be kept from hearing and repeating the bad language used next door, when there is never more than $5.00 put aside for a rainy day and that has to be used before the next pay day, for it is always drizzling, when the boys' insatiable appetites are regarded with apprehension rather than with the appreciation due them as proofs of health and growth, it is then that memory turns to the old home on the farm where there was never a question of having meat for dinner every day or whether each child could have all the milk and butter and eggs he wanted. Each recurring pinch of poverty and the ever present fear that the husband may be ill or may be thrown out of work revives this memory of plenty in stronger force. And so the mother of a growing family looks to the land as the place where, with the same hard work, there is the compensation of a mind secure from the fear of want, for land even in hard times produces a living at least, with the chances, nine to one, that it will be paid for before the children are grown. So this mother is one of the many women who visit the Better Farming Trains and the Dairy Demonstrations and learn all they can as to the possibilities of farm life for city people. The great trouble with this class of would-be farmers is their difficulty of getting sufficient money for equipment. Heretofore no one has come to their aid until lack of work has almost ruined them—then a helping hand is held out through the Social Service worker, who tries to get the unemployed back to the land.

IN addition to our own Canadian born residents and our returned soldiers to be put on the land, we must remember the foreign population we now have. If we can get these people into the right place instead of in congested city districts, we shall serve the double purpose of increasing our producers and of reducing the possibility of slums in our cities, where the foreign element congregates when railway construction ceases. Of 100 Italian laborers questioned in Toronto, 89 had been farm laborers, and a large class of Polish men in a night school were all farmers Many of these did not know that there were farms in Canada, others who knew it said that they had not enough money to begin with but were saving up to go back to Europe and buy a little piece of land for $1,000. Under proper direction and Government instruction they could do much better with their money here. Such immigrants should be asked their intentions and then if they are proved desirable settlers, certain concessions should be made to them. The old days of indiscriminate emigration to Canada are passed. Careful discrimination must be exercised and then we must educate our new Canadians.

This is a great field for women, and we can render a great service to the Nation by teaching the women and girls in the different philanthropic organizations and in the churches. We can begin with our language and with our methods of work for they all realize this need, then we may follow with our lessons on morals and ideals.

A Wise Land Policy Imperative

WHETHER the soldiers or immigrants do it, extensive farming will have to be done and the present and future unemployment will have to meet a portion of that need. While Canada might first consider her own and the British soldiers who wish to go on the land, she will have to consider a great influx of immigrants from the

(Concluded on page 36)

This is the work that keeps so many men away from the homestead lands. It requires courage and a great faith in one's own ambition to go forth to clear these lands and establish a farm and home upon them. But the satisfactory results repay the effort many times over.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD

Third of the Series of "A Minister' Experiences with Women"

BY A

WELL-KNOWN PREACHER

IF some good brother had not already done so I should write an article some day called "The Minister's Mail." But I am quite certain that it has already been done—and doubtless much more entertainingly that I could have done it; indeed, I have an indistinct recollection of having read such an article myself, and of laughing at this letter, which was quoted as having arrived in one morning's mail:

"DEAR SIR,—

"I shall be at church next Sunday morning and will put one dollar in the contribution box if you will preach from this text: 'And he took him by the tail.'"

Almost any minister could write a similar article, and it would be very rich in humour and in pathos. There would be requests for aid, and confessions of doubt; pleas for advice in love affairs and domestic tribulation; an occasional word of commendation, and letters of criticism, more than occasional, with now and then a fragment of denunciation or threat. There are a hundred letters in my collection, any one of which, followed up, would have led into the heart of an adventure. And some of them *were* followed up.

"I wonder who this is from?" my wife said, as she laid the mail on the breakfast table one morning. It was a lavender letter of rich, fine material, addressed in a woman's handwriting. There was neither address, nor date line, nor signature. It read simply:

"To-morrow night at eight I shall be there. Be ye ready."

"Who is that from?" said my wife again; this time with a little added emphasis, for even a minister's wife is human, and a woman.

"You know as much about it as I do, my dear. I never saw the handwriting before."

I WAS hard at work in the study next morning when the maid brought in a card and laid it on my desk. The surname was one that has an honoured place in our literature. In one corner was inscribed, in the handwriting of the letter, "The Voice of the Lord."

"Show her in," I said; and a moment later she entered, a woman of nearly middle age, tall, with a certain dignity in her face and manner. She advanced to the middle of the room, and stood silent, her eyes fixed on my face, until the maid's footsteps had pattered off down the hall and she knew that we were entirely alone. In the interval I had studied her features. Her hair was grey, though she couldn't have been more than thirty-seven or eight; her forehead was high and fine; her cheeks a trifle drawn, and her chin, though well formed, bore just the suggestion of instability. But her eyes told the story. There was the weird, unwholesome gleam in them that can be kindled by intoxicants, or by unbridled emotion, or is, maybe, the signal of a mind undone.

"I am here!" she announced. Her voice was full and deep as though much employed in public speaking.

"You have me somewhat at a disadvantage," I began, but she had evidently marked out the channel in which the conversation was to be conducted, and would not be tempted from it.

"You know me, though you may not admit it. You have heard of my Grandfather." She spoke the name so much honoured in our literature. "I write, also," she continued; "you have seen my articles in the magazines?"

Being thus reminded, I did recall having seen her name once or twice in some of the lesser periodicals, and said so. She seemed pleased.

"I am a great writer," she went on. I smiled a little and she was quick to notice it. "You laugh, but I tell you I could be famous—more famous than my Grandfather. I know it—I know the power that is in me. But I have abandoned writing, I have said 'Get thee behind me!' I cannot write and be true to my mission."

"Your mission?" I questioned. "What is your mission?"

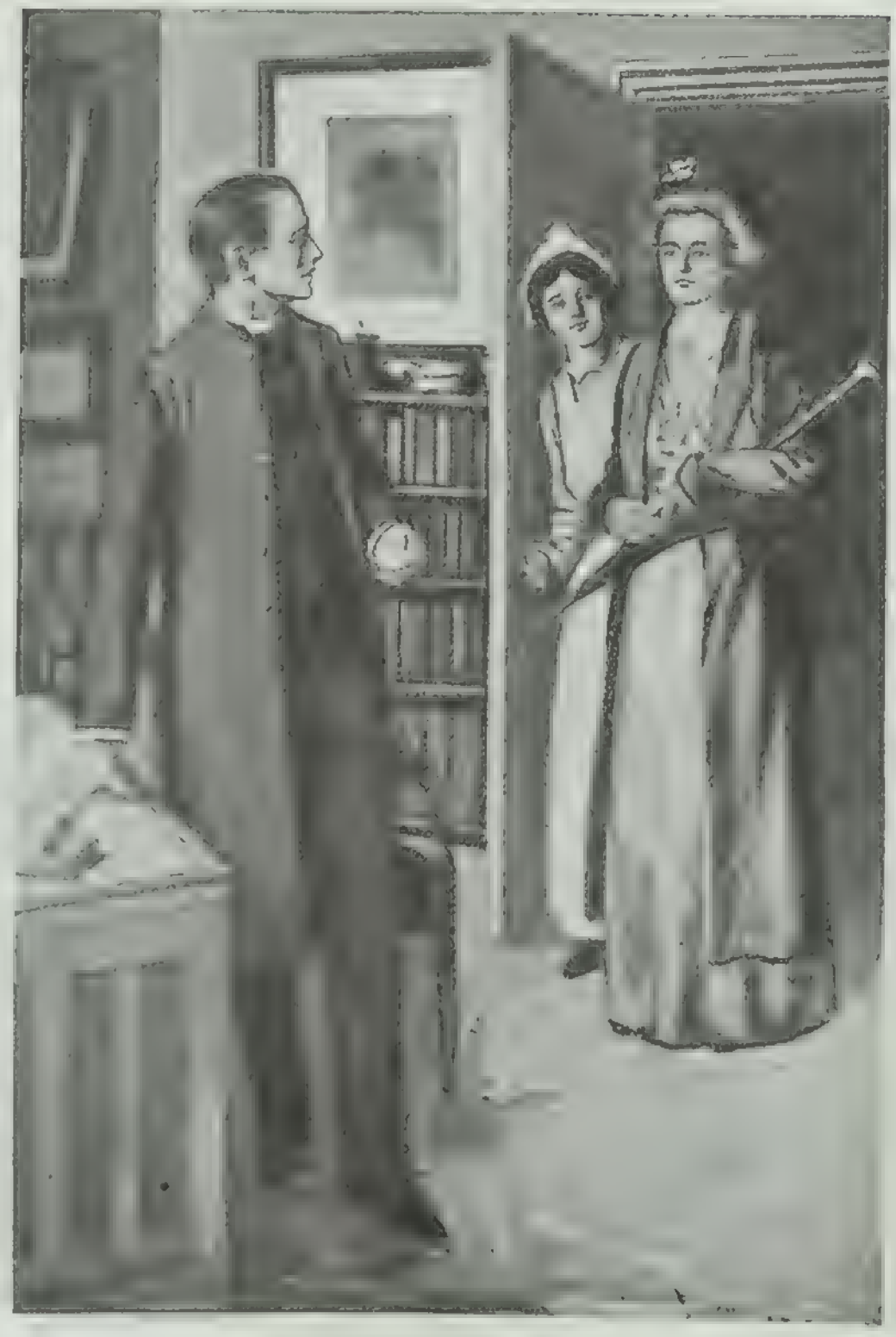
"The Lord has commanded me to restore prophecy upon the earth. As Nathan appeared before David, as John the Baptist appeared before Herod, so I appear before the powerful of the earth. I am the 'Voice of the Lord:' I appear before you. I say, Thus saith the Lord: 'Thou art untrue to My trust. Why is thy preaching not My preaching? Why hast thou proved unfaithful to the truth?'"

BY this time I knew that I had to deal with one of the religious cranks who are a part of the minister's problem. Nearly every week some one of them comes to urge his right to be heard at the Sunday morning service, or to present some obscure passage of Scripture as containing a new revelation too long neglected.

"I have no doubt the Lord speaks to you," I said. "But He speaks to me also, and to every one of His children. I, too, am commissioned to proclaim His Gospel on the earth: I must speak His message as I understand it."

But she would not be turned aside.

"You say you are a true minister," she said, her voice rising into sharp, bitter scorn. "Show me proof of your ministry. Your Master healed the sick: do you heal? He said, 'These signs shall follow them that believe: They shall cast out devils; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' Show signs: the Voice of the Lord says to you, 'Show signs.'"



She advanced to the middle of the room, and stood silent, her eyes fixed on my face, until the maid's footsteps had pattered off down the hall and she knew that we were entirely alone.

"I shall show signs of my ministry when you show signs of yours," I replied.

"What do you mean?" Her voice was still more shrill; she was working herself fast towards hysteria, and I was eager to have her gone. As I answered I stepped over to the door and opened it.

"Why don't you quote the whole of the Lord's promise?" I demanded. "These signs too, He says, shall follow them that believe: if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them! There is the chemist's across the street. Come. We shall go over. You believe that if you drink any deadly thing it will not hurt you, don't you?"

With a savage glance she brushed by me to the front door. There she turned for an instant:

"Hypocrite! Blasphemer!" she fairly shrieked. "I leave you; but you shall yet hear the Voice of the Lord. You shall hear me: You shall obey——" and so, turning every dozen steps, to hurl her threats back at me, she made her way down the street.

NOTING with gratitude that the street was deserted, and our little scene apparently unobserved, I shut the door and went back to work.

The next morning there was another lavender letter in the mail. "You cast me out yesterday," it said, "even as the priests cast out the prophets of old. But the Voice of the Lord will be heard. The Lord will reveal me to the city, and you shall be the instrument of that revelation."

"A strange case," I said, and tossed the letter over to my wife. "She might have been a brilliant woman, writes well and all that—and she's sure the Lord is on her side. And I am to be the instrument of the revelation, whatever that means."

"Whatever it means," said my wife, "I think you had better ignore her absolutely. You'll probably never hear of her again."

But for once she was wrong. The letters kept coming for nearly a month, one every morning, each one reaffirming her divine commission and warning me that some day I should be the means of establishing her claim before the world. She became quite an institution in our household—the Voice of the Lord, the children called her; and when her letters ceased coming we rather missed them.

I had found out something about her in the meantime. Edgerton of the Presbyterian Church told me. He was probably the best known minister in the city, a fine, elderly man of national reputation.

"She came to see me several years ago," he said. "It was after a big missionary convention here, and one of our women had read a really remarkable paper. I forget the subject now, but it was the talk of the convention, and the newspapers commented upon it. The next morning your friend called on me and introduced herself.

"'Did you hear that paper by Mrs. Blank yesterday?' she asked.

"I told her I had and thought it very fine.

"'I wrote it,' she said. 'I write most of the papers for these wealthy women who have more money than brains.'

"I was amazed and somewhat disgusted. 'What you say may be true,' I told her, 'but, if so, the betrayal of their confidence does not commend you to mine.'

"Then she told me a good deal about herself. She is brilliant and of good family. But her people have long since cast her off. You see, she is an opium fiend."

After the letters ceased coming I lost sight of the Voice of the Lord, and she dropped finally out of memory.

Almost a year later, in passing a little church a couple of streets from my own, I was attracted by the sound of singing inside. The hall had been vacant for some months, the congregation having moved away from it, and it had been offered, I knew, for sale. "What's going on in the little church, Pete?" I inquired of our caretaker, who was my source of information on any matter connected with the neighbourhood.

"Some woman's started a religion there," he answered. "Jehovasha, she calls herself, or something like that; and say, Doctor, she's got 'em goin', too."

"What do you mean?"

"It's crowded every Sunday. They claim she's got some power to do miracles."

I asked for more details.

"No one knows where she comes from nor who she is. Least, I ain't found none that does. We boys was discussin' it the other night, and someone said as how she just dropped down here one Sunday and began preachin' on the street, sayin' that she was the true preacher and all other preachers was fakes, and she'd show 'em up; and come unto her all that was sore at the churches; and if anybody was sick come along too, because the doctors was fakes also, and devils, and she would cure 'em and nothing charged, only glorify the Lord, and each one chip in whatever he wanted. And while she was preachin' someone came up with a crutch and says, 'I'm lame and the doctors can't do nothin', and if you got the goods the way you say, why cure me, and if you don't cure me, why you're a fake,' and she sort o' looked at him queer, and her eyes was flashin', and she says, 'God has sent you as a proof for the wicked. In the name of the Almighty, chuck that crutch!' And—I wasn't there myself, but O'Keefe swears he seen it—the fellow sort of straightened up and shouts, 'I'm cured, glory to God!' and he chucks the crutch, and everybody shouts and begins to throw silver and coppers at Jehovasha, and the kids run in to get the money, and there was a fight. But next Sunday she started goin' in the little church and there's been a crowd there ever since."

THE next morning I opened the paper to find a story about Jehovasha, and a flash-light photograph of the inside of her church, crowded with worshippers, herself shown as merely a little blur behind the pulpit. The story was one of those overdrawn, sensational tales which find their way to the papers when other news is scarce. It told of her sudden appearance in the city, and her first "Miracle" as Pete had described it, though the account was not so picturesque on the whole. No one knew her origin, it said, nor her true name. To all inquiries she replied merely that she was Jehovasha, the prophetess of the Lord, and that she had been sent to restore true religion to the city, and call the ministers and the churches to repentance.

After that there was something in the papers about her on almost every Monday morning. One Sunday she had held a special meeting for cripples, and after a half-crazed exhortation which had brought the whole congregation almost to a pitch of insanity, she had shouted that the Spirit of the Lord

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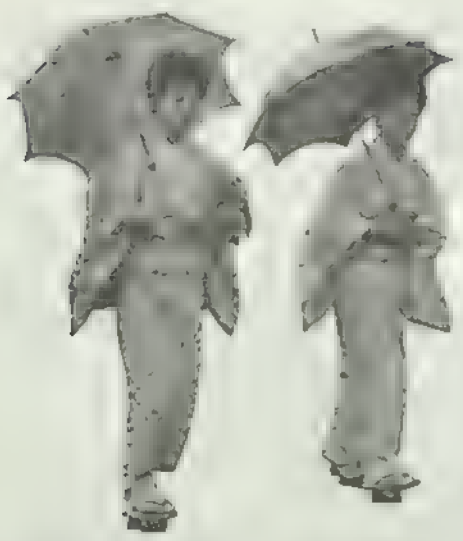
For the Woman who Loves to Travel

A TRIP THROUGH JAPAN

Leaves from a Young Girl's Diary



Japanese ladies attired for an afternoon call.

WITH a girl companion I set out for the Far East on October 20th, 1915. We had no definite plans other than to visit friends in Manila

The trip from Vancouver to Yokohama on one of the Canadian Pacific liners takes from ten to fourteen days, and is the shortest time made by any line.

We were as one big family enjoying the deck games and sports, the dances given in the spacious ball room and the concerts rendered by the ship's band every afternoon and evening.

The day which passed most quickly on this voyage was that which we deliberately dropped from the calendar on crossing the 180th meridian of longitude, just half way around the world from London.

Before reaching Japan we made the acquaintance of a number of people who had lived in the Orient and who suggested that we disembark at Yokohama, tour Japan without a guide and make the trip from Shimonoseki, Japan, to Northern China, stopping at Seoul, Mukden, Peking, Nanking and Shanghai. This sounded like a real adventure and we decided to take it.

Yokohama, the principal port of Japan, has but little to offer in the way of sight-seeing but is a good place to shop. The stores cater to the tourist trade and have more variety than those in the other cities. The chief native shops are in or near Benten-dori.

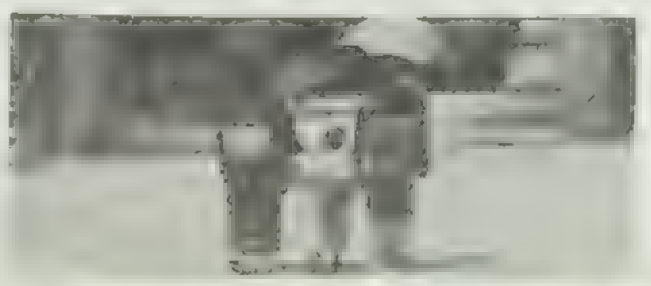
The hotels are all within walking distance of the business centre. We stayed at the Hotel Pleasanton which is under American management. The rates are Y5.00 ($2.50) and upward.

The most noted place in Yokohama is the Hundred Steps Tea-house, which may be reached by means of a winding road or by climbing 102 steps. We climbed, and were greeted upon our arrival by a little Japanese maid who dropped on her knees and bowed repeatedly, each time touching her forehead to the floor. She removed our shoes replacing them with cloth slippers, as the Japanese are very careful of their polished floors and mattings. The latter always look as though it had just been laid, yet it may be many years old. The dainty little maid served us tea and cakes and, after requesting us in perfect English, to register and leave our cards, bowed us out of sight.

A picturesque trip from Yokohama, which may be made by auto or rail in about forty minutes, is to Kamakura, at one time the greatest city in Japan but now little more than a fishing village. The fare is 60 sen (30c.) first class and 36 sen (18c.) second class. Second class travel in Japan is very satisfactory. No traveller to the Orient should overlook a trip to this seaside resort, for here rests the great bronze Dia Butsu which is one of the chief sights of the Empire.

From Kamakura we continued our journey four miles by tram (fare 17 sen) to the picturesque Island of Enoshima, which is connected with the mainland by a long frail bridge. We followed the zig-zag path that leads up the mountain, stopping at numerous points of observation and feasting on the scenery of the surrounding country. If one is interested in mother-of-pearl, this is the place to make your purchases, for here the Japanese display their genius in working these shells into every conceivable design, which they sell at a low price

Tokio is quite modern, with its over-crowded street cars and its large department stores very similar to those of Canada.



This Buddhist Temple was constructed with the aid of cables woven from the offerings of hair sent by the peasant women.

None save the Emperor may step upon this Sacred Bridge, with its columns of beautiful red lacquer and ornaments of brass.

Tokio, the metropolis and capital, is about fifty minutes by rail from Yokohama. The fare is 80 sen (40c.) first class and 48 sen (24c.) second class.

We were met at the station by Mr. S. Sakrai whose name had been given us by a girl friend who had spent a couple of years in Japan. She assured us we would be well cared for in his Tea-house, and that it would be a novel experience.

The Tea-house is a plain building on a side street — one section of the house is reserved for the family, the other for guests. The furniture in our room was foreign, and included a foreign stove, which is unusual in a Tea-house. And I might say we were somewhat disappointed in not finding it strictly Japanese. But they were very solicitous of our comfort and our stay was quite enjoyable. We paid Y1.50 (75c.) a day for room and breakfast.

A Japanese baby carriage, the baby and his nurse.

The proprietor acted as our guide and, as Tokio is a large city with a population of more than two millions, we found a guide very essential. Regular guides in Japan are paid $2.00 a day. This gentleman makes no charge but it is customary to give him a few dollars when leaving.

Tokio is quite modern with its over-crowded tram cars and its large department stores very similar to those of Canada. But even these up-to-date emporiums will not tolerate uncovered shoes, and it is necessary either to remove or have them covered with cloth overshoes. There is less English spoken in the shops of Tokio than in those of Yokohama.

One of the principal pleasure resorts of Tokio is Uyeno Park—a place of prayer and picnics. It is especially attractive in April when all its cherry trees are in blossom. These flowers are usually pink in color and grow in beautiful clusters several inches wide. The cherry trees of Japan bear no fruit and stand bare and leafless for eleven months

Another flower season is in November when chrysanthemums, trained to grow to represent boats, airships, automobiles, etc., are on display. The chrysanthemum is the crest of the Imperial family.

Shiba Park is the burial place of the Shoguns. The Shogun was the virtual ruler of Japan for nearly seven hundred years and their reign ended in the revolution of 1868.

Nikko is about five hours by rail from Tokio Fare is Y3.43 first class, and Y2.06 second class.

We stayed at the Nikko Hotel, which is about a mile from the station. Rates are Y4.00 to Y8.00 per day.

One of the most picturesque objects of Nikko

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FARM LIFE FOR CITY BOYS

By DR. JAMES L. HUGHES

President of Ontario Association for the Promotion of Technical Education

FORTY years ago I read an article based on a careful investigation made in the cities and towns of the United States and Canada, in which it was stated that eighty of every hundred leading men in America—judges, lawyers, preachers, doctors, teachers, engineers, merchants, manufacturers and statesmen,—were brought up on farms when they were boys, and that sixty-seven out of every hundred of these leaders were so poor that they could go to school during the winter months only.

Other investigations made since that time confirm the first statement in all essential particulars.

It has been the almost universal practice for forty years to account for the undoubted success of the country boys by boasting about the education received in the "little red school houses" of the rural districts. At country gatherings, at educational meetings, and at reunions of the old boys and girls of early days, the superiority of the education received in the little schools on the roadsides, in the valleys or on the hills, has been proclaimed; and men who modestly admitted that they had become leaders of their fellows asserted in grateful tones that they owed their success to the teachers who taught them in the "dear little old school house."

All thoughtful men know better than to talk so illogically now. We can never value too highly the teachings of the country school house, even when we are blind to the highest reasons for the development of the country boys and girls. The early teachers did a great work, and too often for very small pay, but the best work of the best country teachers was not the work done in teaching the children during school hours. A good many of the teachers in rural schools of early days organized a very high type of educational institutions in their districts that met in the school houses in the evenings throughout the autumn and winter months; debating societies, literary societies, spelling matches, singing schools, and special evenings to develop the histrionic and oratorical powers of the people, young and old, by guiding them in taking their part in dialogues, recitations and public readings. The leadership of country boys and girls was not developed through the work of knowledge storing done, and the power to think developed in the schools during school hours. The power, the skill and the character essential to success and to leadership were kindled and developed by the many incidental experiences and operative processes in the lives of children brought up to work on farms. The experiences and the efforts made to achieve success, both in play and in work, were infinitely more productive of power, of skill, and of vital character than the teaching and the direct training of the schools.

No one acquainted with the conditions will say that the teachers in rural schools are as efficient as the teachers in the schools of cities and towns. To say this is in no sense a criticism of the teachers in rural schools. The teachers in cities and towns must in the nature of things be better than the teachers in rural schools, because they are, except in a few cases of a special character, more experienced and better trained. The leading teachers in country districts almost universally aim to be worthy of promotion to vacancies in towns and cities. There can be no doubt that the teaching in city and town schools is better than the teaching in rural schools; first, because the teachers have had more experience and better training, and second, because there is a never ending procession of the best teachers of rural schools marching to take positions in city and town schools.

There must be other reasons to account for the progress made by the boys and girls of rural districts, when they come into competition with the boys and girls trained in cities and towns. The teaching cannot be the main cause of success or failure. The boys and girls from the country where they had good teaching are leaders of the boys and girls of the cities and towns where the teaching is better than in the country. The power, skill and character are greater where the teaching is comparatively weak, and weaker where the teaching is comparatively strong. There must be other elements in the building up of human power, skill, and character than teaching alone. What are they?

To discover what they are we must study the conditions where they must be strongest. They must be strongest in the country because even with less efficient teaching more efficient men and women are produced in the country than in the cities and towns.

If the educators of the world had not been so long blinded by the erroneous idea that "Knowledge is power," they would long ago have searched diligently for the real sources of human growth, and the schools of the civilized world would have become agencies in developing physical, intellectual and spiritual power, instead of institutions to train the boys and girls to store knowledge and to think abstractly.

Physically, the country boy has very much better opportunity to become strong and enduring than the boy in a city or town. He has better opportunities to develop physical power, both in his play and in his work. In some places in former times the country boy was not allowed to play as much as he should have played, but he was never denied the privilege of working; and working and playing in the open air are the surest ways of promoting physical strength in every department of bodily power, and of giving all the vital organs resisting power against all forms of disease. Playing and working in early years is the surest way to prevent being attacked by tuberculosis, and coupled with proper nutrition they are the only sure ways of curing the "great white plague." It is true that country people often contract consumption. The reason is that they seal up their living rooms and their sleeping rooms. Consumption thrives on preserved air—the air of last year sealed up in closed rooms.

Intellectually, the country boy has many advantages over the city or town boy, even though the latter boy may have better teaching in school. He has many opportunities every day for original planning, independent thinking, and self activity in achieving. This is true both of his play and of his work. Of all the elements of intellectual development by far the most important is the tendency and power of independent planning and independent achievement. The country boy has new problems to solve every day; new things to do in the performance of his duties. His duties may not change very much from year to year, but in their performance he encounters new conditions and new unexpected incidents every day. Accidents will occur on the farm, to his implements, to his harness, to his horses or cows, or sheep, or to other animals, and every accident calls loudly for prompt action, that requires clearness of thinking, definiteness in planning, and quick decision, followed by wise efforts in achieving his plans.

The schools have been weak compared with the other agencies that mould human character and power, because they have not developed the executive tendency and power of men and women. The intellectual powers may be classified into the receptive, the reflective and the executive or achieving powers. The schools formerly trained the receptive powers only; most of them are still content to train the receptive and reflective powers, to make the race wise and thoughtful. A man may have a vast amount of knowledge, both general and special, and yet be of comparatively little use to God or his fellowmen. It is the executive or achieving tendency that makes it possible to develop the receptive and reflective powers to their fullest limit, and also gives them vital value as agencies in promoting human progress. The country boy spends much more time in executive work each day than the boy in the city or the town.

Even in the department of knowledge alone the country boy has comparatively great advantages. Knowledge to be accurately and definitely understood by the mind requires exact training of all the senses. The independent acquisition of

(*Concluded on page 38*)

THE SHADOW

Last night I walked among the lamps that gleamed,
And saw a shadow on a window blind.
A moving shadow, and the picture seemed
To call some scene to mind.

I looked again; a dark form to and fro
Swayed softly as to music full of rest,
Bent low, bent lower:—Still I did not know,
And then, at last, I guessed.

And through the night came all old memories flocking.
White memories like the snow-flakes round me whirled.
"All's well!" I said; "the mothers still sit rocking
The cradles of the world."

—*Owen E. McGillicuddy.*

WHEN DOLLY CAME BACK

This is a dreadfully wicked story—at least it seems so at first, but it turns out so nicely that it is not so wicked after all.

By LOUISE MORRIS

DOLLY had just wakened to the fact that she had been in Heaven about a year, and she thought that she really would like a change, not perhaps to a warmer climate down south of the celestial regions, but she wanted something different, for so much grand opera singing was beginning to get on her nerves. So she went to St. Peter and asked for leave of absence for a short time. Dolly had a yearning to get a look at earth once more, and see how her poor Jack was getting on without her. St. Peter did not seem very well pleased, although he consented to give her a night off for a whirl about town, but on one condition only, that no matter what she saw or heard she must not make herself visible to the eye of mortal, because if she spoke, away she would be whisked off heavenwards and her little earthly spree would be cut short. St. Peter did not like his spirits getting away from him too often, he liked them *bottled up for his own special benefit* after they had been some little time in *wood!*

Well, Dolly thought this one night stand would have to do, so she fixed her halo on straight, pulled her robe together in a more up-to-date style, brushed her wings off and started to fly down on her evening's adventure. Calmly, serenely, she floated out on the blue ether. On her way down she passed a couple of fellow fliers, bird-men that is to say, and she laughed in her angel sleeves at their clumsy flying contrivances. "Oh, if they could only see *me* with my billowy wings," she thought.

On, on, down, down, to the city of big buildings, lies and graft—flew Dolly, over the great White Way that was just beginning to be lighted up for its evening crowd; and about half past six on a lovely autumn evening Dolly found herself perched over the roof of her former home.

Now, how to get in? She flew to the door of the apartment house; it was open and some one was going in through the door of her own flat. So she flitted in on her patent noiseless flyers, right into her own dear little sitting room, and sat as well as her wings would allow in her own old chair. Well, it did seem nice and cosy to be home again, so peaceful and quiet, everything just the same. Ah, dear old Jack would have nothing altered, thought Dolly tenderly.

Presently she heard steps coming along the passage, and in came Jane, dear Jane, her old factotum. Dolly controlled herself with an effort from making any sign.

Jane drew the shades, lighted the lamp and made the room even more inviting than before. Then she spoke to herself, "Ah, but it's lonesome here since the missus left. How me and the boss need her!" "Darling Jane," thought Dolly. "How lovely to hear your own obituary."

Then Jane went out and Dolly listened as anxiously in the spirit as she had ever listened in the flesh for the sound of the latch key at 7 o'clock. At last it came, and oh! but it was a struggle to see that face and not tell him she was here, right here, at home—he looked so sad and lonesome. Throwing himself into a chair he sighed. "Ah!" he cried, "How I wish my dear old girl were here. It's horrible coming home night after night and no one to meet you. It seems ages since she left."

"Oh, my poor, poor lonesome Jack," wailed Dolly.

Then Jane announced dinner.

"All right, Jane, serve it at once." Dolly followed him into the dining room. Things did not look quite the same here, there had been a few changes. Such a dainty dinner. Dolly knew if she were alive she would be quite hungry, it looked and smelled so good.

"Ah, Jane," Jack said, when he had finished and was sipping his coffee, "I enjoyed my dinner and you are a pretty good cook,"—loud smiles on Jane's part—"but it's a mighty wretched thing for a man to be left without his wife. I know she is happy, so I should not complain, but I do wish I were with her."

Imagine if you can Dolly's feelings. If she spoke, biff, bang, biff! away she would go and perhaps never see her Jack again.

"Oh, my poor darling, if my heart were not dead, how it would ache for you! if I only could comfort you! I almost wish you would marry again—some nice, quiet, plain little woman who would mother you and be good to you."

Dolly looked at Jack's sad face and the place where her heart should be felt like an aching void. Presently he rose from the table and went back to the living room again. Dolly did wish he would stay in one place, her wings bothered her going about so. However at last he settled down in his cosy arm chair, paper in hand and pipe in mouth, and Dolly settled herself as well as her wings would permit in a chair in the corner to watch her darling and to wish she could comfort him. Jane came in a few minutes later.

"Mr. Winthrop, you forgot this letter."

"Ah, thanks Jane, it's the last letter from my girl and do you know, I would not be surprised if we should see her sooner than we expect."

"Well, I hope so, Sir," said Jane and departed to regions culinary.

Dolly felt a trifle puzzled at Jack's last remark. Had he become a convert to spiritualism? "And, oh, how sad," she sighed, "my last letter! Let me see, that must have been the summer I was away for a week. Oh, how he loves me! !" then silence, and Dolly gazes lovingly on her own dear boy as the smoke from his pipe curls upward.

All at once the bell rings three times. Jack sprang up, joy written all over his face, rushed to the door, opened it, and with a glad shout, gathered into his arms the bell ringer; then he almost carried her into the room where Dolly sat frozen in speechless amazement.

"Oh, Mabel, I've been so wretched, so lonesome. How glad I am you're back. Life has been like a desert these last three weeks. Here Jane, Jane, come quickly! The Missus is home! And now tell me what possessed you to give me such a delicious surprise?"

Dolly's wide open blue eyes gazed at Mabel; she could not understand. Mabel? Who was Mabel? Outwardly Dolly saw a very pretty dark eyed, dark haired little woman in a smart tailored suit and bewitching hat and veil. And how she and Jack were talking and laughing and kissing! And Jack looked exceedingly bright and happy.

"And now, my darling," Jack was saying, "Jane will bring you something to eat and we'll have a real cosy time."

"The reason I came home unexpectedly," said Mabel, "was that Mother was better, so I made up my mind I wanted to get back to my poor old lonesome hubby." More kisses on Jack's part!

Then Dolly knew! Knew that all Jack's sadness was not for her. The brute! The unfeeling brute had married again!

"Was it for this," moaned Dolly, "that I left my happy home up above. She's not pretty. I hate her! And she's got my diamond star on! How dare she? And Jack, how could he forget me so soon," and Dolly cried and cried, and wished she hadn't died; and a pretty little domestic tableau went on without her.

Mabel had taken off her coat and hat and looked prettier than ever and Jack was hovering over her making her taste a little of everything on Jane's tempting tray, and when she could eat no more, Jane cleared away all the things, and Jack, with his Mabel in his arms, compared notes on their three weeks away from each other. As for Dolly, she was suffering the misery of the damned. It's a fearful thing for a woman to be silent when her dead heart is breaking and her defunct head is bursting, and she must listen to loving words and see tender caresses!

"I shall tell St. Peter when I get back I have been in Hades to-night," Dolly cried to herself. Then she huddled down in her seat again to listen to some more torture, and such a stupid lot of foolishness! Quite forgotten was her former altruistic wish that Jack would marry again. Of course if it had been some elderly, bony, plain spinster, she would have been quite glad that he had a housekeeper again, with just perhaps a few little caresses on the side. But this! *this*!! This unseemly love making was too much, and she was only getting well chilled in her cold storage box of a year's occupancy!! "What's that he's saying?" Could she believe her ears!

"My first wife? Oh, my dear little girl, I never loved her, a tall blonde with pale blue eyes, a cold kind of creature, not like you my little dark-eyed gypsy."

"Oh, I've always been so jealous of her, I thought you really loved her still!" murmured Mabel from the depths of Jack's smoking jacket.

"Never! *Never!!* NEVER!!!" cried Jack.

Ah, too much, too much was this for Dolly's storm wracked brain. St. Peter, Heaven, her promise, all, all were forgotten, at this terrible shock of Jack's duplicity. With a fearful shriek, she cried, "Oh! Jack, Jack, for heaven's sake don't say that." And then—then—she woke! Awoke to find the tears streaming down her face, and Jack, her own dear Jack, shaking her.

"Wake up, Dolly, wake up, you're dreaming, child."

"Wake up?" she cried. "Was it all a dreadful dream? Is there no Mabel? Am I here? Right here, at home?"

"Say, old girl, you've had a bad dream. You shrieked enough to wake the seven sleepers. Tell me about it in the morning. I hate to say it served you right, but I told you not to finish all that Welsh rarebit at Martin's last night."

The BOY THAT WAS SCARET O'DYING

ONCE there was a boy that was dreadfully scaret o' dyin'. Some folks *is* that way, you know, they ain't never done it, to know how it feels, and as they're scaret—and this boy was that way. He wa'n't very rugged, his health was sort o' slim, and mebbe that made him think about sech things more. 'Tany rate, he was terrible scaret o' dyin'.

'Twas a long time ago, this was—the time when posies and creturs could talk, so's folk could know what they was sayin'. And one day, as this boy—his name was Reuben, I forgets his other name—as Reuben was settin' under a tree, a ellum tree,—cryin',—he heered a little bit of a voice, not squeaky, you know, but small and thin, and sof' like, and he see 'twas a posy talkin'.

'Twas one of them posies they call Benjamins, with three-cornered, whitey blowths with a little mite o' pink on 'em, an' it talked in a kind o' pinky-white voice, an' it says:

"What are you cryin' for, Reuben," an' he says,

"'Cause I'm scaret o' dyin'," he says, "I'm dreadful scaret o' dyin'."

Well what do you think? That posy jest laughed—the most cur'us pinky-white laugh, 'twas, and it says, the Benjamin says

"Dyin', scaret o' dyin'? Why I die my self every single year o' my life."

"Die yourself?" says

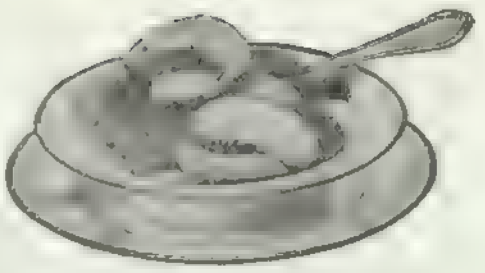
(*Concluded on page 38.*)

The contributor of this delightful little allegory states that she found the manuscript amongst the papers of a deceased friend. It was wrapped in a piece of paper and addressed by her, yet she was not aware of its existence until after she had been through her friend's desk and found it there. We are pleased to publish it posthumously as the work of a writer, who, had she lived, would have undoubtedly contributed much worthy material to Canadian literature.

THE ADMIRABLE COAT SUIT

White gabardine and blue and white plaid gabardine are combined in this smart frock. The arrangement of the plaid over the plain white gives the appearance of a Redingote coat over a white frock. The pearl buttons, narrow belt and roll collar are details that lend an attractive finish.

PRACTICAL, useful costumes are always needed. The gown of plaid and plain material shown here makes an excellent example of what we know as a street dress. It is a practical one made of gabardine of blue and white for the plaid and plain white for the skirt and sleeves and collar. It is a very handsome costume and at the same time a very useful costume while it suggests one of the really important features of the time. Coat suits are admirable. They fill a place that nothing else quite takes but there is a demand for the gown that can be worn upon the street, and such effects as these are successful in bringing about a costume ideal for the purpose. This one, for example, could be copied in serge with silk or in plaid taffeta with plain to make a more practical costume than the dainty blue and white, and it could be copied in pongee for the summer costume, but in whatever material it is shown the lines will remain, and it is the lines which make the success of any garment. Really it is a skirt with an over portion. It is not a Redingote, yet the combination of the blouse and skirt suggest the Redingote idea. The few buttons of generous size and of great beauty make another feature of the season. The low shoes and stockinge of white and the flower hat complete a most attractive costume.



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Send the coupon today for a copy of "Baby's Welfare," which tells you how to give baby the best possible care. It contains a feeding chart as well as the "Better Babies" table of measurements—and many other things.

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A GOWN WITH A HINT OF THE CHINESE

A gown of georgette crepe combined with pussy willow, with embroidery to give just a little hint of Chinese in design and coloring

THIS gown is made of georgette crepe combined with pussy willow, and the embroidery gives just a little hint of the Chinese in the design and in the coloring. The skirt is a simple straight gathered one tucked, with bands of ribbon for trimming, and ribbon trimming makes an important and notable feature of the spring and summer fashions. Ribbons never were more beautiful. They are to be found in the most exquisite weaves and plain colors with dainty finished edges, and they are also to be found in wonderful brocades and velvet effects that are superb They are being used as bands upon skirts; they are being used for trimming of almost every known sort. They are being employed for the making of the handsomest girdles that the season has to show They are extensively used for trimming of hats. Ribbon bows and ribbon trimmings are familiar but this season has brought us hats of straw with the crowns completely covered with ribbon in a new and entirely interesting way. Some of the clever designers from across the sea are pulling the edges of the ribbon down between the crown and the brim to form an irregular frill against the face. The effect is a very charming one; it is generally becoming and it certainly is novel. A fancy of the season is for the hat trimming, the girdle and the little silk bag or reticule, that must be carried with every afternoon costume if it is complete, to be made of one and the same ribbon. A notable example shows a broad brim Leghorn hat, the underside of which is dyed to a dark blue with the crown of a really superb velvet ribbon showing a flowered design in rich colors and with a girdle and bag of the same.

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DAINTY FROCKS OF COTTON FABRICS

By MAY MANTON

No. 8974 (with basting line and added seam allowance)—One-piece Gown, 34 to 44 bust measure.

No. 8969 (with basting line and added seam allowance)—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 bust measure.

No. 8861 (with basting line and added seam allowance)—Flounced Skirt, 24 to 32 waist measure.

SILK and cotton may fairly be said to be the fashionable materials of the summer. Both are shown in infinite variety and the cotton fabrics mean a consummate charm. They are exquisitely dainty and they can be found both with plain edges and with borders. The two gowns that are shown here illustrate them used with success.

THE one-piece gown (8974) is made of marquisette. Flouncing makes the front of the bodice and the sleeves and the dotted material makes the skirt and remainder of the blouse. For contrast, fine sheer handkerchief lawn is used for the crossed-over chemisette and collar, and the band on the skirt is applied. It is a very attractive gown, a gown that can be utilized for a great many occasions. Marquisette is one of the prettiest and most fashionable of the many cotton fabrics, but there are lovely voiles and crepes that could be treated in just the same way while the model also is a good one for the fashionable summer silks. In the small view it is shown made of taffeta with georgette crepe for the collar and crossed over chemisette. For the medium size will be needed 2¼ yards of flouncing 15 inches wide with 4 yards of plain material 36 or 3 yards 44 with ⅝ of a yard 36 inches wide for the collar and chemisette and 3½ yards of banding for the skirt. The May Manton pattern No. 8974 is cut in sizes from 36 to 44 inches bust measure.

FLOUNCED skirts and capes make two important features of summer fashions and this gown illustrates them both. The skirt is a very pretty one with three straight gathered flounces arranged over a smooth fitting foundation. Here, the material is embroidered voile and the trimming is valanciennes lace, but there are other ways in which this gown could be treated. The flounces being straight they are admirable for lace and for embroidery as well as for material. The bodice means a plain blouse with capes over the shoulders and with a separate over-bodice. A gown quite as handsome as this one, yet entirely different in effect, could be made by using an embroidered voile for the flounces, the blouse and the capes, and some pretty bright colored taffeta for the over-bodice and girdle or taffeta could be used in combination with net or with fine crepe or with any preferred material. For the medium size will be needed 5 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3⅛ yards 36 or 3 yards 44 for the bodice with 6 yards of insertion and 4½ yards of edging. For the skirt will be required 2⅛ yards 36, for the flounces 5¾ yards 27, 5¼ yards 36 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide with 18 yards of lace banding and 9 yards of edging. The May Manton pattern of the bodice 8969, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure and the skirt (8861) in sizes from 24 to 32 waist measure.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure. Address Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

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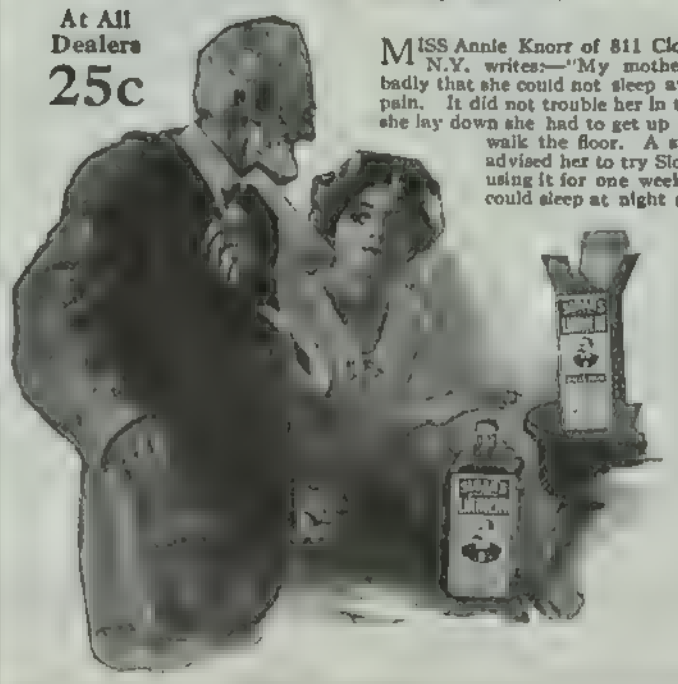

MISS Annie Knorr of 811 Closson Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. writes:—"My mother had rheumatism so badly that she could not sleep at night, and cried for pain. It did not trouble her in the day but as soon as she lay down she had to get up and sit in a chair or walk the floor. A sister of my mother's advised her to try Sloan's Liniment. After using it for one week, she felt better and could sleep at night and she continued to use it and is cured.

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Toronto, Canada

SIMPLE TRIM DRESSES

By MAY MANTON

A Practical Costume

IN spite of the fact that the entire gown fills such an important place there is always need for the separate blouse and for the useful skirt and here are excellent models. The skirt is a simple one, perfectly adapted to separate wear and also to the coat suit. The plain fronts and plain back are cut in one with the yoke and the sides may be either plaited or gathered so rendering it desirable for thin material as well as heavy. The blouse is a very new and interesting one, and the fullness is laid in inverted plaits. These plaits may be held by machine hemstitching, by fancy stitches taken from side to side, or they can be sewed as tucks. The collar is extended to form tie ends. In the illustration the blouse is made of georgette crepe and the skirt of French serge in a light summer weight. For the medium size the blouse will require 3⅜ yards of material 36 inches wide, 2¾ yards 44. For the skirt will be needed 4½ yards of material 36 inches wide, 3¾ yards 44 or 3⅜ yards 54. It is 3 yards and 5 inches in width at the lower edge. The May Manton pattern of the blouse (8979) is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 bust measure and the skirt (8971) in sizes from 24 to 32 waist measure.

No. 8979 (with basting line and added seam allowance)—Blouse with Inverted Plaits, 34 to 42 bust measure.

No. 8971 (with basting line and added seam allowance)—Four-piece Skirt, 24 to 32 waist measure.

A Smart Gown of Striped Silk

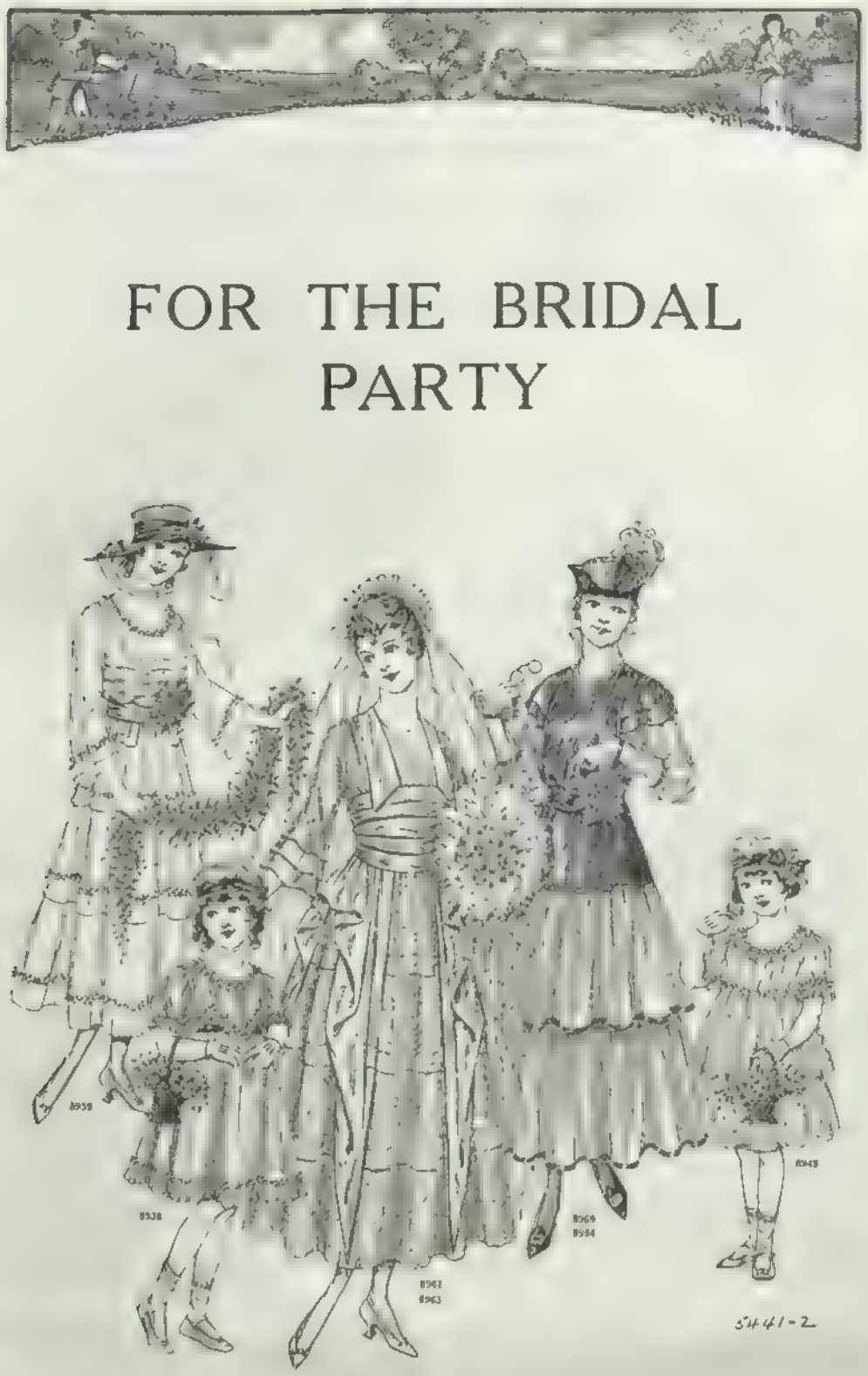
SILKS this season are regarded as practical materials and in fact they are such. Stripes are among the smartest of all designs and this gown is made of striped glove silk with trimming of plain. It is ideally light and cool, perfectly adapted to warm weather wear, and in the height of style. The blouse is a very pretty one that can be made as it is on the figure or extended to form a peplum. With the peplum it assumes somewhat the characteristics of the coatee, and the diagonal closing is a novel feature. The yoke skirt is important this season and this one gives unusually pretty lines. It allows perfectly smooth fit over the hips with abundant flare and fullness in the skirt proper. The model will be found a good one for various materials, for the cotton fabrics as well as the silk and for the pretty light weight crepes and the like that are woven in silk and wool, and which are ideal for the cool afternoons and evenings throughout the summer. For the medium size the blouse will require 3¼ yards of material 36 inches wide, 3 yards 44 with ½ yard 36 inches wide for the collar and cuffs. For the skirt will be needed 5 yards of material 36 or 4 yards 44, with ⅛ of a yard 36 inches wide for the yoke. The width at the lower edge is 5 yards and 14 inches. The May Manton pattern of the blouse 8957 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure, and the skirt 8953 in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure.

No. 8957 (with basting line and added seam allowance)—Blouse with Open Neck, 34 to 42 bust measure.

No. 8953 (with basting line and added seam allowance)—Three-piece Skirt with Yoke, 24 to 32 waist measure.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure. Address Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

FOR THE BRIDAL PARTY



THE bridal costume of this Summer is a very dainty and youthful one made with a short skirt, and the one shown here makes a good example of the stlye at its best. The skirt is a simple straight one, tucked and gathered. The hip drapery is separate and arranged over it. The bodice is made over a lining that holds the various parts in place. As it is shown here, lace and satin are combined, and no better combination could be offered. The little crossed over chemisette is of chiffon. For the medium size the bodice will require 1⅜ yards of material 36 inches wide or 44, with 1¾ yards 36 or 1⅛ yards 44 for the girdle, collar and sleeve frills. For the skirt will be needed 5 yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide and for the drapery 2¾ yards of either width. The skirt is 3 yards in width. The May Manton pattern of the bodice 8961 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure and the skirt 8963 in sizes from 24 to 34 waist measure.

SIMPLICITY always should mark the bridesmaid's costume. The frock that is shown here is very dainty, and in the illustration it is made of pink georgette crepe with trimming of rosebud banding. It is a very dainty and an essentially girl-like frock and one that is perfectly adapted to general summer wear as well as to the bridesmaid's use. The straight simple skirt is tucked, and the bodice also is laid in crosswise tucks, and the little ruffle over the hips gives a pretty touch. For the 16 year size will be needed 6 yards of material 36 inches wide, 5½ yards 44, with 10 yards of rosebud banding. The May Manton pattern 8959 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years.

THE two little flower girls wear very charming frocks. Both are made in Empire style that is so well suited to little children, but one is of net with plaited ruffles and trimming of chiffon rosebuds, and the other is of lace flouncing. The net frock is made with a lining to which the skirt is attached and with the over bodice arranged over this lining so that the sash is passed under the points. For the 12 year size will be needed 4 yards of material 36 inches wide, or 3¼ yards 44. The May Manton pattern 8938 is cut in sizes for girls from 8 to 14 years.

THE second little dress is made with a double flounced skirt. The lower flounce is joined to the lining yoke and the upper flounce is arranged over it. The little bodice is held in place by means of a body lining. For the 8 year size will be needed 6½ yards of lace 14 inches wide with ⅞ of a yard of material 36 inches wide. The May Manton pattern 8949 is cut in sizes for girls from 4 to 10 years.

THE mother's costume always is an important one. This model seems perfectly adapted to the need. As it is shown here, it is made of satin and crepe de chine and the combination is a fashionable one for summer wear.

The skirt is in three flounces. Here the two upper flounces are joined by means of a cord while the lower flounce is attached to a lining, but if preferred, the upper flounce can be left free at its lower edge. The bodice consists of a blouse with capes and with an over bodice that is closed beneath the left arm. The capes give the fashionable breadth to the shoulders and mark the latest note of fashion. For the medium size the blouse will require 2 yards of material 36 inches wide, or 1⅞ yards 44, for the over bodice with capes, 1⅝ yards 36 or 1¼ yards 44. For the skirt will be needed 5 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3¾ yards 36 or 3½ yards 44, with one yard 36 for the yoke. The skirt is 4 yards in width at the lower edge. The May Manton pattern of the bodice is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt 8984 in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure. Address Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

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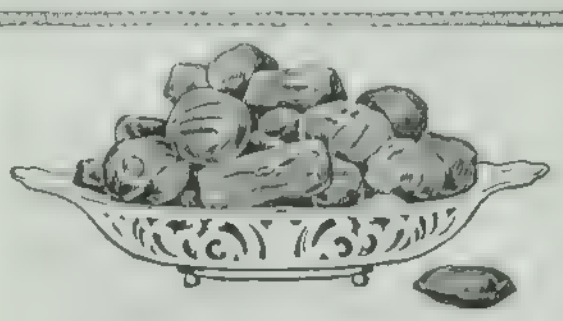

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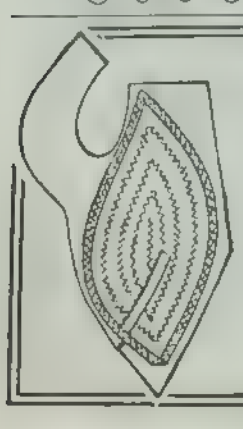

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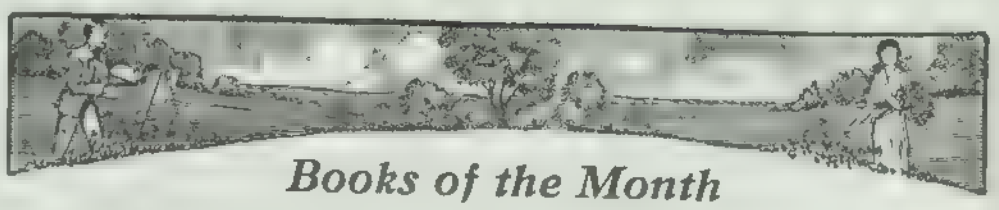


Books of the Month

WHAT PEOPLE ARE READING

By MARY L. R. BISHOP

Mrs. Belfame

By Gertrude Atherton

(McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.)

ONLY a few years ago newspapers all over the country gave us full details of the famous "Carmen Case," a sensational Long Island murder trial. At this trial Miss Atherton figured as the principal newspaper writer, and it would seem that the story of Mrs. Belfame is founded on that celebrated case.

When the story opens, Mrs. Belfame has just decided to commit murder. She is tired of her husband, who is stupid, uncouth, and a drunkard. Of course, she could get a divorce, but that way to freedom did not appeal to her. Some two years ago, when liquor first began to put a fiery edge upon Mr. Belfame's temper, Mrs. Belfame had considered this question, but after several weeks of cool calculation, and the exercise of her foresight upon the inevitable social consequences, she put the idea of divorce definitely aside.

Mrs. Belfame did not kill her husband, but somebody else did. He was shot down almost at his own gate and the perpetrator of the deed remains a mystery to the very end of the story. Suspicion pointed to Mrs. Belfame as the guilty party and she is indicted. A young lawyer who was in love with Mrs. Belfame acts in her defence, and although she accepts his devotion and promises to marry him if acquitted, she is as indifferent to him as she was to her husband.

In the story we have the daily press exhibited as a substitute for gladiatorial combats, bullfights, and other amusements that gratified the fondness for slaughter in the earlier days. Nowadays "this ancestral craving is forced by civilization to gratify itself imaginatively and it is this cormorant in the public mind that the press feeds conscientiously and often." Miss Atherton depicts the reporters of the big metropolitan dailies as very active in collecting evidence. They are there to send sensational reports to their respective papers, and these reports must be secured somehow. A set of "clever, unscrupulous young men," the author calls them, but she goes on to say that their sensational reports "germinate pretty nearly all the fiction microbes that later ravage the popular magazines."

This mystery story which apparently opens with a solution, is worked up to a climax when Mrs. Belfame is acquitted by an electrifying piece of evidence which is introduced at the very last moment.

"The Real Adventure"

By Henry Kitchell Webster

(McLeod & Allen.)

THE chief characters in this broadly sympathetic study of the married are alert, intelligent, fairly cultured beings, anxious to make the most of life. The husband is a Westerner who cherishes in the beginning traditional ideas of matrimony which he has never really tested. He has a passion for theory. "I want space," he says, "comfortable elbow room, so that if I happen to get an idea by the tail, I can swing it around my head without knocking over the lamp." The wife, as well as the husband, is both physically and mentally vigorous. She tires of being only a part of a man's life. She feels that her own personality is shrinking by disuse for even her children are not hers to mould once they are born. Finally, unable to stand the strain any longer, she leaves home to be something independent. She still loves her husband but will not live with him on terms of inequality. She wants to be something more than his "legal, perfectly respectable mistress."

Notwithstanding many obstacles to be overcome, the adventurous wife makes her way in New York. When after many hard knocks, she finally achieves success, the resumption of marital relations with her husband is discussed, but the husband now takes the idealist's role. "It isn't a question of what you'd like to be or are willing to be, it's a question of what you are," he tells her. "You're something more than just my wife. You've got certain talents, certain proved capacities. That's as true as that I'm something besides just your husband." This is what "The Real Adventure" comes to, that "the woman's cause is man's." A long story but highly interesting.

"I Pose"

By Stella Benson

(Macmillan.)

I ONCE heard a university professor say, "Everybody poses more or less—some do it consciously while others do not realize that their attitude on certain matters is a pose." In her first novel, "I Pose," Stella Benson gives us an ironic, amusing tale of two curious travellers —a young man with a geranium and a young woman with a snuff-colored bag. The young man is a dreamer of dreams and a weaver of theories. He wraps himself in theories to such an extent that facts are crowded from his view and he "poses until he loses himself in a wilderness of poses." Without any visible means of support, very innocent of life, but with a wonderful amount of youthful egotism, he sets out to see the world. On the door-step he exclaims, "I will be a merry vagabond, tra-la-la," and he steps out transfigured—in theory.

The young woman is a suffragette of militant type, quite plain, with the sort of hair that plays truant over the ears, but has not vitality enough to do it prettily—complexion not worthy of the name and eyes which make no attempt to redeem her plainness. When the gardener meets her she is on her way to blow up a building. She thinks she is a man-hater and scorns love as a despicable weakness of the flesh. In order to save her from crime, the gardener abducts her and takes her with him on a ship bound for the Caribbean.

Their adventures on this trip are very amusing. The gardener wants her to marry him at the end of the journey, but she evades him and returns to London to take up her work as a militant suffragette.

The book comes to an abrupt end with the suffragette's suicidal attempt to wreck a church in which the young man hoped to marry her. All through the book Miss Benson makes some very shrewd observations on life. She brings the book to a close by leaving the reader with this question: "How deep may a pose extend?"

The Grand Duchess Benedicta

By A. E. Burns

(Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE scene of this story of school life is laid in a convent school in England, where the pupils are allowed more freedom than is usual in convent schools. One of the nuns arouses the jealousy of a group of lively girls because of the attention she pays to a new pupil. They resolve to "put one over" on Sister St. John, arguing that as she makes so much of this new pupil, it must be because she is an important person. From this they reason that if they could have an exiled princess at the school, Sister St. John would be even more attentive. By judicious hints and half confidences, they spread the report that a new girl with a foreign name who has just arrived, is a grand duchess hiding for a while in England. The plot works so well that the mystery finally gets beyond control of the girls, and when the final denouement comes, part of the joke is on the jokers themselves. A very natural story with a funny plot.

Just David

By Eleanor H. Porter

(Copp, Clark Co.)

LIKE the heroine of the Pollyanna stories, "David," the hero of Eleanor H. Porter's latest book, is the village sunbeam. He is an extraordinary lad with an artistic temperament without the infirmities of temper. His father, described as a world famous violinist, dies by the roadside of a remote village leaving nothing for his son but the Omati and Stradivarius which he carried. To the villagers David was nothing but a tramp's son, and the violins—two fiddles. For a child of ten he is remarkably educated. Although he does not know what death means, he can play a Brahms concerto with superlative ease, enchant his listeners with his improvisation in interpretation of sunlight and moonlight, a bit of landscape, the song of a bird, the capering of a squirrel. He spoke the language of "furriners"—fluent French and German, and could even read the Latin inscription on a sundial. With all these accomplishments his gifted hands are not very useful at pulling up weeds and picking up stones. His naive and ardent sweetness, however, endear him to all; he softens the heart of the village miser, reputed to extract blood from a turnip; effects a reconciliation between estranged lovers, and is the means of bringing back a long lost son to his father.

The First Hundred Thousand

By Ian Hay

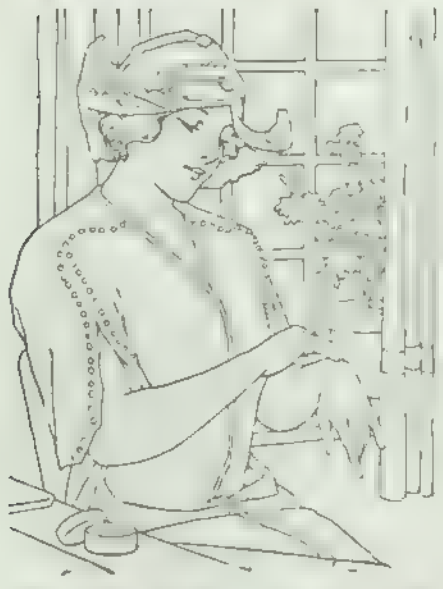
(William Briggs.)

AT the beginning of the war, our author whose full name is Ian Hay Beith, secured a sub-lieutenant's commission in the Argyle and Southerland Highlanders, and remained with that regiment until transferred, with the rank of captain to the machine gun division last year. While he has seen service sufficiently active to win for him the Military Cross, for the most part his book is a rambling and somewhat humorous account of the vigorous process by which an awkward, self-conscious mob, with hardly an old soldier in the ranks, was turned in a few months into the 7th Battalion of the Bruce and Wallace Highlanders—one of the famous regiments of the British Army—a rough crowd, but a stout-hearted crowd with a pride in the service.

Captain Hay gives us many touches which are humorously pathetic or simply dramatic. He gives the temper of the British private and the process of seasoning green troops that has so taxed the energies of British military authorities for nearly two years.

"If I come through this war," Ian Hay wrote his publishers, "I will have enough copy to last me twenty years—meantime I am using Blackwood's Magazine as a safety valve." It is the series of sketches written for Blackwood's under the pseudonym "K. I." that are now published in this interesting volume—The First Hundred Thousand.

Keep Your Hands Soft and White



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Mrs. Clementina Fessenden, Mother of Empire Day

THE BIRTH OF EMPIRE DAY

CONFEDERATION in 1867 was the great Imperial preshadower of Empire Day. It had its lesser and earlier manifestations in the impassioned oratory of our legislative halls, as made known to the world by many of its gifted sons. It was exemplified in the splendid teaching of our schools, notably in such large centres as Toronto, Halifax, Quebec, Hamilton.

This Imperial spirit was seen in the writings of our great men whose prophetic utterances found great favour. The air was vibrant with the electric thrill of the Queen's Jubilee. The United Empire Loyalists took on fresh life. The League of Empire was so impressed with the importance of a truer knowledge of the flag as the emblem of a great empire, that it made great efforts to have impressed upon the child mind the great underlying principles of our national life, while the Canadian Club was an active loyal power.

In June 1896 our Empire Day was born. The initial act that gathered up all that seemed best of these above mentioned Imperial forces, focussed them, patented them, and caused them to be legislatively incorporated into the school system by the Hamilton Board of Education on December 2, 1897. This great Imperial educational asset, which is now being contributed to by over fifty million people on each school day preceding the 24th May (a "Victoria Day" as called by solemn Act of Parliament when Queen Victoria passed away), had its inception in this wise:—

"On June 6th, 1896, the Wentworth Historical Society of Hamilton passed a resolution of condolence with Mrs. Clementina Fessenden, on the loss of her husband, the late Rector of Ancaster In her few words of reply, Mrs. Fessenden, who was accompanied by her six-year-old granddaughter, said she hoped that the patriotic spirit of the grandfather would descend to the child. Thereupon it was moved, seconded and carried that little Kathleen Trenholm Fessenden be made an honorary member of the Society, in recognition of the loyal service of her ancestors, and as an earnest of the future.

"It was a notable experience for the child. Mrs. Fessenden was struck by her delight in her badge and the Maple Leaf she wore; by the glow of her young spirit; by the deep impression made upon her young mind by this identification with a worthy past, and by the patriotic aspiration that vaguely stirred her. The thought naturally followed—why should not all children be stimulated in this way? If the new life and aspiration that came to this one child could come equally to all children, what a tremendous influx of national energy there might be with the next generation.

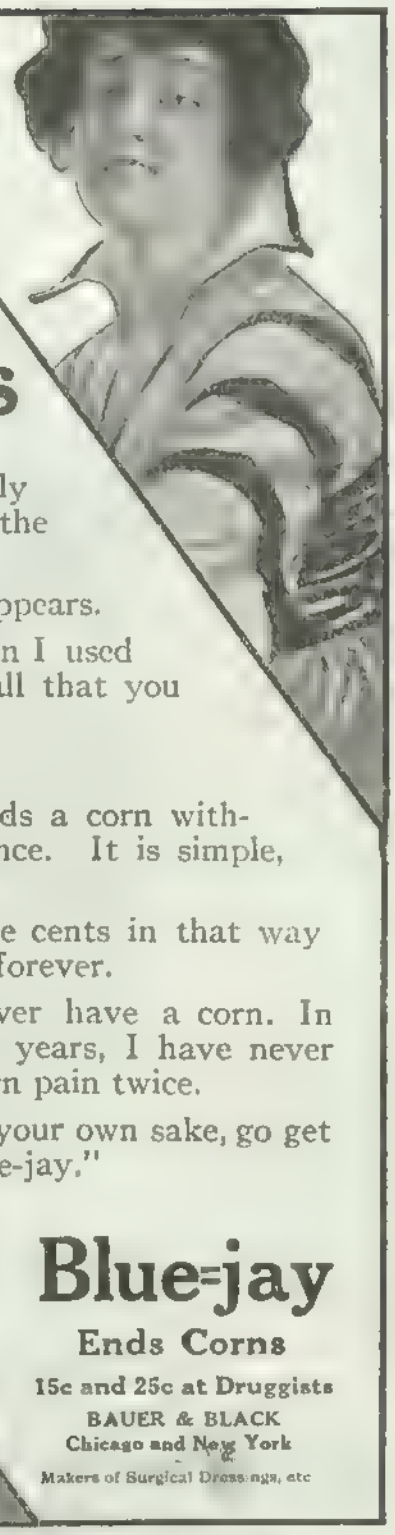
In This Thought Lay the Germ of Empire Day

"Mrs. Fessenden then set herself to secure the realization of this vision of national benefit. In the schools the children could be most easily reached. The Montreal Daily Star of August 7th, 1897, contained a letter from Mrs. Fessenden, discussing the idea and requesting that School Boards and others be visited and petitions circulated 'asking the indorsation of a movement looking toward the formation of a national patriotic scheme of education.'"—W. Sanford Evans, M.A., in Canadian Magazine, July, 1898.

This was followed by letters to other papers. As Mrs. Fessenden had no place on School Boards, she wrote to the Minister of Education for Ontario, suggesting this as a day of special exercises Under the date of November 6th, 1897, she received a reply, stating Mr. Ross' delight, and among other things that there "was no provision in the regulations of the Department for such exercises," but that Mr. Ross "would be prepared to consider any general scheme for the schools of the whole Province that may be submitted." In acknowledgment, November 23rd, 1897, Mr. Ross wrote, "It would be of advantage if the scheme were taken up by the Hamilton Board of Trustees, as that would call public attention and make it easier for the Department to act," and the Hamilton Board of Trustees did act, its Internal Management Committee passing, on December 2nd, 1897, the first resolution "That the Board set apart one afternoon in the year for the purpose of inculcating patriotic sentiment." This was sent to Mr. Ross (as subsequently were many others), who presented it in substance to the teachers of Ontario at their meeting in Toronto, April, 1898, where it was adopted. (See Denison's "Struggle for Imperial Unity.") It was then sent to the Dominion Teachers' Association, meeting in Halifax, in August, 1898, and by them unanimously accepted, and thus Empire Day was launched and incorporated into our School System.

In 1898 Empire Day received the Royal approval in the reply cabled to the ten thousand of Canada's children gathered in the Arena, Montreal.

"Yes— I Did Have Corns



"Now, at the first sign, I apply a Blue-jay. And I never feel the corn again.

"In two days it completely disappears.

"I used to pare them. Then I used harsh treatments. I did all that you have done.

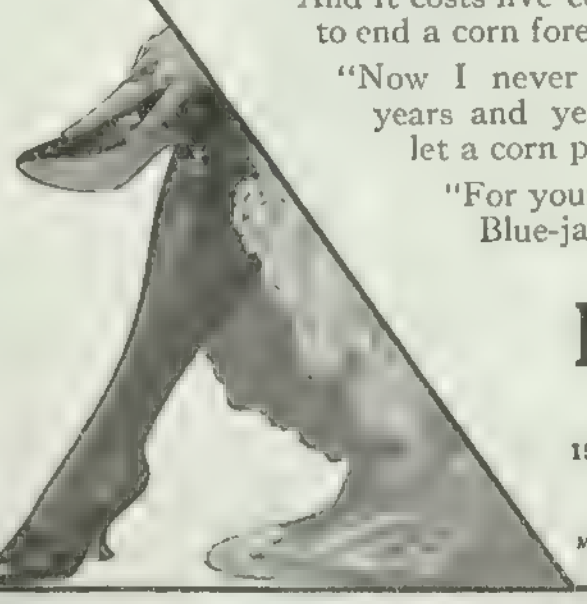
"But what's the use?

"A Blue-jay always ends a corn without any inconvenience. It is simple, scientific, sure.

"And it costs five cents in that way to end a corn forever.

"Now I never have a corn. In years and years, I have never let a corn pain twice.

"For your own sake, go get Blue-jay."



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Of Interest to Mothers

MASTER SUMMERS MUMAS,
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9 MONTHS OLD, APRIL 19th, 1913

THE CRUCIAL PERIOD

THE first year of baby's life is the time when the greatest care is required. Above all things, when artificial feeding is necessary, the milk should be *safe*—a great deal safer than most dairy milk can possibly be.

Master Summers Mumas was taken through the perilous period on "*Canada First*" Evaporated Milk.

"*Canada First*" Evaporated Milk is sterilized and contains no sugar. It can be sweetened by the addition of Dextro-Maltose or Milk Sugar, as the physician directs.

No exaggerated claims are made for "*Canada First.*" It is simply pure, sterilized milk—nature's best substitute for Mother's milk. It is safe and may be modified to suit particular requirements. It builds and strengthens the little bodies. Above all it is *safe.*

"*Canada First*" Evaporated Milk so closely resembles pure fresh cream that it can be whipped. Chill very thoroughly before whipping.

MASTER SUMMERS MUMAS,
AYLMER, ONT.
3½ YEARS OLD, 1916

The Aylmer Condensed Milk Co., Limited
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

"DINNER" FOR THE BABY

It is not what we eat, but what we digest and assimilate that gives us good, sound health, even tempers and active minds.

By H. K. DAVIS, M.D.

THE old adage that "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world" has—like many another old land mark—been swept away since the cradle has been relegated to the attic and rockers have gone out of fashion.

But the responsibility has only been shifted from rockers to bottles and the modern version should read "The hand that feeds the baby is the hand that makes the world" and frequently—all too frequently—"wrecks" should be substituted for "makes."

Correct feeding is the foundation on which the baby's health rests. He may be dirty—visibly dirty, that is—and thrive; he may even be deprived of good pure air and still thrive to a certain extent; but if he be insufficiently or improperly fed he can be neither healthy nor happy.

Authorities agree that malnutrition is responsible, either directly or indirectly, for a greater number of infant illnesses than all other causes put together. And yet, generally speaking, very little intelligent thought is given to the underlying principles that govern and control digestion and assimilation. The object of food to the adult is to supply heat and energy and to repair waste, but with the child another is added, that of building up bone, muscle and tissue.

The proper nourishment of the baby should be begun before birth, that he may have a clean bill of health when he arrives and not be handicapped in the race of life before ever he reaches the starting point.

MALNUTRITION embraces ever as well as under and improper feeding. Food must be digested and assimilated, if it is to contribute to the growth of the body, to supply heat and to repair waste. But if any more than the amount sufficient to attain these ends be taken, it *becomes waste* and causes illness.

The great surgeon, Abernethy, claimed that one-fourth of what we eat *keeps us* and the other three-fourths *we keep* and that to the detriment of our health, and sometimes at the peril of our lives. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, and assimilate that gives us good, sound health, even tempers and active minds; what we eat and do not digest is quite another story, and we read it in pale faces, sleepy eyes, fretful dispositions, flabby flesh, sleepless nights and numberless others of the ills to which we poor mortals fall heir.

The natural food for the baby is that which nature provides, and no perfect substitute for it has ever been found or invented. His Kingship Baby is the only person in the world who gets his food directly from producer to consumer, without handling or submitting to any process whatever and it may be said to be manufactured while he waits. Therefore it is for the producer to see that the supply is all it should be both in quality and quantity.

All right minded mothers wish to nurse their babies. Apart from every other consideration, it is very much less trouble than the care and time necessary to keep bottles clean and to find a substitute which will agree with each particular baby.

In order to ensure that the baby gets the best in quality and the right amount in quantity, the Doctor's instructions must be most carefully followed. The mother must take care of herself, see that her meals are sufficiently nourishing, that she has a lunch in mid-morning and again in the afternoon, gets a couple of hours in the open air every day and keeps herself free from all violent emotions or nervous strains.

It is a fact which she should bear in mind, that anger, grief, or any emotion indulged in to excess, renders her milk unfit for the baby's consumption; neither should she nurse him when she is overtired or over-heated. It is better to keep him waiting a few minutes while she rests and sips a glass of milk.

Regularity in feeding is very important. The practice of letting him sleep past the time when he should be fed causes many cases of malnutrition, indigestion, colic, diarrhœa and sometimes death. He may continue to sleep from exhaustion. Then when he wakes he drinks too much and too fast and regurgitation, hiccoughs and colic are the immediate result, and perhaps an injured stomach for life, if this pernicious practice becomes a habit.

Many mothers seem to consider that a slight digestive trouble is a usual and casual feature of a baby's career and they do not recognize the symptoms of malnutrition as a serious menace. They think that so long as he has milk and nothing else, he is safe. Nature provides signs when something is wrong and mothers should watch for and learn to read these signs.

A baby who was as "fat as butter" and whose complexion was blooming, had an ugly scowl on his round face and pushed everything and everyone away from him. The mother said he had never been a good-natured baby and she didn't know why. But the Doctor found out. The plump stomach of which she was so proud, was not an indication of health but of undigested, unassimilated food—of over feeding to be precise.

Just by exploring with one finger, the Doctor found an ugly little mass of undigested food down in one corner of that bulging abdomen. Of course baby wanted to shove folks away. So do you when you have a sick headache or a billious attack.

Correct feeding and good digestion for the baby spell health insurance and assurance. The well nourished body of a properly fed child does not furnish an abiding place for disease germs.

SUBSTITUTES FOR MOTHERS' MILK

BUT it sometimes happens, from various causes, that a mother cannot nurse her baby and then a substitute must be found; and we turn first to cows' milk. That which is commonly sold from open cans, known as "loose" or "dipped" milk should never be used for baby. Neither is it wise to use the milk from only one cow, since it is apt to vary as to qzality and elemental proportions.

The safety of the baby who is to be fed on cows' milk depends largely on the source of the milk supply; and the mother should see that the milk comes from a dairy where the cows are housed and milked under the most rigid sanitary conditions. Why take chances on milk that may come from a tubercular cow, or one which is milked in a filthy stable? No other food is so easily contaminated as milk.

Agitations all over the country have resulted in healthier cows and better sanitary conditions, and in many centres we have certified milk. This certified milk is a little higher in price than the ordinary milk, but it is more than worth the difference since it ensures for the child milk, which is as clean and pure as it is possible to have it, and guarantees that it is the product of a tuberculin-tested herd—one that is healthy, well-fed, properly housed and cared for and milked by clean milkers into sterilized utensils. This milk is bottled and cooled at the dairy and delivered to the consumer in sealed bottles.

In many places it is not possible to obtain certified milk and the mother is obliged to use milk which she should pasteurize herself. This is done by heating the milk to 145 degrees F., and keeping it at that temperature for forty-five minutes and then cooling it rapidly to 50 degrees

HOME PASTEURIZING

THE best method for home pasteurizing is to put a kettle containing a gallon of water on the stove and when it is boiling hard, remove it from the stove and set on a table and allow it to stand uncovered for ten minutes; then put the filled and loosely corked bottles into the water, cover the kettle and allow it to remain covered for forty-five minutes. Then remove the bottles, cool rapidly under running water and put in the ice box until needed. The bottles must not be uncorked until they are to be used.

Milk for babies should be pasteurized or boiled when there is the least doubt as to its source and also when there is an epidemic of typhoid fever, diphtheria or diarrhœa. Both processes are supposed to kill bacteria, boiling being more effective than pasteurization. But boiled milk is not good for the baby as it tends to constipation, although this may be counteracted by giving the strained juice of half an orange morning and night, but this should not be done in the case of a young baby without the doctor's knowledge, and advice.

Bad milk may look clean and may taste and smell sweet since disease germs do not reveal themselves by any of these tests. It is very difficult to ensure the cleanliness of the general milk supply, and since it is impossible to be certain that the milk is perfectly clean, it is necessary to kill the germs by some process of heating before giving it to babies and especially in hot weather. These processes do not, however, make good milk out of bad, nor clean milk out of that which is dirty. They merely make a poor product a little less dangerous and emphasize

(*Concluded on page 31*)

A GOOD BOOK FOR MOTHER—"DIET FOR CHILDREN"

By Louise E. Hogan, The Bobs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Send $1.50 to Book Department, Everywoman's World, if you wish a copy.

IN THIS little book Mrs. Hogan speaks especially of the radical difference between food which is digested and assimilated and that which is not. This difference is too often overlooked and is responsible for much of the malnutrition and non-development which result from over feeding as well as from insufficient and improper feeding. She also emphasises the fact that if more is eaten than is required for heat, energy and repair—and with children the growth of bone, muscle and tissue—that surplus becomes waste and is the direct cause of many illnesses.

Mrs. Hogan explains, in a very simple manner, the underlying principles of food in its relation to the body and makes it clear that the mother who once grasps the principle of food and its objective, is in a position to keep her family healthy and happy, and to have her children grow up with even tempers, strong bodies and active minds.

The book also contains direction for feeding a new born baby and recipes suitable for children of all ages. Unlike many such books, these directions and recipes are all made so simple and clear that they cannot but prove an invaluable aid and guide to all mothers.

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PUTNAM DRY-CLEANER

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WHY JULIA?

(*Continued from page 9.*)

So having circulated this bit of scandalous gossip to her satisfaction, Mrs. Adney, answering the dictates of her vigorous conscience, resolved to raid the Bolton home and find out if there were any truth in the rumor. To her intimates, she announced that she was going to make Louie a valuable gift. In her own words,—

"I am going to give her a piece of my mind."

After several bursts of eloquence, Mrs. Adney remarked bluntly, "This re-decoration of your house, Louise, why it is a crying sin, it is! The dining room was bad enough, but when you turned the living room into a kind of Egyptian—er—what do you call it—harem, and did your pretty bedroom over. And it isn't as though you had improved them! I call it indecent, the way you have plastered up your room with gilt mirrors and pictures of every Morn in the calendar, including September! They say that the French kings and their—er—you know what I mean, ran to that kind of art. But Tim's no king, and you're not the other sort—I hope," she added cuttingly.

Louie smiled. Two brilliant spots burned in her cheeks, and her eyes had luminous flashes in their depths, like the reflection of stars on the surface of a lake at nightfall.

"It isn't so bad as all that, dear Mrs. Adney," she protested, "It's just a little unconventional for Screaton, that's all. I fancy there is quite a streak of Bohemianism in me, which I never discovered until now, and surely it's no worse for me to arrange my house in my way than for you to arrange yours in another."

"Don't argue foolishly! You know the difference between right and wrong as well as I do! You used to know good taste from bad! There's something absolutely unhealthy in all this nonsense! Yes, I mean physically unhealthy. Why, you haven't looked the same woman since you hired that girl. You don't get enough exercise, lying about all day with her waiting on you. And I would think that you had embarrassed your husband enough with the fixing of the house without crippling him further, trying to squeeze a modern servant's modern wages from his salary! I don't say this from any motive of ill-will; and it has not been easy for me to run in and talk to you frankly. But it's for your own good, and I am only voicing public opinion, here in Screaton, Louise. I wouldn't have a girl to make work for *me*, and to stand between *me* and my husband, but if you feel different, and come to grief, don't say I haven't warned you!"

They all resented Julia. In a community of capable housewives, who for generations have done their own work, there seems to be a subtle infringement of etiquette when a member breaks away from the old traditions and attempts to live according to different standards. It sets her apart from the others and places her above them, in her own estimation, they think. Collectively and individually, Julia rankled. Anyway, why Julia?

Timothy, during the weeks which followed often asked himself the same question, without enlightenment. Louie told him, as she did Mrs. Adney, that she was tired of rubber gloves and potato peelings. If he hinted at the extravagance, she smilingly reminded him that no extra money had yet been asked of him.

"Of course, I *may* ask for more," she laughed, "But I never have, have I, Tim? We don't, here in Screaton. We just go on, saving what we can from our housekeeping allowance, and in four years accumulating enough to pay for a Victrola! Mrs. Adney boasted of that feat. But I have a hankering to be extravagant like a man. Suddenly, to say to myself, 'I'll have dinner in town,' whether I can afford it or not. And dinner in town is no fun unless one has company, is it? Now a man would feel perfectly justified in allowing his wife to economise that he might be extravagant and in doing just such a thing. A woman—here in Screaton—would consider it immoral! But it isn't fair, is it, Tim?"

He grew red and uncomfortable, and agreed that it wasn't. He gave her five dollars, for which she lightly kissed him, then slipped from his embrace before he was ready to let her go. He realized that it had cost him more than five dollars to kiss a mouth not half so sweet.

It was a source of mingled relief and pain to Louie to realize that Timothy had never recognized Julia; relief because he was unable to see the real reason for her presence in the house, and pain because his unrecognition argued that he was completely engrossed with other matters when he might have noticed her.

The strain under which she lived was racking. No one saw it except Julia, who had also seen, almost from the beginning, whither her mistress' actions tended. But did Timothy Bolton see? Did he realize the brave fight his wife was making? Did he see that she was elevating the cheap, the base, the tawdry, that she was giving him what he had sought elsewhere, invested with refinement instead of coarseness, with love instead of greed, with beauty instead of ugliness? It was as though she had spilled pure moonlight into an unsightly puddle, and had transformed that which was ugly and commonplace to something beautiful—to a reflection of a bit of heaven.

She could not yet be wholly sure of Timothy, although he came home with increasing regularity, and showed toward her much of his old-time affection. And she did not neglect her housekeeping, the neighbors to the contrary. She left so little for Julia to do that the girl herself protested.

"It don't seem right for me always to be sitting round," she complained, "except when Mr. Bolton's home. I've mended everything I can find, and you all don't get things dirty enough to keep me busy. Honest, Mrs. Bolton, I kind of miss the washing and scrubbing! Though what I had to do at Mrs. Closser's was something scandalous. She was the spillingest person!"

Presently, there came a week when for three consecutive nights Timothy went to town for dinner. He explained that he had to meet the various officials regarding the promotion he hoped to get after Easter. Without tears, questions or recriminations, Louie accepted this. It was probably true. But business excuses cover such an enormous field! She decided to go to the city for dinner herself.

It required all her courage to walk alone into a cafe and order even the simplest meal. She was needlessly conscious, for no one remarked the small, frightened looking woman who pushed her food away uneaten after she had ordered it. But she kept asking herself such torturing questions, and giving herself such unsatisfactory answers! Would this plan of hers ever succeed? Would it have the effect of driving Timothy from her, altogether? Jealousy, after all, is resultant upon love, and did he love her sufficiently to be jealous of her coming and her going?

Tortured almost to distraction Louie waited until a reasonable time had passed, and she could go home. She fairly flew along the distance between the station and her house, stopping outside only long enough to recover her breath and something of her poise. With smarting eyes and a heart which was bursting she saw the shadow of Timothy as he paced back and forth in their home.

Before her key was well inserted in the door, he had flung it wide, relief and anger warring in his face.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, sternly.

Slowly she turned and looked at him, looked at him squarely, in the aloof and impersonal way one usually examines a curious insect one does not want to touch. It stung him into a modicum of self possession.

"I have been to town to dinner," she said evenly. "Did Julia not give you my message?"

"No—er—yes,—I mean it's all right, only I did not know you had any idea of going," he ended lamely, "and I brought you some flowers." Again she looked at him in that peculiarly critical manner, as though she said,—

"I did not know you had any idea of going, either, these many, many times."

But aloud, she thanked him for the flowers, and fluttered about in her usual way, as though running away for dinner was the most natural thing in the world. Later, she said:—

"Have you been amusing yourself? I think an evening at home, alone, is such a relief, now and again, don't you?"

He did not answer, but roughly seized her in his arms and crushed her to him in the hungry way of long ago. Breathless she looked up at him and smiled. Mentally, he twitched to ask her a dozen questions, but that cool, baffling smile restrained him. She had never asked with whom he had dined or spent an evening; she had even accepted his explanation as to absences at lunch time, when he said he was dieting. And her peculiar look demanded the same respect from him. *But where had she been?*

He shamelessly followed her to the city one afternoon, only to lose her in the mazes of the Arcade, then returned to his empty home so tortured with suspicions that he could not sit still. They burned themselves into his mind like a white hot iron. Where was she going? Whom was she going to meet?

The next evening about dusk one of those coincidences happened which make truth stranger than fiction; Louie came suddenly upon her husband standing at the gate of Mrs. Closser's home. Mrs. Closser was coyly upbraiding him for his neglect, and Timothy was shifting on his feet and pleading a press of business, as men have done since business was invented. But how was Louie to know that?

Coming swiftly upon them she thrust her arms through theirs and bore Mrs. Closser off to her home for dinner. Her pretty air of insistence brooked no refusal, although neither Mrs. Closser nor Timothy looked forward to a very interesting meal. The only one who seemed thoroughly to enjoy herself was Louie.

One glance at the interior of the house, one keen look at Julia, and one mouthful of the food which was placed before her, was sufficient to persuade Mrs. Closser that she had shed her charms upon a tattling domesticated tabby cat. How else could Louie Bolton have imitated her own ideas so faithfully, so tastefully, and with such improvement? One half hour with an ill-at-ease, sullen women—a stranger to Timothy, indeed—was sufficient to make him realize that he had been a blind fool, and remorse gripped him in its unrelenting clutches. One half hour with the two of them gave Louie the first radiant happiness she had known for months, for now, at last, she saw that her wearying artificiality had accomplished what she sought of it; she knew that the scales had fallen from Timothy's eyes.

Mrs. Closser escaped a little sooner than etiquette allowed, in Screaton. She said good-bye to Bolton at her gate. Timothy rushed home to make a full confession to the wife he had nearly deceived and found her unconscious on the floor. She lay like a crushed and broken little flower. With a cry, he caught her up in his arms and called for Julia. Unashamed of the tears which coursed down his cheeks, he rushed off for the doctor.

They did not go back to their old life in a day—these two. It was many weeks before the little house of Superintendent Bolton took on its accustomed look. Louie lay in her imitation French bedroom and crept very near the valley into whose deepening shadows she had held her weary arms in the first days of her misery. In her delirium she told more of those days than torture could have wrung from her in sanity, and Timothy, crouching at her bed side, listened to her ravings and prayed in the dumbness of his agony.

(*Concluded on next page*)

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About Baby

IV.

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At seven months he will be able to sit up for a while.

When ten months he crawls, pulls himself up or stands by a chair.

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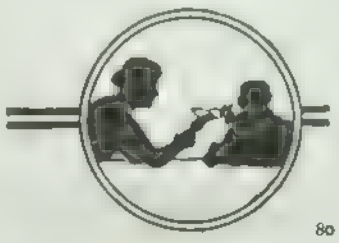

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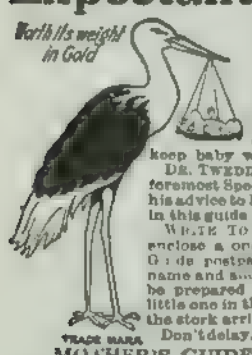

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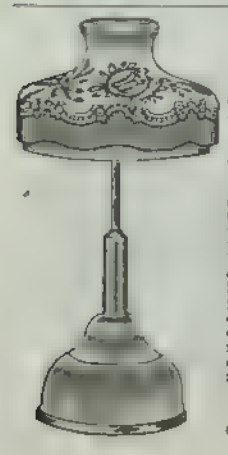

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Julia in those darksome days answered the query which had worried Screaton ever since her coming. The doctor said that but for her Louie Bolton would have slipped away from them all. She tried her best during those weeks to obliterate all traces of that other house and to give to the little home its tone of sweet simplicity once more.

So on a glowing Winter evening when Louie was carried down stairs in her husband's arms, her eyes rested upon the freshness, the familiar brightness of her honeymoon home.

"Julia," she whispered, weakly, "dear Julia!"

Then when Timothy had left the room for a moment,—

"Tell me—Mrs. Closser?"

"They hounded her out of town, ma'am," said the girl with cheerful carelessness. "Mrs. Adney was the leader. Her marrying Mr. Mortimer was how Mr. Bolton became superintendent. But the doctor says you mustn't talk. Are you comfortable?"

Timothy sat close beside the couch all evening, and held her thin white hand. The nails were badly in need of polish, and the blue veins stood out too prominently for beauty. She wore a little home-made kimona, one of the mysteriously feminine things he had admired in the first days of their marriage.

"Think what I have cost you, Louie," he groaned, looking at her alarmingly frail body. "Oh, my God, what *could* have got into me?"

She smiled tenderly, and her hand fluttered in his clasp.

"Lots of women spend their money trying to get a husband," she murmured. "I spent Granny's little legacy trying to keep mine; that's the only difference."

"I wasn't thinking of money. You shall have all that back, and more. I meant——"

"Sh—sh-h!" she scolded, gently. "Don't let one unhappy memory mar the joy of this evening for me. It has been worth it—every bit. You can't know what it means to me, my own, to have you again, all alone, in our home"—she stopped and her eyes wandered fondly over the room. "If it had not been for Julia——"

"How she must despise me," he interrupted bitterly, more to himself than to his wife. "Her very presence is a humiliation to me. I shall be thankful when she is gone."

Louie raised herself feebly on her elbow.

"But she is not going, dearest. She is going to stay, because I really need her now—Oh, Tim, my husband—*don't* you understand?"

She drew his head down to her breast and placed her trembling lips against his ear.

He listened, scarcely breathing, until she had finished, then drawing away, he looked at her in awed reverence for a space. Suddenly, he fell on his knees beside her, and lifting the hem of her little home-made gown, he humbly kissed it.

ESPECIALLY ELIZA

(*Continued from page 12.*)

How bright the girl was, how witty and convincing were her arguments. Old Ezreel listened anxiously. What a lawyer she would have made, but she was only a girl who must be petted and cared for and finally married off to some man who would make her head of his house and mother of his children. Bright, brilliant Tom must get a man or be dependent upon her brother's bounty.

Old Ezreel grinned as he remembered the words of a Morman missionary who had visited him yesterday. "We have to have a dozen wives," argued the Mormon, "for the women can't get into heaven unless they're married, and since there ain't men enough to go round, we have to marry 'em and open their eyes to heaven. See?"

"It's as bad as that Mormon notion," continued saucy Tom, "I like a nice man as well as any one, and I rather think they like me"—she grinned into the glass at her charming reflection and her Father grinned too in remembering the number of young men who were ever in her train—"but I don't want to be forced into marriage for a bread and butter consideration. Boys and girls should share equally. Any other system is wrong."

Eliza sighed. "I have thought so for a long time," she quietly remarked, "but it won't do any good to say so."

Tom whirled like a young cyclone and sent the ashes flying over the clean hearth. "Don't say; Do!" she ordered. "They couldn't do without you. Go on a strike. Tell Dad and the boys that you will leave unless they pay you five dollars a week. They couldn't get anybody else to carry your work for ten. You have been working without money or price for twenty-eight years—1,456 weeks at five dollars per would be some money.

"Think of it, Eliza. You would have 7,280 dollars. You could buy a farm with that and settle down to a respectable spinsterhood instead of living with Bob, where you're not wanted, and where Nell would snub you fifteen hundred times a day."

Eliza Mason's face grew positively beautiful. Her Father could not remember such smiles, even in her earliest girlhood. He was positively raging at these anarchistic notions which his favorite child had evolved. Pay his own daughter! The ideal Had any one but Tom suggested such a thing, Ezreel Mason would have driven them from the place. But Tom was like himself—everyone said so; her wit and wisdom pleased and gratified his vanity. He sat down to listen to the rest of the argument as the sunshine faded from Eliza's face and was replaced by shadows. She grabbed the churn dasher.

"It sounds nice but it is as impossible as a fairy tale," she averred. "Why did you stir me up, girlie?"

"Because you need it," snapped Tom. "If you had as much grit as God gave geese, you'd take your own part and help me get my rights."

"I thought you said that you were going to leave."

"I am, unless Daddy pays me what I can earn elsewhere."

Eliza dropped the churn dasher. "What can you earn elsewhere?" she blankly echoed.

"I can get seventy-five dollars per month teaching school in the States—$675 per year and a vacation, and I intend to go unless Daddy pays me."

(*Concluded on page 30*)

Production and Thrift

"TO win the war with the decisiveness which will ensure lasting peace, the Empire will require to put forth its full collective power in men and in money. From this viewpoint it is our true policy to augment our financial strength by multiplying our productive exertions and by exercising rigid economy, which reduces to the minimum all expenditures upon luxuries and non-essentials. Only in this way shall we be able to make good the loss caused by the withdrawal of so many of our workers from industrial activities, repair the wastage of the war, and find the funds for its continuance. It cannot be too frequently or too earnestly impressed upon our people that the heaviest burdens of the conflict still lie before us, and that industry and thrift are, for those who remain at home, supreme patriotic duties upon whose faithful fulfilment our success, and consequently our national safety, may ultimately depend."—

SIR THOMAS WHITE, Minister of Finance

Produce More, Save More
Make Labour Efficient
Save Materials from Waste
Spend Money Wisely

LET US PRODUCE AND SAVE—

The war is now turning on a contest of all forces and resources—men, munitions, food, money. The call to all is to produce more and more. It may be necessary to work harder. The place of those who enlist must be taken by those at home, men and women, old and young. The more we produce the more we can save. Produce more on the farms and in the gardens. Save more and help to win the war.

LET US NOT WASTE OUR LABOUR—

In this war time all labour should be directly productive or should be assisting in production. Make it as efficient as possible. If your labour is on something that can be postponed, put it off till after the war and make your labour tell now. Making war is the first business of all Canadians. Efficiency in labour is as important as efficiency in fighting.

LET US NOT WASTE MATERIALS—

Begin at home. The larger portion of salaries and wages is spent on the home—food, fuel, light, clothing. Are any of these things being wasted? $20.00 a year saved from waste in every home in Canada will more than pay the interest on a war debt of $500,000,000.

LET US SPEND OUR MONEY WISELY—

Are you spending your money to the best advantage? What do you think of extravagance in war time? Tens of thousands of Canadians are daily risking their lives for us at home. Is it not our duty to be careful and economical? Canadian dollars are an important part of the war equipment. Make them tell. Have a War Savings Account. Buy a War Bond.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA

The Department of Agriculture **The Department of Finance**

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Laundry Starch

233

Note Your Increase In Weight

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Was thin, pale and weak. Had frequent headaches and stomach troubles. Cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

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"You will remember my writing you last spring. Well, I gave up my doctor and began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This treatment cured me rapidly and I was soon myself again. I was pale, thin and weak, suffered from stomach troubles and liver complaint and frequently had sick, nervous headaches.

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You can feel yourself gaining in strength and vitality while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. You sleep better, eat your meals with more relish, and digest them without discomfort. But it is also interesting to note your increase in weight for this is proof positive that your system is obtaining additional nourishment from this food cure and that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added to the body. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

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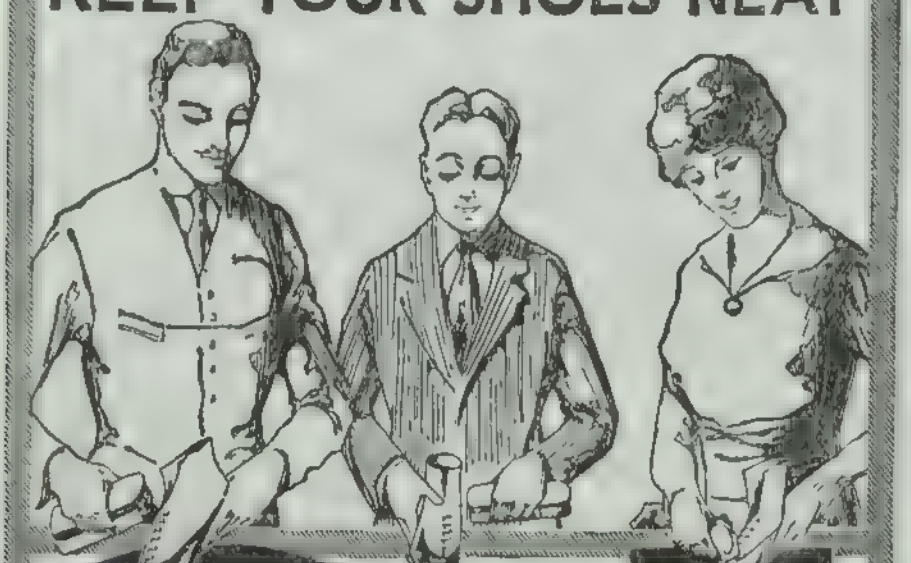

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They are easiest to use and the use of just a brush or cloth will bring back the luster to the dusty, damp shoes without fresh application of the polish.

They contain no acid and will not crack the leather.

BLACK-WHITE-TAN 10¢

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OUR LITTLE MRS. LAWRENCE

(*Continued from page 7*)

his feet in the slippers which were already warming for him on the fender. Certainly there was no place like home, and then—two warm hands were pressed over his eyes and an elusive violet fragrance tickled his nostrils.

"Thank Heaven, I'm back," he breathed rapturously when it was over.

"And you and little Stan—you missed me, did you?" Here he chuckled again. The thought seemed to tickle him.

"Miss you? Why Peter, I should say we did, and all the time I was hating myself because I asked you to stay away that night for dinner. It seemed like a punishment when you had to go for a whole week."

"Silly little woman." He patted the nape of her neck.

"And Elinor was out three evenings and two afternoons. Guess who with?"

"Not Roger Clinton!"

She nodded.

"Shf you don't say?"

"I do. Three nights and two afternoons," she stated proudly.

Lawrence looked thoughtful.

"That was rather—er—rapid."

"Not at all. He had to make up for all the years when he didn't know her."

"You little witch. How did you manage it?"

"Why, Stanhope!"—the use of his second name conveyed to Lawrence the fact that his wife was indignant—"Just as though I had anything to do with it"

He simply smiled indulgently and for a long time there was silence. Two logs fell in glowing ashes before either spoke. Then she drew his nearest ear close to her lips.

"Roger and Elinor were made for each other," she whispered

He nodded, and she went on in a dreamy, thoughtful voice—

"I knew it when I saw them saying 'Good-night' that first evening, and I realized that I needn't have planned anything—for them. There seemed to be some strong, wonderful thing drawing them together.

"You would call it—powerful magnetism, wouldn't you, Larry? And that night—I mean the first night they met—Elinor came into my room in her nightgown, and she seemed so strange and a lot prettier. Her eyes were very bright. She seemed as though she'd like to hug me, but she never does things like that. She said, 'How I'd hate to be dead, Edna,' and then went over to Stanny's crib and looked at him a long time."

"Roger Clinton." Lawrence looked thoughtful. "I had always heard that he was a confirmed woman-hater."

"So he was. It was that horrid Finnemore girl's fault. But he told me one time, after his mother died, that he would get married some time if he could find a girl with a live conscience and an honest complexion."

They watched another log fall into ashes before either spoke; then she told him about the flowers and the candy which were sent up to Elinor.

"When she saw that big long green box from the florist's, she blushed as pink as could be and looked so glad. She had never had roses sent to her before, and she touched each one so tenderly and didn't speak for a long time. Then a big golden box of chocolates from Ridmund's came, and I almost envied her, not for the roses and bonbons—I've had tons of candy and dozens and dozens of roses sent to me—but I *know* that I never once felt that way. She was thrilled through and through—Peter, love."

He stroked her hair silently.

"What was the matter with me? What did I miss?"

Her eyes were large with wistfulness.

"You know, Darling," he answered, "I loved you as much as any man could."

She buried her face on his shoulder and her words came to him indistinctly:—

"I *do* know. You loved me as much as any man could, but I didn't have a heart to love with. It was my fault. I'd wasted it on them—I hate myself when I remember. Once I thought I loved 'Classy' Henderson and Monty Barnes, and then, Frank Kennedy. How I hate them now."

At each name her husband winced; they brought back memories that were hideous nightmares to him.

"And then you came," she went on. "I tormented you. I didn't know how to love. You almost made me marry you, didn't you, Peter? But I was so tired of other things, and you seemed to know best—and then—" here her voice trailed into silence.

"And then?" he prompted.

"Then little Stanny came, and when I held him in my arms, I wanted you—so terribly much, and he will help me to make you forget the other times before I had a heart to love with. He and I will make up for it."

Lawrence held her very close. It seemed to him that this hour alone made up for those weeks of uncertainty and heartache while she madly danced and flirted. Yes; other people's love affairs were all right, but the little wife, who had been so troublesome and naughty, and his brown-eyed Stanny, well—he was satisfied. Yes, he had had trouble. Other men's love affairs ran more smoothly—he had had a hard chase after his troublesome wild little mate, but now—her auburn head lay on his shoulder and in his little cot up-stairs Stanny smiled in his baby-dreams.

Peter Stanhope Lawrence was a satisfied man.

GAVE HER AWAY

Early on Monday a smartly dressed woman entered the big draper's.

"I am sending back those coats you let me have on approval on Saturday," she told the manager, blandly. "I find that none of them really fit me."

Then with a gracious smile, she sailed out of the place.

But she didn't smile so broadly that night, when she received a little parcel and a letter, which read:—

"Madam, we are returning the pair of gloves and the handkerchief which you inadvertently left in the pocket of one of our coats which didn't fit!"

Correspondence

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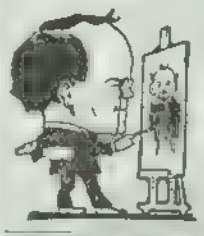

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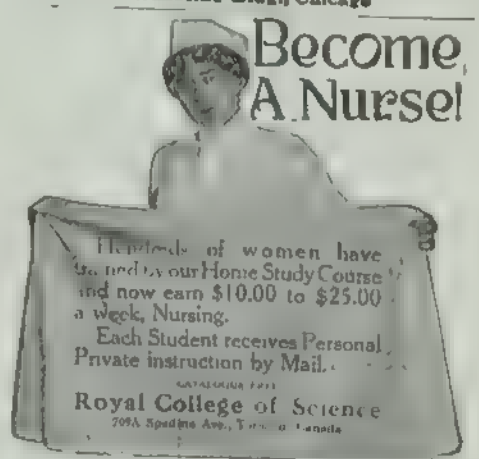

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The house before remodelling; cost $85.00

After remodelling; total cost $1,500.00.

A REMODELLED FARM HOUSE

By JEANETTE L. HULBERT

THIS true story of how a country woman turned a humble farm cottage into a comfortable home will be an inspiration to any woman contemplating remodelling and redecorating. The small rooms, by removing partitions, were thrown into one, with the exception of a room at the right in the rear of the house, which is still kept as a bedroom. The hallway was thrown into the living room, making one large apartment, which is used as a living room and dining room combined. At the jog of the hallway, behind the door, a few shelves were put in at a small cost. These were painted white and are used for a bookcase.

The closet at the right of the old-fashioned Colonial fireplace, which has fine panelling, took on a different phase through the introduction of small windows in the upper part, while the closet below was retained in its original state. The upper part of this closet is used for the best china, while underneath magazines and papers are stored. At the left of the fireplace are two small, narrow-panelled closets, the upper one being used as a linen closet, while in the lower one wood is kept. The woodwork, which was found to be unusually good for a house of its dimensions and character, was scraped and painted white.

The well equipped kitchen.

The walls were cleaned, chemically treated to make them perfectly sanitary, and finished in a soft green which gave a restful atmosphere to the interior of the house. The staircase was placed at the farther end of the room, giving nearly the whole space in the main apartment for living purposes. This part of the room was the dining room, the half of the room containing the fireplace being designed more especially as the living room. A group of three small windows was inserted at the rear of one side to give more light, and careful attention was paid to have the panes small, in keeping with the rest of the windows in the house. They were hung with ruffled white muslin curtains and tied back with strips of the same material.

Every piece of furniture in this house is in keeping with the period of the house. Many of the chairs are covered with bright colored chintz, showing a gay peacock design. The floor is of hard wood and polished, while home-made rugs make a fitting covering. The whole effect is for a most attractive and livable room, carefully planned so that no spaces or corners are left unimproved.

Under the eaves at one side of the room four drawers have been inserted which make a convenient receptacle for rugs and blankets. Cur-

(Concluded on page 31)

One portion of the living room, showing improved china cabinet.

Another view of the living room.

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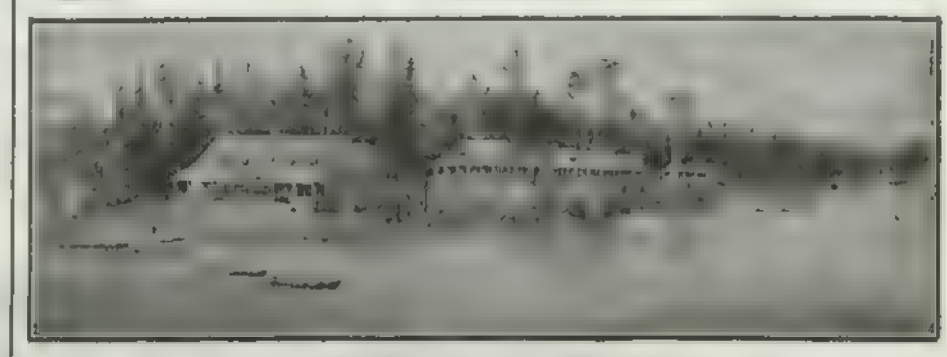

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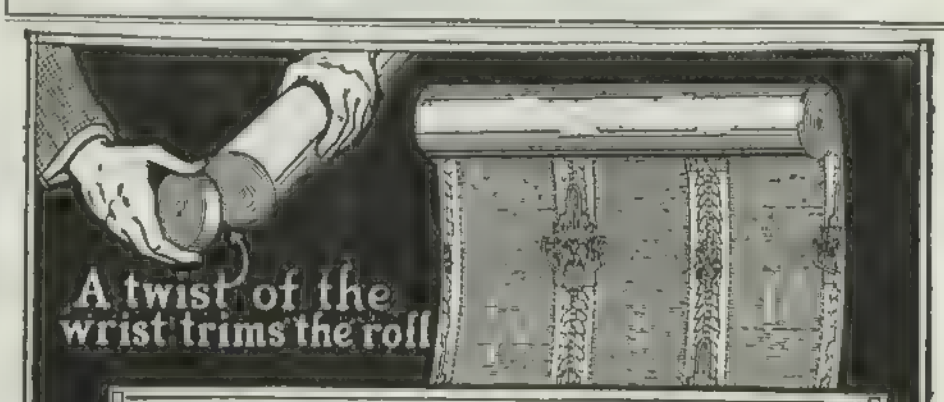

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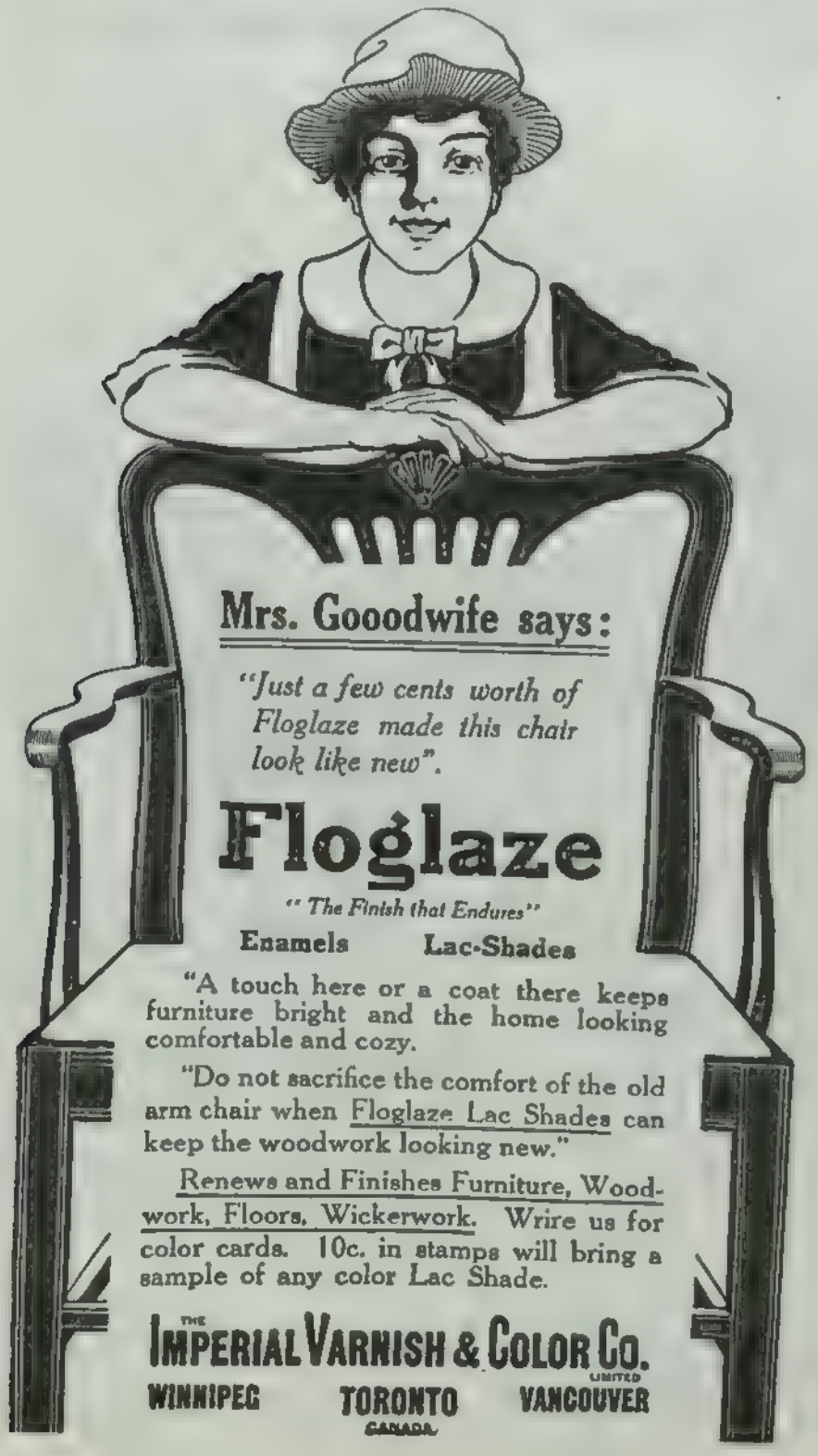

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THE IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO. LIMITED

WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER
CANADA

ESPECIALLY ELIZA

(Continued from page 27)

Ezreel Mason actually laughed; $675 dollars a year! O, but she was a game one! His rheumatism sent him grinning and grunting to the bed in which he lay without removing his clothes. He pulled the covers over him and lay there thinking and listening to the excited girl voices which floated in through the half open door. He heard every word

"Oh, he couldn't afford that," wailed Eliza's dismayed voice.

"Then he can do without me," Tom pertly declared. "If he won't look out for his daughter, I've got to take care of number one."

"He's a good Daddy," loyally defended Eliza.

"Did—did I say—he wasn't?" demanded sobbing Tom, "he's dandy—he's the best man—in—in the world—and I—I love him well enough to fight for him—" Old Ezreel's heart thrilled at this loving confession of his youngest and his favorite. "He isn't to blame. It's the fault of this old superstition or custom or law or whatever you want to call it. I don't blame Daddy for but one thing," Tom stopped and sniffed audibly, "for not thinking. The property is his. Why doesn't he think out something for himself? I do believe men all do what their fathers did, and with no more reason; or they follow instinct. Women think when they get in a hole."

Old Ezreel laughed and laughed until the whole bed shook. "He didn't think." The sly minx! ,How he'd like to ask her to solve this problem which had been engaging the attention of experts for years. If he only dared to confront her! But he was too anxious to hear it out.

"I suppose you have thought it out," remarked Eliza bluntly.

"Yes I have." Tom sat down upon a stool and began to poke vigorously at the unoffending fire.

"I would allow every child so much a day for their work. Of course the boys would draw the biggest salary. Then, if there was a big farm like ours, I would organize an incorporated stock company."

"You're crazy," flatteringly announced Eliza.

"No I'm not. You just wait a minute," commanded Tom, viciously attacking the fire. "Daddy could be president of the company." Old Ezreel sat up and looked with gleaming eyes. What a head this child had. He believed she was actually going to bring a plan to solve the question over which business men and agriculturists of note had staggered. "Mother could be vice president. I'd have so many shares at so much per share, and give every one so many according to what they had done. Of course, Daddy would have the controlling interest."

Eliza sat as if frozen to the spot. This idea was so new, so alluring, so everything which was satisfactory.

"I'd name the place Tillamook Stock Farm, and have Daddy hire Bob and Ben for managers. They should have a good salary, but it would all depend on how they ran the place and the money they made, their ability to make the business grow. They would have to look after the odds and ends and cut out losses and bring up profits."

"Yes, what next?" begged Eliza.

"We'd have a workers' conference once a month, and we'd meet and talk over methods and suggest improvements and discuss expenditures, and at the end of the year we'd divide the profits according to the stock we had. Don't you see, the question of allowances would be solved. and the girls would have develcped a renewed and vital interest. Eliza, can't you see how dandy it would be?"

Tom jumped to her feet and began to excitedly walk the floor. "I've always hated to see old homes put under the hammer and the birthplaces of the children sold to strangers. It seems a tragic thing that because of a parent's death and the heirs' love of money, a place must be divided and old traditions set at naught. I love this dear old place for which Daddy and Mother expended their very life blood. I'd like it to stay in the hands of the Masons for ever and ever. It is theirs by the right of conquest and is to me a sacred, a holy place."

The eyes of the old man glowed with pleasure as his youngest so clearly stated her sentiments. "If we'd do this as years go by, the boys could increase their holdings and buy our shares, if we wanted to sell, and when Daddy's gone—I hope that awful day won't come for years and years," Tom's voice broke, "this farm would stand as a monument to his foresight and business ability. The others would see the advantage of placing the business on a sound basis while he lived and giving both boys and girls a chance. and eventually every one would follow the trail which my dear old Daddy blazed through the old Dominion. Oh, Eliza it would be wonderful!"

Tom clasped her hands ecstatically, waited expectantly. "It would be too wonderful to be true," remarked Eliza, in her matter of fact way. Tom flared.

"You're too hateful for anything, Eliza, and I'm not going to talk to you any more," she cried, as she jumped up and flounced away.

"Little spitfire," mused Ezreel Mason, but he lay there, thinking until the thud of Eliza's churn dasher lulled him to sleep. He was very quiet next morning. Immediately after breakfast he started for town, and returned with a fireless cooker, a vacuum cleaner, a cream separator and a motor washer and a plumber who was to instal a water system of heating better even than Bob's. Eliza watched and marvelled.

Tom danced about the house like a merry sprite and took turns in rapturously squeezing her father and playing a hoe-down upon the big piano Spring came as if on leaden wings, so slow was its progress, but after a while the wheat fields put on a robe of long green. Pink buds appeared upon the trees. Farmers were out in the fields early. They stayed late. Ezreel Mason lost his preoccupied air and became as hilarious as Tom herself.

One day the children of Ezreel Mason had a call to the farmhouse. They came quickly, children and grandchildren, believing that some one was ill, but they were shown into the comfortable living room, whose windows were open to the east.

The library table had been cleared of books and was covered with legal documents. A lawyer with a black satchel on his lap and a pen behind his ear waited. The boys were alarmed They looked at Eliza's meek face and mouse coloured hair and meekly folded hands, and from her to haughty, blazing, beautiful Tom, who was as straight and lithe as an Indian princess. What could this mean?

Mother with her snowy hair and Dresden china face with delicate blue markings and eyes like tiny bluets sat in her arm chair, and Father, jovial, bronzed and happy, sat beside her.

"I just thought I'd call a meeting of the stockholders of the Tillamook Farm Company," he began. "He has the articles of incorporation"—he nodded to the lawyer—"and the names of the stockholders and number of their shares. Eliza, by reason of her faithfulness and long service, starts out first with seven shares at a thousand a share."

Eliza's big frightened eyes jumped to meet her sister's. The Father continued to speak of the boys' holdings, the salaries which they would draw, the requirements and the methods, but Eliza did not hear. She would not be an interloper. She was to have a share. She glided over after a bit to fall at her Father's feet and to cover his rheumatic hands with her grateful caresses.

Bob, the eldest son, worried a little when it was all over, but what could he do? His Father was strong and well, in his right mind and in possession of his property. He could do with it as he willed. It did cause a great deal of talk through the country. The papers carried glowing accounts of the affair and pictures of the wealthy old man, his home and all his family.

It told how a begger had come to the new land with the hope of earning a home for Her and how through all his successful career this vision of love had led him on to success.

Mother smiled, and Eliza dreamed, and neighbors approved. Tom danced about the place like a merry sprite. On the evening of a golden day she and her Father stood upon the porch looking out across the multitudinous waves of the wheat fields which stretched even to a gorgeous sun which was bronzing a sky of gray and turning it to brass The old man regarded his daughter fondly

"Will you leave me now, you little Spitfire?" he demanded as he pulled her down on his lap, "You're smart, but you can't get ahead of your Daddy yet a while. I reckon you don't know that I heard all your program that night when you and Eliza were talking."

Tom's mocking black eyes looked straight into the jesting ones of her Father, and matched their expression.

"I reckon you didn't know," she laughed in the same tone, "that I fixed up that interview especially for your benefit, though Eliza didn't know it. I knew, Daddy dear, that you would never listen if I tried to tell you, for what man will take instruction from a woman! Now!" she saw an expression on his face which hinted anger, and she grabbed him and kissed him gaily, "Now who's winner?" she cried.

Old Ezreel puffed madly for a moment at his pipe, then he faced her admiringly. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter," he said easily; "that was a pretty good scheme for a girl to get up. I reckon that wasn't a fake."

"Not exactly, though Richard did mention it to me," confessed Tom demurely, dropping her eyes. "He thought that would be a good way to fix it."

Old Ezreel dropped his pipe and jumped to his feet, spilling his youngest daughter to the floor. "Who in the Sam Hill is Richard?" he thundered.

"He's a lawyer, and a good one whom I met in Winnipeg." Tom dropped her eyes and blushed bewitchingly. The old man thrust his hands into his empty pockets and stared.

"You little minx! Do you mean to tell me you're going away with a bally lawyer after all I've done for you?" he bellowed.

"Not yet. I'm too young," confessed Tom, but she added in a tone of injured innocence, "I'd think you'd be glad I met him and found a way out. It's helped us all, especially Eliza."

"I don't doubt that Eliza is satisfied," remarked the old man sarcastically, but his words were silenced, because of the bearish caresses of his youngest, who joined her laughter to his as she ran gaily down the steps to meet the postman who carried just one letter, which bore a Winnipeg postmark

The Plumbing in Your Home

To those about to build a home I would give this advice. Have as few fixtures as possible, but have those few of the highest quality and fitted up in the best manner. Bear in mind that good plumbing does not consist merely in obtaining the required number of fixtures, irrespective of their relation to each other in construction, design or decoration. On the contrary, each fixture should be so selected that the room, as a whole, produces a harmonious effect. As to fixtures that are already in your home, if they are poor ones, replace them by good. Since there is no single item in the equipment of the house that has a more vital relation to the welfare of the members of the household than the plumbing of the house, one can readily see that it is the poorest sort of economy to have anything but the best fixtures obtainable.

A REMODELLED FARM HOUSE

(*Continued from page 29*)

tains have also been put up on one side, and nails behind them, making a recess in which to hang clothes. By the insertion of a side window an alcove has been made, into which a window seat is introduced, covered with cretonne and pillows to match. The hangings are light and dainty, of lavender and white scrim, with little ruffles at the top.

The kitchen was equipped with modern household appliances and is of sufficient size to be thoroughly comfortable and convenient.

* * *

The following booklets on interior decoration will be of material assistance to you when redecorating your home.

"The House Outside and Inside," Lowe Bros., Limited, Toronto, Canada. This folio gives you practical suggestions for painting and decorating and tells how to make your home attractive from gate to garret. Eighteen colored plates give you good ideas for arrangement of furniture, style of draperies, etc.

"Kozee Homes," Imperial Varnish Co., Toronto, Canada, with suggestions for easy methods for the care and upkeep of the home.

"Empire", Empire Wall Paper Co., 552 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada, a book on selvage trimmed wall papers, showing 160 of the newest styles and colorings.

"Paint Folio", Dominion Paint Works, Walkerville, Ont., explaining how to use paints.

"Homes Healthful and Beautiful," a very artistic book published by the Alabastine Co., Paris, Ont., showing sane and sanitary decoration of homes, illustrated with beautiful colored designs in Alabastine tints. It gives many useful hints for the treatment of every room in the house. This book will be shown you by any dealer or will be sent on receipt of 15 cents in coin or stamps to any address.

"DINNER" FOR THE BABY

(*Continued from page 24*)

the necessity of raising the standard of local milk production. One point to remember is that cows' milk is about the only animal product which we use in its raw state. Some babies are unable to digest modified or whole milk, and in these cases the attending physician's prescription must be most carefully carried out.

Condensed milk is preferable to a raw milk of doubtful quality. A reliable condensed milk is a fresh milk which has been sterilized and evaporated. Under certain conditions, condensed milk is the best artificial food, as it may easily be prepared anywhere and does not require any special preparation. Some babies can digest this milk when they cannot digest any other food. An advantage of this form of milk is its uniformity, its cleanliness, and the fact that a supply can always be kept on hand in unopened tins without danger of deterioration, and that it can be obtained anywhere. This makes it a desirable food to take on a journey or for use anywhere where there is any doubt as to the cleanliness and purity of the ordinary milk.

Quite recently a Canadian manufacturer of condensed milk held special competitions in several of our larger cities, in which thousands of babies were entered, who, of course, had been raised on condensed milk. The general standard was high and placed condensed milk in the category of baby foods.

In the use of artificial foods one must remember that no two babies are exactly alike; even babies in the same family are no exception to this rule. What may suit one may disagree with another, and therefore, in this, as in all other things pertaining to a baby, the doctor's instructions must be carefully followed if we wish to have healthy, happy children.

HOUSECLEANING PROBLEMS SOLVED

With budding Spring's colossal hours
Comes housecleaning's enchanting hours;

Then, ladies seek a worthy man
"To make their dwellings spic and span."

New fangled methods have come to mind
Which "cost no more than the old-fashioned kind."

"L.V. Crepette Dust Cloth" heads the list;
Without it you have a work-saver missed.

If coiffeur you lack, you can now get it back,
By "an abundance of rich, creamy lather."

Working alone, "you may stimulate the body"
At home—Everybody works but father!

This enchanting time in this fair clime,
Holds no banners for the prosy;

The sensible wife at this stage of life
Keeps "the home looking comfortable and cosy."

She feels she's right, and by strong light,
Can escort all through the inquisitors;

Their surprise is great, she knows her fate;
"Its equipment is the marvel of the visitors."

In buying goods she sensibly watches for the label—
"Physicians the world over recommend" things
"worthy of your table."

She studies "Baby's welfare" and amuses her at leisure,
This is her only hobby and "adds greatly to her pleasure."

You will find the above quotations in the display advertisements in this issue. Can you locate them?

The phrases in quotations are the exact statements of advertisers and are contained somewhere in some advertisement in this issue.

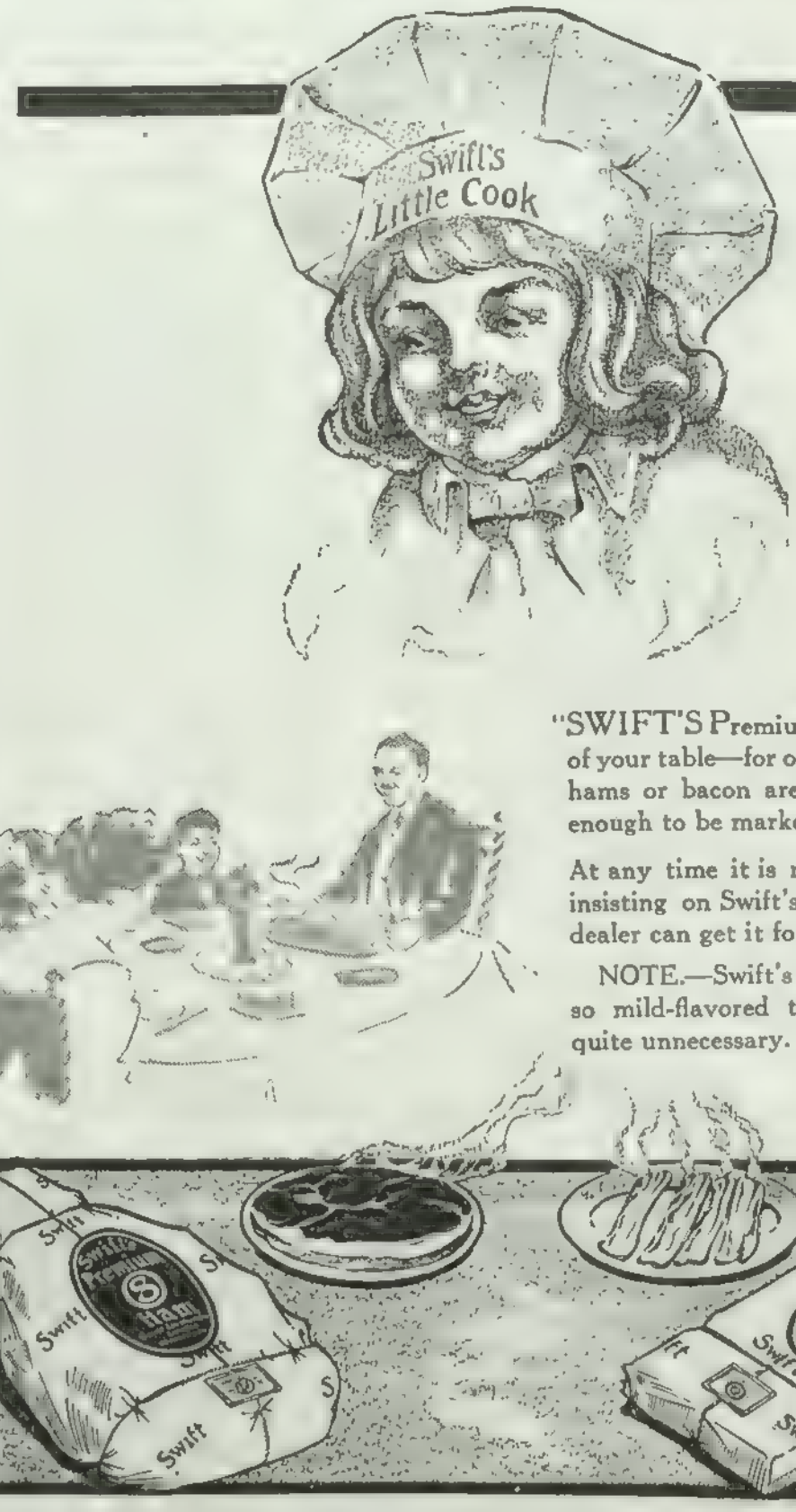
Important.

Besides naming the articles referred to by each quotation, will you kindly tell us something of your personal experience with them? If you have not used them, do you intend giving them a trial in the near future?

First prize a crisp $5.00 bill and to those sending the ten next best answers, we will forward, prepaid, a beautiful gold-filled birthstone necklet, containing the proper setting, and packed in a neat box.

Address your answers to our Miss Amy Bottrell, Office 24, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto. Get busy now and aim to be one of the prize winners!

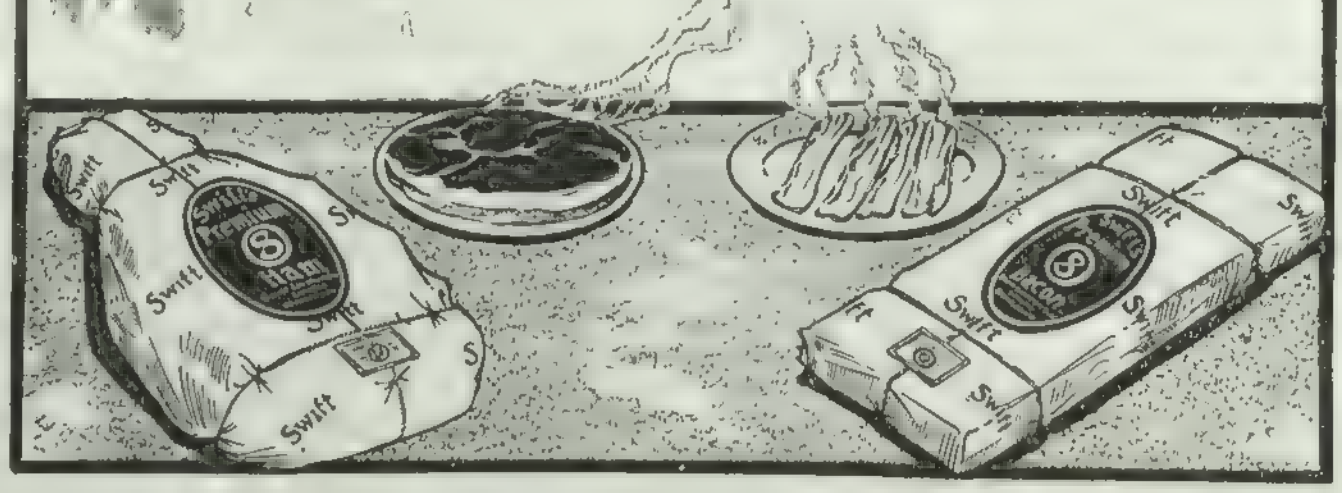
"Swift's Premium" Ham or Bacon



"SWIFT'S Premium" is alone worthy of your table—for only the choicest of hams or bacon are selected as good enough to be marked 'Premium.'

At any time it is really worth while insisting on Swift's Premium. Your dealer can get it for you.

NOTE.—Swift's Premium Ham is so mild-flavored that parboiling is quite unnecessary.



The "Florence Kitchen"

Makes the happy family. McClary's Florence Blue Flame Oil Stoves simplify your cooking. Easy to use, clean, safe, economical, and reliable—an ornament to any kitchen.

McClary's FLORENCE OIL COOK STOVES

Wickless, Valveless, Blue Flame, Automatic

No hot summer kitchens. The Florence is ALWAYS ready with AS MUCH heat as you want, right WHERE you want it—IN the cooking, and NOT out in the room. Costs less than a cent an hour per burner.

You can keep one—or four—burners at an intensely hot flame, or merely simmering. To regulate the heat, you simply turn the lever according to the dial.

There are no wicks to trim, nor valves to leak. The oil supply is automatically constant. All Florence stoves and ovens are fully guaranteed.

Ask your dealer to show you the Florence. If he cannot supply it write to our nearest branch.

London Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B.
Montreal Hamilton Calgary Edmonton Saskatoon 825

Free to Girls

Rolled Gold Locket and Chain

We will give this beautiful rolled gold locket and chain free of all charge to any girl who will sell 30 of our lovely 12 x 16-inch Colored Oilograph Pictures at 10 cents each.

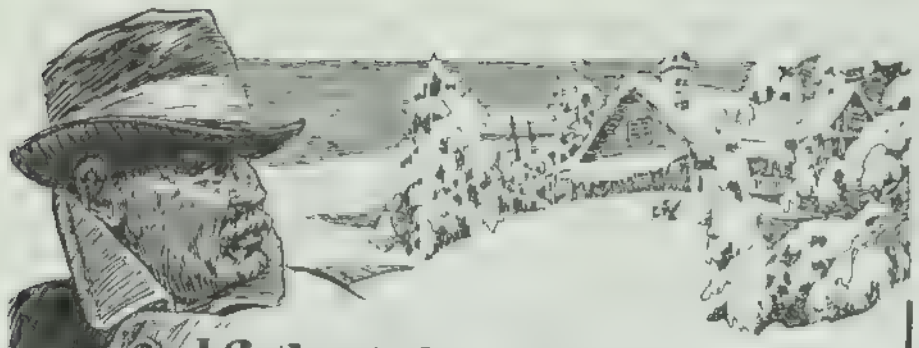
Send us your name and we will send you the Pictures to sell. When sold send us the money and we will send you the locket and chain. Address

HOMER-WARREN CO.
Dept. P16 Toronto, Ont.

Burns

The fire is removed from burns and scalds and the intense pain is quickly soothed by this wonderfully healing oil. It has brought relief to thousands of sufferers. For burns, wounds, cuts, scratches and all abrasions of the skin do not fail to use. All dealers, 25c. or direct by mail on receipt of price. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LTD., Dept. E.W., Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil



If that fine little house were only warm!

If you could leave the house in the morning knowing that it was a warm, cheerful place for mother and the family to spend the day—couldn't you go about your work with a lighter heart?

Without making costly alterations to your house, without a large initial cost, and without much increase in your coal bill, you can have a Hecla Heating System in your present home

Consider, now, that your old home can be made modern for anywhere from $90 to $150—surely a small investment in happiness and cheer for your family.

Buy Comfort Guaranteed

How little action on your part is needed to make the change from winter dreariness to winter cheerfulness! Hecla Furnaces are guaranteed to heat your home. We plan the heating system and take full responsibility for it. You may be sure of full satisfaction no matter what the style or plan of your house.

Save One Ton in Seven

Some fine Hecla features that you will surely want cannot be obtained in any other furnace.

Hecla owners save one ton of coal in seven, because the Hecla has a patented fire pot with a triple heating surface. This is the famous STEEL-RIBBED fire-pot—the greatest single coal-saving feature ever invented.

Mellow Air---No Gas, No Dust

No gas or dust can ever escape through the warm air registers. This we guarantee because the Hecla has FUSED JOINTS that can never leak.

Dryness that is found even with the most costly heating systems is guarded against in the Hecla. The moisture supply is so liberal that Hecla heating is as mellow as June air.

The Hecla can be checked down to hold the fire for hours without waste. The Hecla can be shaken down with four separate grate bars so that no live fire need come through with the ashes.

These points are daily money savers that make big economies in the course of the season.

HECLA A CLARE BROS. Furnace

You will be interested to study the question of heating from the literature we supply. "Comfort and Health" is a very thorough booklet on the subject of heating. Copies will be sent free to any one who writes. If you would like to know now what it would cost to heat your home and mention the EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD we will be glad to figure it up for you free of charge. Writing will not obligate you to buy, and it will bring you promptly help in making your own plans for heating.

CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED
Preston, Ont.

Make Your Hair Attractive

SINCE the beginning, woman's crowning glory has been her hair. Nothing blends so well with any complexion. It responds readily to care and lovely hair adds grace and indefinable charm to any face.

The secret is in keeping it absolutely clean, and brushing it thoroughly night and morning.

Every woman knows that clean, healthy hair is soft, free from dandruff, and does not turn prematurely gray, nor fall out.

WHITE CROSS LIQUID SHAMPOO is carefully prepared from the purest oils, pure alcohol and distilled, filtered water, untouched by hands.

It is as clear as crystal—absolutely pure—antiseptic—entirely greaseless, and without any sediment.

A little makes an abundant creamy lather, if the hair is first dipped in warm water. It rinses out easily, and leaves the hair so sweet, clean, soft and fluffy that it must be lovely. You feel and see the difference at once. Ask any Doctor or Nurse.

Send 10c. for a large trial sample, or 50c. for a full size bottle, with the name of your Druggist or Dealer.

The White Cross Liquid Shampoo Co.

Box 20 Woodstock Ontario Canada

The Windsor Hotel
Montreal, Quebec

UNDER DIRECTION OF J. DAVIDSON

WHEN MARY WROTE ME ABOUT MUSIC

This is the Letter I Sent Her

BY A

WELL KNOWN MUSICIAN

DEAR MARY,—When your charming letter of enquiry teeming, with happiness in every line, came to me, it was my intention to answer on the instant your earnest question about music. When, however, I considered the vitalness of it, all that it meant, I wanted a little time to think—time to turn your question over in my mind in order that I would be able to give you the best of my experience and knowledge; in short, that my answer would really be helpful to you.

You have furnished your home with loving care. The furnishings, rugs, draperies and all the details that go towards making a comfortable home are the best that you and John could afford. But you both realize that something is lacking; something further is urgently wanted to give your home tone, atmosphere, dignity—call it what you will. You both realize that that something is music, so you have written me your ardently little letter to ask my advice regarding the purchasing of a piano—and what it would mean to you both.

My dear Mary, the piano would mean to you what it is to thousands of homes, a means of giving pure, unadulterated happiness and of cultivating all that is beautiful in music.

Let me tell you why, without taking the time to analyse facts.

People know and appreciate that the piano is an independent instrument—I mean that it is perfectly satisfying as a solo instrument, requiring no aid outside of its own possibilities—a very orchestra all in itself so to speak, an orchestra from which the performers can produce a wealth of rich and glorious sounds.

The piano is capable of pure melody, which sings out, rich and beautiful, against its own accompaniment.

Any composition, be it symphony or opera, can be scored for the piano; surely that speaks volumes for the instrument.

Only two hands are required to play from the simplest sounds to the most astonishing marvels of pianoforte compositions, till one is wonderstruck that from one instrument so much of beauty in sound and melody is possible.

I fancy I see you smiling, Mary, at my ardor; because I am such a lover of the instrument.

Do believe me when I say that Cristofali and other co-inventors, who perfected the pianoforte from the harpsichord in the year 1711 or thereabouts, did the whole world a great and vital service, since they made it possible for the performer to produce every degree of piano (soft) and forte (loud), something hitherto impossible, and from which the instrument derived its name—"Pianoforte," and for which reason it may interest you to know.

IN days gone by only the rich and powerful could possess themselves of a musical instrument like the piano, but times have changed, Mary, and you may nowadays hear the melodies of a piano issuing from the humblest house as well as from the mansion.

Have you ever stopped to ask yourself why this is so? Do you suppose it is only because people consider that it looks prosperous to own something so big and grand, or that Miss Brown, possessing one, has some influence on Mr. Smith, also wishing to own a piano?

I shall not argue that point, although there is a grain of truth in the idea; however, it is not the great reason.

Everyone loves music; those who do not are to be likened to those who do not love babies—and I wouldn't trust either, Mary.

The real facts, as I said before, are that the instrument is absolutely satisfying in itself, perfect as an accompaniment for the voice or violin. Also it is the easiest of any instrument worth while to learn to play. In this respect it is a paradox, being one of the most difficult instruments to master.

Few people look so far ahead, and while all cannot be artists or real musicians, still most people can or want to play, and so when music is thought of, it is the piano that is usually purchased.

Music, Mary, is like religion; it lifts the soul above the sordid cares of life. Materialism falls away, and swayed by its beauty we become pure in spirit, high in ideals. It makes us rich—invests us with a wealth which nothing can destroy—a wealth of beautiful thoughts.

I am wondering how many of us would enjoy going to church were it not for the music, the singing and the organ. Surely our souls are in close touch with God as the wonderful sounds peal forth

That is why I have always felt the necessity of music for every home. It spells culture and refinement. It is a language of many tongues, and the whole world is its home.

It is our duty to surround children with music from their earliest age, to develop in them a love for the beautiful, which will cling and grow as the years roll by.

If a room had nothing in it but a table, a few chairs and a paino, that room would have a refined atmosphere because it would suggest art. This fact was brought home quite forcibly to me last summer while I was spending my vacation in a little resort away out West. Our side of the lake was dotted with cottages for at least a mile. Across the lake, far from the madding crowd, stood a lone cottage sheltered by tree and forest. On making enquiries about it, I was kindly invited by a friend of the owner, who had the key, to visit the place. Imagine my amazement, when we walked into the large living room—furnished with chairs and table made by the man himself—to be confronted with a baby grand piano, and such a beautiful instrument. Never shall I forget the charm, the spell, which the big, silent instrument cast about us and what a difference it made in its humble surroundings.

Because of the instrument everything took on an air of grandeur. As I ran my fingers over the keys, I thought of the master of this little home, who, at the outbreak of the war, left to fight for King and Country, and I breathed a silent prayer that he would live to return to his home among the trees and play again the great compositions that filled his music cabinet.

NOW, Mary, since you play a little and John not at all, try, if possible, to purchase a "player piano." Oh, I know how expensive they are, but you will be repaid a hundredfold when you see what a source of comfort it is to John and what a pleasure to you and your friends.

Men have so much to contend with in the rush and turmoil of a day's work, so much that irritates their nerves and does not improve their tempers, that I really cannot think of anything that would rejuvenate and refresh a man more completely than an hour spent at one of these delightful instruments, in the peace and good cheer of home. Music, you know, is a tonic—safe and sure; everyone should take it in large doses.

With a "player," Mary, you may both interpret to your hearts' content the world's most loved and famous classics. You should know them and you cannot appreciate their beauties until you have heard them over and over again.

We should all know the masters of music and their works as we know the masters of literature. Alas! too few know them or their wonderful creations.

Now, Mary, I have digressed a great deal, I know, but I am so terribly in earnest. I want you and John to fill up the gap which you say you both feel in your home, and to do so with the knowledge that you are accomplishing something (I almost said "a duty").

The fact that you are about to make such an important purchase, involving so much money, has kept you awake at night, because of course you want the best and it's only natural. This desire is sort of a disease, from which we are all suffering more or less—this desire to be satisfied, to get full value.

I know the best is that which appeals to you. I now speak only of the tone of the instrument Just as (if I may make the analogy) you prefer one human voice to another, so too you may like the sound of one instrument much better than another—since to my mind, no two pianos sound alike.

Pianos are like individuals, each possessing its own distinctive personality. Some pianos are bright with great brilliance of tone; others are more subdued—the tones are just as rich and full but the sparkle, so to speak, is not so great. The one is like a major scale, happy, sunshiny—the other like a minor scale, with a touch of pathos and a charm whose tones cling to you like the strain of a violin.

We so often hear the sentence, "The soul of the Violin." Well, I make the statement that the piano also can lay claim to a soul, a big wonderful soul, as those who have studied and play this glorious instrument know so well.

When you have found the piano, the tone of which satisfies you, see that the scale is perfectly even and well balanced. I mean the bass not too heavy for the upper register—that all the tones are equal in clearness and rich singing qualities.

IF you choose your piano from a good reliable firm (which I haven't any doubt of your doing), you will like the instrument much better after you have used it a while. The tone mellows and becomes much more beautiful.

Your piano will grow into your home and hearts and become part of your family life, like a living thing. From a source of happiness, it will become a necessity, a something you will never want to be without again.

You will notice that I haven't said a word about the case of the instrument. There, again, you must please yourself. Your choice depends largely on the environment and style of your room. My only advice is—get a plain case. Not only are they handsomer, but they are so much easier to keep looking nice.

Now, Mary dear, if there is anything else you want to know about the piano, do not hesitate to ask me. In the meanwhile, much happiness to you both; may you live long to enjoy your new soon-to-be possession, on the prospective purchase of which I congratulate you. Best wishes to John and love to you yourself from your old school fellow and friend,

THERESA.

JULIA ARTHUR'S OWN STORY OF HER CAREER

(Continued from page 10.)

of his black eyes, and his pencil tapped his teeth while we waited for his verdict. At last he turned to my Father.

"We'll try her out," he said. "But we won't pay her anything till she has made good. We never do. It will be worth more than money to her to travel around with us and watch the company and get the splendid training she will have."

"What will you consider 'making good'?" my father asked quickly. "What is to be the goal?"

"Her first favorable newspaper notice." Bandman told us. "The week she gets that her salary will begin."

Thus it was settled. There must have been long and perhaps tearful talks between my Father and Mother. But already it was clear that we children must make our own way; and this way was the one my Mother herself had chosen for me—the one marked out from my earliest years. So there were tumultuous farewells and tears and prayers and warnings and prophecies; and I left the big, happy, crowded house behind me and went away with the company that same week.

As to my work, I was tossed into it very much as a young puppy is tossed into a pond, to sink or swim The second night "out," and after one brief rehearsal, I played "The Player Queen" in "Hamlet." It was my first professional appearance, but it aroused no excitement in any soul except my own. My greatest problem was "make-up," of which I knew absolutely nothing. So I went to the theatre at five o'clock in the afternoon and made up and washed off the make-up over and over and over again. Each result was worse than the others, and I removed the last with my tears. I was in black despair when Louise Beaudet took pity on me and hastily slapped on a few broad, impressionistic touches.

It will be remembered that the Player Queen comes on in boy's costume; but this detail did not disturb me. I had lived such an outdoor life with my brothers that I felt more than half boy myself, and I had the free stride of a youth of sixteen. So I got into the Player Queen doublet with no pangs save those caused by its shabbiness; and the only thought I gave my legs was a poignant regret that they were not big enough to fill the ample hose worn by my predecessor.

For costumes I was wholly dependent on the meagre outfit Bandman carried, and this fact distressed me. I longed to "dress" my parts properly. So a few weeks later I raced home for a day or two and supervised the making of two real stage gowns. One was a black velvet "Princess," the other an ambitious affair of white satin, and both were extremely temperamental in workmanship and effect. But I wore them with pride until they were in tatters, and in them I subsequently played Juliet, the Duchess of York, Julia in "The Hunchback," and most of my other roles.

I already knew much of Shakespeare "by heart," and I learned my new lines, as those around me did, by the simple method of hearing them over and over, so that at an hour's notice I could leap in and act as understudy. In the great mass of new impressions that crowded upon me everything was confused. We were leading a most strenuous life, appearing in the ten, twenty and thirty-cent houses, rehearsing in the morning, playing in the afternoons and evenings, and often travelling at night. At first my companions seemed as vague as creatures in a dream, but soon individuals began to stand out. Adelaide Fitz-Allen and Louise Beaudet were the leading women of the company, and another member who appealed to my imagination was an ex-monk. Then there were Payton Gibbs and William Owen, and, last but best of all, there was David Hanchett —blessings on his memory! He was our stage director, and he acted too, playing Richard III. with lumps all over his legs and wearing a wig composed of unspeakable corkscrew curls. But he had the soul of an artist, and the ability to pass on the art that he himself could not express.

Before I had been with the company a week, Louise Beaudet, who was playing Tennyson's "Dora," fell ill, and at two hours' notice I was ordered to take the role. We were playing in Detroit, so the opportunity for success or failure was a good one. There was no time for the rehearsal which might have given me some confidence, and when I went "on" that night I was literally stiff with fear. I could hardly drag my feet across the stage, and when I spoke my voice was strange in my own ears. But through it all I remembered that this was my chance, and that I must not fail. In a few moments my blood began to circulate, and then I let myself go. The next morning the newspapers spoke very well of my work, and one critic remarked that I was "more poetic than poetry itself"—a tribute that enchanted my Mother, who for years afterwards used it as the standard by which other reviews were measured. But the tribute which enchanted *me* came in a yellow envelope on the next "pay day." It was a new ten-dollar bill, and it represented my weekly salary. I turned it over, listened to its pleasant rustle, and my heart sang. As money it was not vitally important, though there were several things I meant to do with it. What it *represented* was the thing. Fluttering in my fingers, that bank note told me that in six days I had left the rank of the amateurs forever, and was on a professional level with my associates in the company. My career had begun!

Not long afterwards Miss Fitz-Allen's sudden resignation in Pittsburg gave me a chance to play Juliet. I was not especially tractable in those days. Possibly I never have been. I had my own ideas and carried them out, though once or twice Bandman had threatened to box my ears for doing so. That night I played Juliet exactly the way I wanted to play it, and as I had often played it in our attic at home before an audience of children and dolls. I acted all over the stage, for I was determined to be natural and when in the last act I crawled across to Romeo's dead body, I was so long in getting there that a restless soul in the gallery started to leave. Then the stillness of the house was broken by the voice of my first "gallery god."

"Set down, you!" he yelled sharply. "Give her time to die!"

I died—more abruptly than I had intended to; and my last moments were made additionally painful by the horrible convulsions of Romeo, who was shaking with laughter under me.

From the first it was plain that "the kid" must stand on her own feet, but the company talked very frankly before me, and I kept my ears wide open. Among other things, I learned that those who played "old parts," such as I was frequently given, must study the faces of the old; that those who impersonated sickness must study the expressions of sufferers, and that no real artist would attempt a "maniac scene" without having studied a maniac in action. Quite off my own bat, I began to follow these hints. I studied the faces of the aged until my victims must have longed to strangle me; and then in the cities we visited I began to drop into hospitals and asylums. It must be remembered that we were a stock company, playing not Shakespeare alone, but every popular play of that period to which Bandman could obtain the rights. In my first few weeks I played the Prince of Wales in "Richard III," the Widow Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons," several parts in "Don Caesar de Bazan," the Duchess of York in "As You Like It," various parts in "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," and "Othello," besides throwing in "Dora" as good measure. There was no role I might not be asked to attempt, and I determined to be ready—but my first visit to an insane asylum chilled my zeal.

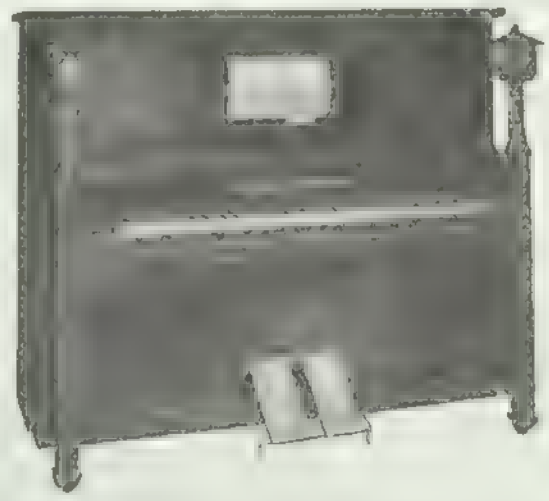
I had called on the house physician and explained my aspirations, and he was taking me on a pleasant tour through the asylum grounds, pointing out the patients we passed and explaining what was the matter with them. It interested me to see that they were not all gibbering, as I had half expected, and I was standing under a tree watching a sweet-faced old victim of suicidal mania, when an icy chill ran the length of my spine. It was an appalling sensation, and under it I whirled as if I were on a pivot, to see behind me a maniac with an upraised, pointed stake which he was just about to drive down through my skull! The doctor leaped upon him, attendants came running, and there was a struggle, during which my academic interest in the insane perished. A few months later, when I was to play in a mad scene, I went to another asylum, but the doctors declined to let me see the violent cases. They gave me a great deal of information, however, and even acted a bit themselves so I got all I needed.

Before I had been with Bandman two months we came to New York for a week's engagement at a theatre down on the Bowery. The first part I played in the big city was the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." I was getting on better with my make-up, and I had learned to pad myself into a good semblance of a plump old person; but that night I forgot to make up my hands, and I played the nurse with the hands of fourteen—an oversight the company did not soon let me forget. That was the first impressive episode of my New York week; all the rest were merged into the tremendous moment when I discovered an elevated train. It fascinated me, but I did not trust it—and when I had to go anywhere I walked!

During my second season with Bandman I learned the big truth that a player belongs not to herself, but to the public. One day, just before the matinee, I received a telegram. It was the first ever sent me, and I opened it with a thrill. It contained only two lines from my Mother, but I read them over and over before I understood what they meant. At last I grasped it. My brother Tom was dead—Tom, my inseparable chum, almost my twin, for he was only a year younger than I was. He had been ill so short a time that Mother had not written me, and he had died with appalling suddenness. My one desire was to go home, and this I found was the one thing I could not do. Instead, I must act—that very afternoon and again that evening, and the next day and the next. Several members of the company were ill, and I could not even leave for the funeral. So my body stayed behind and went through all the necessary motions, and my spirit went home to Tom and Mother. I was only fifteen, but somehow life never seemed quite the same again after those three days.

At the close of the third season with Bandman I left him to go West with an ambitious company whose dreams of gold had set me dreaming too. I awoke a few weeks later—"stranded" in San Francisco. It was my first experience of the kind, but it did not last long enough to frighten me. Louis Morrison, who was playing at the Baldwin Theatre, gave me a two weeks' engagement, and I left him to join the A. B. Wilbur forces as leading woman, at a salary of forty-five dollars a week, which would have been very nice if I had received it. Under the impression that I was about to receive it, I entered upon the most strenuous work of my life. Wilbur's Stock Company was putting on a different play every night, and, incredible though it may seem, it is a fact that in my first week I learned and played six new roles, with one rehearsal each, and in my first month memorized and played twenty-one parts! This must be a record. Certainly I have never heard that it was equalled.

During that first week I averaged about two hours' sleep a night; and to keep awake I bound cracked ice around my head and drank black coffee by the quart. My difficulties were complicated by the fact that for the first time I was studying my parts from the "sides"; heretofore I had studied, when I studied at all, from the books of the play. Moreover, the "sides," instead of being neatly typewritten, were scrawled by hand and blurred by much fingering. The system was so new to me that I memorized my "cues" as well as my lines; but notwithstanding all these difficulties I scrambled through the first week and got my second wind for the month's work. A list of the parts I played would be a list of the stock pro-



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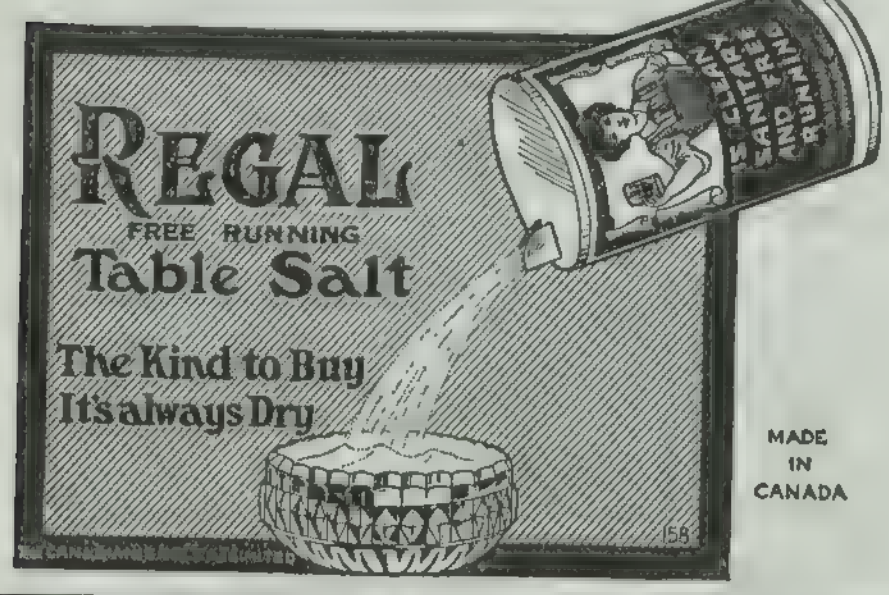

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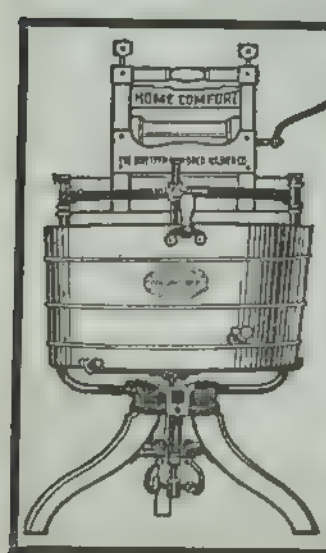

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ductions of that period. Among them I remember "The Pearl of Savoy," "Three Wives to One Husband," "East Lynne," "The Galley Slave," and "Escaped from the Law." The last play gave me a mad scene, and my asylum experiences were very helpful. In these days, of course, no one is insane in asylum records—only "sick"; and a patient who is chewing the padding off his walls is never "raving," he is merely "excited." But at that time insanity was insanity, and when we were acting it we gave the public the value of its money.

Life with the Wilbur Company was a strenuous affair in more ways than one. As a precaution against the small-pox, of which there were a number of cases, I was vaccinated, and, following the advice of my elders, I had the vaccination on my leg instead of on my arm. Evidently the vaccine was impure, for an alarming condition developed. I was too inexperienced to realize my danger, and I was also extremely busy. I had firmly grasped the idea that nothing but death keeps the stage man or woman from work, so I went on even when my leg was so swollen that I could not walk, and so painful that I could not think of anything but the agony it caused me. Our hotel was near the theatre, and I had a room just above the ground floor. For a week the men of the company carried me back and forth, and to and from the wings. Then doctors were called in and predicted sombrely that I would probably lose the leg. I lived in the shadow of that horror for another fortnight, but the doctors were better than their forebodings, and saved the useful member, leaving a souvenir of their operation as impressive as the scar on my face.

This souvenir was one of the few things I retained as a result of my work with Wilbur. He paid me for a few weeks, and from that time on was unable to do so. When we got back to New York at the end of the season he was "down and out," through no fault of his own, and the company when it disbanded was practically penniless. I myself had exactly seven dollars and a half in cash, and a salary bill against Wilbur of three hundred dollars. For the first time I was to experience all the horrors of being alone and penniless in a big city, and they began as dramatically as if I were the heroine of a new play.

I was not only without money, but I was also without proper clothes. Every garment I possessed was so shabby that I was ashamed to call on a manager, but I need not have been disturbed about that, for I reached the august presence very rarely. Instead, I spend most of my waking hours in the outer waiting room of the Fernandez Dramatic Agency, until the office boys disregarded me as absolutely as if I had been part of the furniture. Mrs. Fernandez, who had a kind heart, was less oblivious. She saw me, and grew tired of seeing me, and frankly told me so, adding that she would let me know "if anything turned up."

It has been my experience that things rarely turn up unless one turns them up one's self. Certainly it was so in this instance. Most of my seven dollars and a half were gone, and I was clinging to my last dollar as a drowning man clings to a life line. I lived in the cheapest room I could find, went without meals, and walked miles every day to save car fare. Things were not going well at home, and I was determined that I would starve before I asked my people for help. I had never had enough money to accumulate articles that could be easily pawned or sold, and there was no one from whom I could borrow, for the other members of the company were in as desperate straits as I was. We kept each other informed, however, of any chance we heard of, and thus, one day, when the situation was at its worst, I was told that a leading woman was needed for a new melodrama which was about to be put on by a big manager, and that the great man had actually consented to see me. Indeed, a definite appointment had been made. I was to call at his office the next morning at eleven o'clock.

That night I could not sleep. Two things kept me awake—excitement over the appointment, and distress over my wardrobe. Again and again I mentally ran over the short list of my dresses. I was sure that if I could sweep into the presence of that man superbly gowned I could get the engagement. But I had literally nothing fit to wear. A hundred times I visualized the interview and the manager's scorn of my clothes, and when dawn came I was almost ready to turn my face to the wall and stay where I was, giving up my great chance. Then I heard a sound more beautiful than any music I have heard since—the sound of rain. It was a heavy rain, wind-driven, dashing against the windows, and as I listened to it I could have shouted with joy.

That rain made everything possible. I owned a mackintosh—which was also my travelling coat and evening coat. Wrapped in this garment and dressed for a "high-neck" effect, I could stroll into the manager's office damp but dauntless, and by unfastening a few buttons at the throat submit a suggestion of quarter-length elegance. My spirits and I rose with a bound. I had secured the engagement and spent my first month's salary long before I was dressed.

When I reached the office I had to wait, and my courage began to leave me. Others were waiting, too—some of them beautifully dressed. I wore the only mackintosh in the assemblage, and already it was scorched by the glance of the office boy. But, at last my name was intoned by that aloof youth, and with the best manner I could assume I swept into the manager's presence.

He was standing at the window with his back to the room, staring out and tapping a pane with pudgy fingers. Something had annoyed him. He turned and stared at me with a frown, came forward, and looked me over with a glance that ran like a flame from my head to my feet and back. Then his temper gave way.

"Good heavens," he broke out irritably, "you won't do for that part! We've got to have a beauty!"

There was nothing I could say.

"Why, you've got a big scar!" he added, brutally.

"Yes," I admitted. "I have. But I've got a make-up box, too—remember that. This scar never yet got past the footlights."

He swung on his heel. "Impossible," he said, and rang his bell. "Who's next?" he asked the office boy.

I passed the "next" on my way out. She was a fair rival to the Queen of Sheba, but I hardly saw her. It seemed to me that I was crossing a deep abyss on a very thin and narrow plank—and as I walked I heard the plank crack!

(Next month Miss Arthur will describe her first New York opportunity, her interview with Charles Frohman, her engagement by A. M. Palmer, and her subsequent career as a leading woman of the Palmer forces in New York and "on the road.")

SCHOOLED WITH BRIARS

(*Continued from page 11*)

gossip of the valley in which Aunt Nan always took an eager interest. When supper time came, Aunt Nan went in to get it, while Lois sat on the stone door step and looked with dreamy eyes out over the fir valley and the farm-land slopes. The wind was blowing more gently and the afternoon was steeped in color and languor. Through all the soft mingled notes came the insistent, murmurous croon of the sea where it lapped below the north-eastern fields with their fringes of ragged firs.

"How beautiful the world is!" thought the girl. "And how beautiful life is! It can't always be as sweet as this. Sorrow *must* come—it comes into all lives—I wonder when and how—it will come into mine. Oh—" she shivered a little—"there is sadness in an afternoon like this, perfect as it is. It is too perfect. We know it can't last. It has the pain of finality."

"Lois, come to supper," called Aunt Nan blithely.

Lois' passing shadow vanished as she ran lightly in. Aunt Nan had brought out the promised fruit cake and many other delicacies, but the table was spread, after their homely fashion, in the kitchen, a big, bright room whose eastern and western windows caught all the sunshine and hill winds of the summer. While they ate and chatted Aunt Nan coaxed Lois to come and stay with her while the second Mark was away, and Lois finally consented, pretending to be bribed thereto by the promise of a whole fruit cake and unlimited cherry preserves.

"Won't we have a good time!" said Aunt Nan jubilantly. "We'll talk and read—and talk—and make taffy—and *talk*. Your being here will give me a good excuse for being as silly and frivolous as I want to be and don't dare to be mostly, because an old woman of sixty is expected to be dignified and sensible. When you get to be sixty, Lois, you'll know how it is."

A faint shadow passed over the girl's laughing face.

"Oh, Aunt Nan," she said slowly, "it awes me to look forward so far. Think—think—if I live to be sixty how much I shall have learned—and felt—and *suffered* by then."

Aunt Nan patted her shoulder.

"Don't think of that, dearie. Think of how much you will have enjoyed and won out of the years behind you by then. The time seems very short to me looking back. But at your age it used to oppress me when I thought of it just as it did you this minute. I believe that young folks are often really ever so much more serious and thoughtful than old people, for all it's generally supposed to be the other way. We old folks don't *need* to think much. We've lived our lives for good or ill and we're free. But you young folks—well, I don't wonder that you feel sober enough by spells. There, I've preached enough. Give pussy the rest of the cream. He looks as if that was the highest good in life to him at present."

CHAPTER II.

AFTER supper Lois suggested that it was time for her to go home, but Aunt Nan had a plan of her own.

"It's early yet," she said. "Would you think it too much trouble to take a walk to the back lands and give the second Mark a message for me? It's real important and I clean forgot to tell him when he left. I want him to bring me some crottle. I must dye those mat rags of mine to-morrow, and there's not a scrap in the house. Of course," she added diplomatically, detecting the hint of reluctance in the girl's eyes, "if it is too much bother I can go myself."

"Oh, no," said Lois quickly. "I'll go for you. I shall enjoy the walk."

"Take the round basket and tell him to bring it full. Just keep an eye on him and see that he gets it good. You needn't hurry. Those back lands must be lovely to-day. I'd like to have gone myself, only I feel a bit tired."

Without the excuse of the errand Lois would not have gone, as Aunt Nan very well knew when she cast about for some pretext and hit upon the crottle. She watched the girl out of sight with a smile of satisfaction.

"There—I've done 'em both a good turn. And I *will* dye those rags to-morrow to save my conscience. Mark needs a bit of help now and then, for Lois doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve and she is getting shy and distant with him—a very good sign, but he mayn't have gumption enough to know it. How I do love that girl! It's been the wish of my heart for years and years to see her Mark's wife—ever since I knew her, I guess, though I didn't dare really to expect it until lately. There might be so many things to happen to prevent it. It seems too good to be true. When you've set your heart on a thing for years it always does seem kind of impossible that it should really come to pass. See here, Aunt Nan' you've got to break yourself right away of this ridiculous habit of thinking out loud. There's a hired boy coming next week, and if you don't want your secrets published to the four winds of heaven and Rutherglen you must learn to keep 'em from the birds of the air, that is all."

In spite of her touch of embarrassment, Lois was unfeignedly glad that Aunt Nan has sent her to

Mark. She did not mind owning to herself that she wanted to see him. Moreover, the walk to the back lands was a beautiful one and enjoyable at any time, even if the one man out of all the world were not waiting at the end of it.

Lois knew every step of it, for in old play days she and Mark had traversed it times out of mind. They had been devoted "chums," with an open, whole-hearted comradeship that found and took all that was best in those glad young days.

"What a tomboy I was!" thought Lois with a smile. "And what good times we did have! Every nook and cranny of this walk seems filled with the memories of those frol'cs."

There was a maple lane first, leading from the yard to the pasture lands, where they had always found the earliest violets, lurking dimly sweet in the sunny corners of the snake fence that ran along under the trees. At its farther end was the big beech by the gate where Mark had once cut their names. They were plainly visible yet, although grown unshapely and ragged, and Lois stooped to touch them caressingly.

"Mark cut them as high as he could reach, and I had to stand on tip-toe to touch them," she murmured with a smile.

Beyond the lane a long emerald reach of three fields sloped up to the girdle of woods, all of the same size and shape, and now a luxuriant sweet of clover aftermath. Straight through the middle of them ran a road and down this road Lois and Mark had once been wont to run frantic races when they came out of the woods on the crest of the slope.

"Who'll get to the big beech first?" Mark would say. And then they would hurl themselves down the path, Lois with her brown curls streaming in the wind and Mark with his fists clenched and his brow knotted into a frown as he ran. The honors fell evenly between them, for Lois was a good runner and as often as not flung herself against the big beech first. She thought of those glorious runs as she walked sedately up the slope and remembered that she had won the last race they had ever run together down "the three fields."

"It was just such a day as to-day, and the sun was shining fan-like in just the same fashion over the harbor. I remember noticing it as I ran."

She put up her hand and felt a tiny scar, high on her forehead and concealed by a curl of her chestnut hair. When she had reached the birch a'good three yards ahead of Mark she had tripped over one of its roots and fallen, striking her head on a stone. A bad cut was the result, and she could yet see Mark's pale face and lips as he helped her home down the maple lane, with the blood running into her eyes and blinding her. The cut had soon healed, but Mark could never be persuaded to race her down the "three fields" again.

On the crest of the slope the path broadened out into a wood-road striking right into the heart of the forest. The first time they had explored it Lois had been very frightened of the long, dim road that wound away into the eerily whispering woods; her timid little heart beat to her finger tips in Mark's sturdy clasp. There had been wild cats and bears in those woods long ago. Who knew but they lurked there still? How glad she had been when they came out to the back lands that seemed like an enchanted world of sunshine and dreams, shut round by the girdling beeches. The return walk had not been so bad and soon Lois lost her fear of the forest. She and Mark explored every cranny of it. They thought it a vast place, though it was really only a few acres in extent. One day their frolics came suddenly to an end. A childless aunt of Lois had come to Rutherglen for a visit. When she left she took the girl with her to her home in a small town far enough away to cut her off completely from the life of Rutherglen. She had not even seen Mark to say good-bye to him, for he had been away from home when she had gone up to the hill farm to tell him the news of her sudden departure. She recalled the ache in her heart and the choke in her throat as she went down the hill again. To go away without seeing Mark was a tragedy to her. It was the first time the world's pain had touched her.

In the six years that had followed Mark had almost been forgotten. They had never met, for the only time Lois had revisited Rutherglen Mark had been away at college. It was not until they were man and woman grown that she came home to stay and met her old playmate again.

The meeting was a surprise and disappointment to both. Each had been unconsciously expecting to see the comrade of years agone. Lois had looked for a lanky, sunburned lad and found a stalwart, broad-shouldered six feet of young manhood. Mark had looked for a demure little maid and found a gracious, self-posssessed young woman. It was long before the chill of change wore off. They could laugh at it now, having found each other again in a comradeship which added the charm of the past to the rich fulness of the present and the promise of the future. But during that first year after her return, when Lois was teaching in the valley school and Mark was fitting himself back into farm life after his two years at the Exeter Academy, there had been between them a strangerhood that was almost resentful.

Lois knew that Mark was working in the triangle between the woods and the newly cleared oatfield and she went down that way under the caressing shadows of the beeches to surprise him. She saw him before he saw her, for he was lying lazily on his back in a little grassy hollow, with his hands clasped under his head and his eyes fixed on the sky. She permitted herself the treat of looking at him for a space with her heart in her eyes and her breath half gone from her in the sweetness of the moment. Then her expression changed to mischief and she threw at him the fir cone that lay ready to her hand in an angle of the fence. Her aim was good and the missile struck him squarely on the forehead. He was on his feet in an instant, looking about him. When he caught sight of her his face lighted up and he came quickly over the hillocks and hollows of fern that lay between them.

Lois hastened to lift her basket and explain her errand

"Aunt Nan wants crottle, sir. And she wants it good, you'll please to remember. She sent me to to tell you so—you, the poor hard-working boy who was too busy to come home to tea."

Marrk aughed and tossed his tumbled black hai from his forehead.

"Really, I haven't been idle all the afternoon, Lois. But a man wasn't meant to work on a day like this. It barks back to Eden—to the untroubled days before the Fall. So I coiled myself up among the ferns to day-dream a bit."

"You don't feel very well yet, I am afraid," said Lois.

Mark smiled tolerantly.

"That's Mother's story. How you women do like to coddle folks! Grippe pulls a fellow down a bit, I suppose—but I'm all right. Look at this muscle—and this—no invalid's arm that, madam! Has Mother been telling you that she has badgered me into going to Exeter for a week? I don't want to go—don't need to go—but these mothers must be humored. I'm glad you came back for the crottle. It just needed you to round out the day."

His pleasure in her coming was frank and open—possibly a little too much so. Lois, with her steady gift of seeing things as they are, recognized this. She knew quite well that as yet Mark's feeling for her did not possess the depth and intensity of hers for him. But she hoped that it would in time, and she calmly acknowledged this hope to herself, with no false shame over it. For the rest, she hid her love from all eyes but her own and waited in her womanly armor for the man she loved to find it out when his own led him to seek it.

Mark clove the fibres of a tough old beech stump with his axe and left it there while he took the basket and set off in search of the lichens Aunt Nan required. By the time they found enough of them the sun was setting and all the woods were brimmed with fleeting ruby splendor. They had come in their wanderings to the Fairy Pool—a mysterious saucer of water rimmed with ferns and shadowed by slender birches; it was fed by no visible spring, yet it never dried up.

"Do you remember the day we discovered this?" asked Mark. "Talk about wonder—surprise—delight—'silent upon a peak in Darien!' I shall never forget your eyes, Lois, when we pushed through that birch coppice there and came so suddenly upon it."

"I felt all the rapture of a great discoverer," said Lois, bending down to dabble her fingers in the unruffled water. "Do you remember the day we quarrelled and you pushed me right into the pool?"

"And then fished you out in agonies of remorse? How wet you were—and how angry! So angry that you would not speak to me, although you had to let me help you up on the fence out there in the sun to dry."

"Oh, I shall never forget it," cried Lois, with a ringing peal of laughter. "I can see myself—a forlorn, dripping mite on that great high fence, trying to be dignified and feeling so furious and drabbled. And you, sprawled out on the grass below me, looking up imploringly and trying your best to appease me. You even offered to loan me your jack-knife for a whole day if I would 'speak.'"

"And you wouldn't. And when you did get a little dry you wouldn't let me help you down but slid off by yourself and stalked home, with that brown head of yours in the air, myself following behind like a whipped dog."

"And I wouldn't stop at your place, although Aunt Nan came out to us with slices of bread and plum jam, but I went straight home where I cried and would not be comforted because I hadn't forgiven you. Your face, as you stood peering after me from the fir lane when I had forbidden you to follow me any further, haunted me tragically all night."

"And next morning I was down in the valley before you were up, waiting for you at your gate, with the jack-knife and a brand-new, nicely peeled willow switch and the blown crow's egg you had always coveted. And when you came out——"

"You poked all your treasures over the gate—"

"And the egg shell fell down and was broken—"

"And I said, 'There now, clumsy'"——

"And Heaven opened before me—and I kissed you through the bars of the gate, didn't I?"

There was a teasing twinkle in Mark's dark blue eyes. Lois flushed rosily and turned away from the pool.

"We were delightful little idiots. Come, it is time to be going back. It will soon be dark."

They wandered homeward through the lanes At the kitchen door they found Aunt Nan, straining her eyes in the fading light over the last pages of the magazine story. Her cheeks were flushed with the excitement of it.

She wanted Lois to come in but the latter refused. She must go home, she said, and Mark insisted on going with her, although she protested.

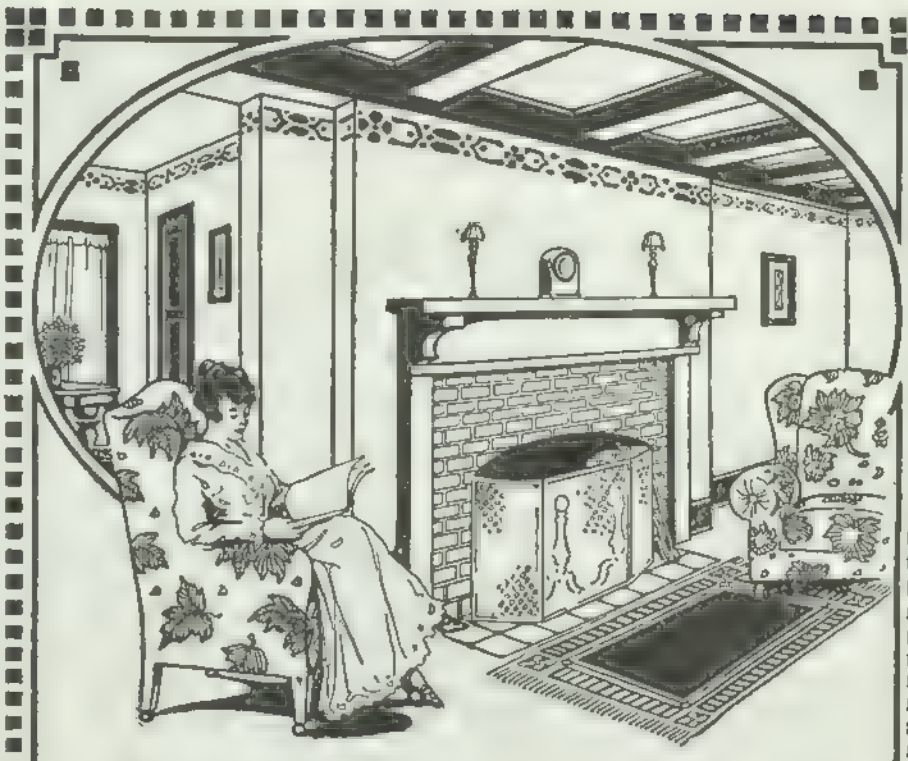
"I'm too big to be turned back at the fir lane now," he said masterfully. "Come along, Lois. No airs!"

He tucked her hand in his arm and marched her off. Aunt Nan looking after them with an inward delight that almost seemed to irradiate her physi cally in the gloom. They walked slowly to make the most of the beautiful evening.

At the gate of the Wilbur homestead in the valley they lingered to watch the moon rise on the shore meadows. Mrs. Wilbur, a vulgar, good-natured soul, so unlike Lois as to make the relationship between them seem like a huge joke on Nature's part, watched them from the sitting room window, turning up a corner of the white blind with a stealthy hand. In her own way she was as anxious for the match as Aunt Nan herself, and also took her own ways of furthering it—ways that sometimes seemed in a fair way to defeat their object, for Lois, burning with shame over her mother's effusiveness, always retreated farther into herself on such occasions and opposed to Mark's frank advances a seemingly impassable wall of reserve and aloofness. Something of this had at last filtered into Mrs. Wilbur's obtuse brain; so she forebore to go to the door and call to Lois to bring Mark in as she would have dearly liked to do.

The two at the gate were not talking in any lover-like fashion, as she supposed and hoped In truth, they were talking but little in any fashion, each being content to linger speechless in the glamour of the night Once a girl went loiteringly by, half pausing by the gate as if ready to join them with any encouragement thereto.

(*Concluded on next page.*)



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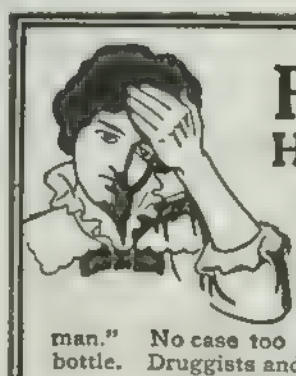

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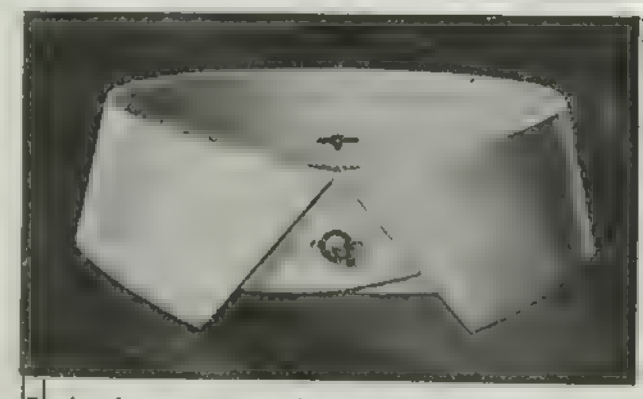

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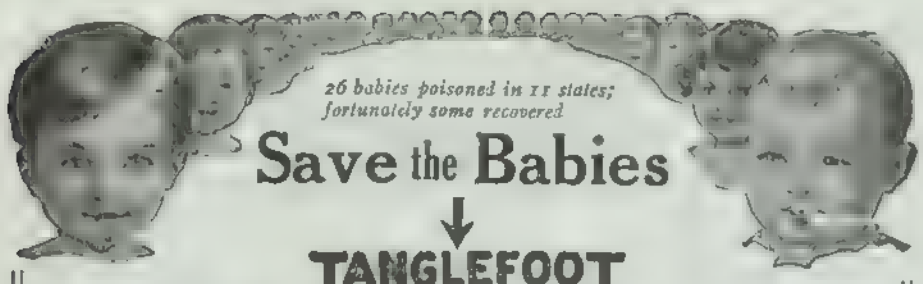

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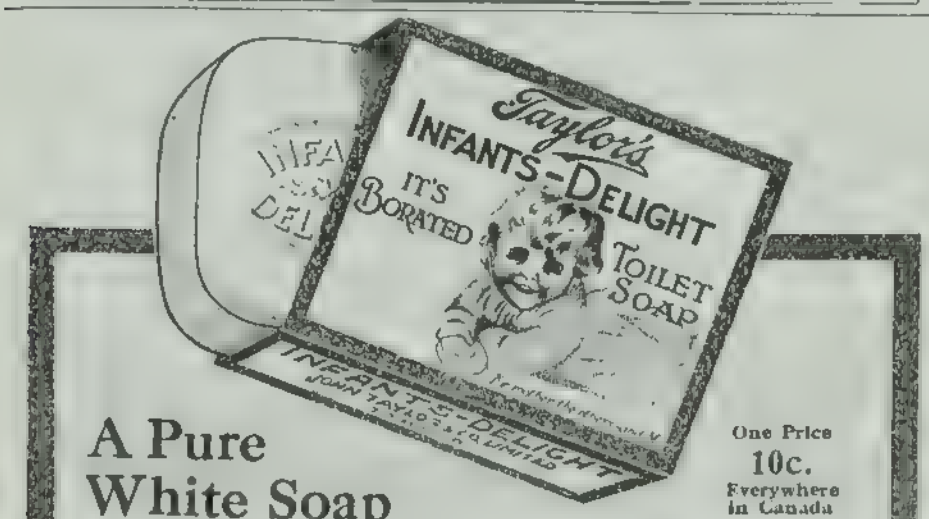

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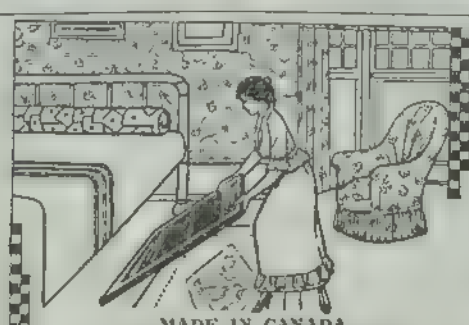

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WHAT THE WOMEN OF CANADA WANT

(*Continued from page 13.*)

agricultural districts of Europe, who, since they have been fighting with the Allies, will naturally look to those countries as a refuge from the disorganized state of their own. Canada seems to be the only country with space enough for all, and if immigration is properly directed and dispersed to the most suitable localities for the exercise of the immigrant's qualification the supreme problem of national development will have assumed less alarming proportions.

After the Boer War our Government gave a half section of land to every Canadian who had gone to South Africa. The duties to be performed were precisely the same as those of the ordinary homesteader. Some few complied with the requirements and got their deed, more sold their scrip, sometimes for very little. Until very recently advertisements of Veteran's Scrip were numerous in almost every newspaper. Public opinion has changed since then and people so realize both the opportunity and necessity for farming that a recurrence of this disregard for the land is not probable. Then too, many suggest to the Government that semi-ready or even entirely ready-made farms be given the Veterans that they may be soon receiving profit instead of having to expend a large amount of money. Canada has had some experience in various colonization schemes, beginning about 1883, and each settlement has samples of brilliant success and likewise of utter failure under the same general conditions, which is proof positive that it is the man himself that is the deciding factor. The land problem developed much earlier in Australia than in Canada, and they have enacted very wise legislation. Similar legislation is now under consideration by our Government. It is possible in the Commonwealth for settlers to obtain land on easy terms of payment, borrowing a large part of their working capital from the Government. In New South Wales they may borrow even the purchase money. It has been suggested that the Crown lands of New Ontario be developed by creating a series of villages, each of them having as its nucleus a farm maintained by the Government, the village and the farm to exchange products.

The Remedy

THE methods suggested by the Government Commission on Unemployment will remedy many of these evils. Various city and labor councils of Ontario, the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, the Union of Canadian Municipalities have all outlined and presented to the Government what they consider practical methods of helping the desirable agriculturist with little or no money to take up a homestead and to tide him over the first few years until there is adequate return from the land; the sum advanced being chargeable against the homestead, but no payment of principal or interest to be demanded during the first three years, but all to be repaid within eight or ten years. While some of the proposals vary on minor points, this is the main outline of all. Mr. John King, Vice Consul for Belgium at Fort William, suggests that the Government lend to settlers $125.00 in their first season for the clearance of three acres of land, $200.00 in the second season for another five acres, and $250.00 in the third and fourth seasons for five acres in each season. To see that these advances are not wasted through ignorance nor carelessness the Government should appoint agents to have control of teams and implements to help the settler. Repayment should be made the beginning of the sixth season, at not more than 5 per cent. interest, to be completed in ten years, the Government having a first mortgage on all that the settler possesses.

By feeding the nation the farmer has done much to fight this war, and he should be encouraged to do more in protecting the Empire from the economical and industrial upheaval that will take place when the world's trade shifts into new channels as it must at the close of the war, for nothing can be re-established on exactly the same lines. Though staggered by her unpreparedness at the beginning of the war, Canada rallied and equipped her forces and sent for the Empire's need 250,000 men to reap the red harvest of Europe. And in answer to the world's need Providence blessed the fields of Canada with a crop almost double that of any former year. It is not likely that a second huge crop will follow, as the wet weather of the autumn prevented increased seeding and preparation of the land. The period of re-adjustment from war to peace will be no less difficult, and unless careful preparation is made now it may be much more serious. The question of employment when rifle and munition factories and other necessary industries of war are no longer needed will be a serious one to those here now as well as to the returning soldiers. After the time spent in the open, and a time of danger and adventure at that, it is unlikely that the men will be content to return to the monotony of offices, factories and stores Farm life with its varied and outdoor exercise will appeal to them more strongly, and those who have been disabled will, no doubt, have to follow different occupations than before. The Japanese army has all soldiers given practical agricultural training for two hours a day on three days of the week, that they may have a means of livelihood when the time for discharge from the army arrives.

Homesteads for All But Women

WOMEN are anxious that all these benefits be conferred on our returned soldiers and on the European immigrants, and they are glad to do their share, but why should not a Canadian or a British woman be given an equal chance? The homestead advantages which have been a boon to so many are withheld from her.

One of the many things Canada could learn from the United States is its fairness on the land question, which permits women to homestead on exactly the same terms as men. Only one class of women have any homestead privileges in Canada, and that is the widow with minor children. It may be solved for the childless widow by adopting a child, but the widow, the desirable homestead and the desirable child do not get together in sufficiently large numbers to either embarrass the Government or put the orphanages out of business

A clever Canadian woman who has been working for several years to have women given reasonable homesteading rights is Mrs. Isabel B. Graham of Winnipeg. By practical pioneer experience, Mrs. Graham knows all about the question, and feels keenly the injustice of withholding from women the right to a home, which is almost thrust upon men of foreign birth who come here only for what they can get out of a free country. The law has done everything possible to put a premium on sons, which no doubt is the reason why daughters are so lightly valued. A man may get a homestead for each of his sons when the son reaches the age of 18, he may also get another 160 acres as a pre-emption, in all 320 acres for each son. Supposing he has four sons, he and they can homestead 1,600 acres, while the man with four daughters who, according to the Government's basis of calculation are not equal to homestead work, and so can give the father no assistance, but are instead a burden, can secure only one homestead and one pre-emption or a mere 320 acres.

A woman may buy land from the man who has homesteaded or from the South African Veteran who does not want it and will sell for very little, but to a woman's mind the logic of this is incomprehensible in view of the fact that the women who have undertaken farming have made a success of their venture.

In British Columbia there are a great many women, mostly from the British Isles, conducting profitable dairy, poultry, bee, vegetable and small fruit farms. When we consider our enormous import of these goods it would seem that the most direct way of increasing home production would be not only to allow but to encourage practical women to take up this congenial and profitable work In Ontario also there are several practical and successful women farmers, but thus far the women farmers of Canadian birth have been greatly in the minority

Miss Georgina Binnie Clark, an English woman who has made a success of farming in the Qu'Appelle Valley of Saskatchewan, is also working for the expansion of the homestead law to enable women to homestead. After a number of years' experience, with everything to learn about crop and climatic conditions in Canada, Miss Binnie Clark is fully convinced that 320 acres of good Canadian land can be worked to produce a net yearly profit of $2,500.00 to its owner, even if that owner be a woman. She concludes her book "Wheat and Woman," which every woman should read, with the following statement, "Never has the opening for women on the land in Canada been so easy or so full of promise as just now. . . . Neither suspicion nor noisy enthusiasm can affect the value of her matchless natural resources. Whichever way one tests her values Canada is rock-bottom."

While legislators of the Prairie Provinces are, in response to the women's demands, tinkering with the Homestead Act, they ought to bring it up to date and should get the Dominion Parliament to give women homestead rights, that they may, in a practical way, do their share toward bridging the chasm between our large body of consumers and our inadequate body of producers.

SCHOOLED WITH BRIARS

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

Mark quickly interposed himself between her and Lois, giving her only the briefest of greetings, and after a moment's hesitation the girl tossed her head and walked on.

Lois looked after her pityingly, even while she glowed with pleasure in Mark's care of herself. She knew why he did not wish her to talk with Alice Craig. His standard of womanly purity was so high that even a shadow on a girl's fair name barred her in his estimation from his womenkind. Sometimes Lois thought Mark almost too severe in his opinions and the unflinching resolution with which he carried them into practice.

"Don't you think you were a little too hard on Alice, Mark?" she asked gently.

"No," he said bluntly. "She's got herself talked about, and I won't have her talking to you, Lois. Perhaps I am hard but I can't help it. I don't want you even to speak to any woman whose whole life isn't as clear as day. She is a blot on womanhood. Mother has grained that into me from babyhood. There is nothing on earth I reverence more than a good woman—nothing I despise more than a bad one."

After a brief silence, Lois said she must go in.

"Good-night, Mark. I hope you'll have a pleasant visit in Exeter."

"I'm glad you're going to stay with Mother while I'm away," he said, taking her hand "You'll be such company for her and the dear woman will be delighted to have somebody to discuss all her deep thoughts with. She's often lonesome, I think."

Lois lay awake late that night thinking of many things and tasting her happiness. Mark, too, kept his vigil on the hill, thinking of Lois—of her strong, sweet womanliness and her satisfying comradeship. He wondered if she cared for him. He thought not, but he resolved that he would make her care in time. He fell asleep at last, with the thought of her hovering over him.

In the morning he went to Exeter.

NOTE—The things that happened in Exeter to make Mark a changed man will be told in the June issue.

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The Good Wife

AT HER FAVORITE TASK

Perhaps the happiest day in the home is that on which the young husband brings his bride there. It is a day set apart. Just the two of them, the best of life in the hollow of their hand, and the world—such a glowing world—before them!

By JEAN BLEWETT

"WILL we be as happy as this always?" is the question in her eyes.

"Forever and a day!" is the answer in his. "There will be no change." There will be change, of course, but they do not realize it, consequently the fine edge of their happiness is not dulled. "Forever and a day" is a phrase coined for the use of lovers the world over.

While the arrival of the wife marks the gladdest day, the arrival of quite another personage marks the proudest. A small personage, not much to look at—that is for the world at large to look at—a pink-faced, wrinkled, helpless bit of a mortal, but oh! the stir his coming creates in that well-ordered household. No one waits on the master of the house, no one pays any attention to person, place, nor thing, save that ten pound parcel just to hand.

On that home-coming day the husband was master of ceremonies. Under his pride of possession and his love lurked a delicious sense of importance. He had stood up tall and handsome and—we hate to tell on him, but truth is truth—with a full sense of being the chief character in the drama. He was the male, tender, protective, but dominant to a degree. It was his bride, his house—it was his day.

This is different. He has somehow, somewhere, lost his self-confidence, his stride—his air of being master of ceremonies. Meekly he advances in the guardianship of a prim nurse; meekly, one might say penitently, kisses the dear woman on the bed. She is everything to him, not a thought does he spare to the new arrival. The night's agony has shaken him, he is trembling, and there are tears in his eyes. An overwhelming wave of tenderness and contrition sweeps over him. He is conscious of a humility new and strange. Leading character! Why he hasn't even a speaking part!

The pink person is introduced. They look him over together. "Was there ever such another baby?" is the question in her eyes. He answers the challenge with a "Never" which carries conviction. "His head is shaped like yours," she says, "and his little finger has a crook in it exactly like your own. Oh, he is his Daddy over again!" "But I hope he will have your eyes," protests the husband. He does not mean it. The pride of parenthood has gripped him. In his heart of hearts he wants the baby to be a fac-simile of himself. Of course if it were a common baby he would not care, but a boy, such a boy! Leave him to his exaltation, leave them sharing the exquisite joy of possession. This is the proudest day of all.

Yet, what comes as a blessing may prove something less than a blessing. The child may grow to be what it should never grow to be—the person of paramount interest in the house.

It is a mistake for any woman to be a better mother than she is a wife. We see it done every day—also we see the effects of it. She is so taken up with the baby she has little time for the father of the baby—who, after all, is a baby himself. Concentrating on her new duties she lets a lot of the old ones slip. She does not give herself the same amount of attention she used to, and she does not give her husband any at all. It shows on her. The sheen goes from her brown braids, her complexion loses its fineness, her figure—well, she should take physical culture, but cannot bring herself to steal the time for it. The blessed baby must not be neglected.

It shows on the man too. He has some lonesome hours. The woman who promised to be his companion for life has become a mere mother. He is a social person, a creature of habit as are most men. Invitations from old friends come pouring in, invitations to pleasant houses. He hates going to things without his wife—he can do it if he has to, of course, a man can get used to anything. So he can, and in such short order. Presently he leaves her behind as a matter of course. Before either of them realize the fact they have learned a thing alien to the "for ever and a day" policy they began with—learned to be happy apart. The consequences are widespread. Oftener than not the man is censured, but in common fairness we must say that it is the woman's own fault. She chose wifehood as her life work. Motherhood is a tender, holy thing, but it forms one portion only of her busy sphere. Let her keep herself a wife first, last and always, if she intends making a success of family life.

With offspring in the home child training becomes the question of the hour. Of paramount importance this question, since it deals not only with the child's success or failure later on in life, but with the parents' peace of mind, and the happiness of home at all times. No child is born an angel, but he, or she, can be led, reasoned, and, yes, coerced into something better for everyday purposes, a wholesome, happy, high-minded youngster, who, if nothing untoward happens, is bound to grow into the sort of man, or woman, whom people love and trust.

Yet this matter is a prolific cause of discord between husband and wife. There is in human nature a vein of contrariness which makes us all like to get our own way. What is merely a "difference of opinion" in the beginning is magnified into "the principle at stake" before we end. Parents cannot see eye to eye always. This is quite natural, and no harm is done unless they allow this difference of opinion to become apparent to the child. And they will need to be most secretive about it if they escape the quick eye and the unspoiled instinct of a child. So little escapes him, he knows almost all that goes on. Call to mind his facility for acquiring knowledge and you will realize that little will escape him of matters relating particularly to himself.

An overwhelming wave of tenderness and contrition sweeps over him. He is conscious of a humility new and strange. Leading character! Why, he hasn't even a speaking part!

Child training calls for co-operation. To make a child weigh in his little mind the wisdom of father and mother, to make him judge the points, and, whether he says so or not, make choice between the two he loves, is to minimize the effect of any training they can give.

Professor Herbert, considered an authority on the question, asserts that the wife, having full authority in all that lies within her kingdom—the home—is the natural guardian of her offspring and should have the last word in everything which concerns them.

If children stayed in the home all their lives this would be feasible, but they grow up and go out in the world, and while it is desirable that they carry with them the tender influence of the woman, they should also have, stored in their hearts, the lessons that only a man can teach. While the children are young the wife has things largely in her own hands. It is not so much a question of superiority as of propinquity. She may not be the highest authority, but she is the nearest. The man of the house has, perforce, to be out of the home a considerable portion of the time—the wife of his bosom is right there. It is to her the little ones come with their needs and desires. It is she who reads their dispositions, sees their gifts and failings, she who laughs at their jokes, makes peace when they quarrel, kisses the hurt place to make it well, sings them to sleep, cuddles and caresses them. They turn their dear hearts inside out for her—she is the wise and wonderful one. She is all the beneficent providence they wot of.

But for all this the co-operative training is in evidence. Back of her is the father to whom they owe not only obedience, but allegiance. And allegiance means a lot. Loyalty is an instinct, a child has it or has it not. Obedience can be exacted, allegiance never. The wise wife instils into the minds of her boys and girls that much is due to the father's tenderness and power. She cultivates their love for him, and if she mingles with it a spice of fear, it is a wholesome compound. She does not threaten "I will tell your Father" on the occasion of each offence, because she has already taught them that whatever she knows their father knows. There are no secrets where Father is concerned. She is never foolish enough to pass over disrespect,

(*Concluded on page 38.*)

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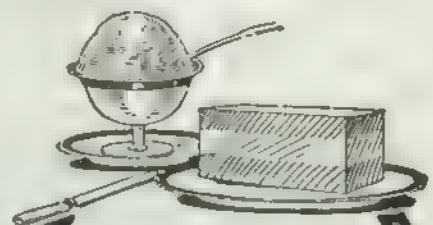

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FARM LIFE FOR CITY BOYS

(*Continued from page 15*)

knowledge by each individual must be based on a thorough training of the powers of observation. Neither the training of the senses nor of the powers of observation can be successfully accomplished by ordinary school processes. The elaborate systems of objective teaching introduced into many schools for the purpose of developing the senses and training children to use their observant powers, were but a farcical substitute for the real, self-active, independent life of the child on the farm.

Formal training of a child's powers can never be as effective as the informal or incidental training he may receive in performing operative processes—and especially processes he plans for himself. No educational process, however perfect it may be, that tries to develop the mind through the eye and the ear without using the hand of the child, can ever truly develop the mind. The mind of the child develops most completely and most definitely when the whole of his being is called into action in performing some operative process; in doing some constructive or productive work with his hands.

The recognition of this fundamental law of education has led to the introduction of the Kindergarten system, and of manual and technical education into the schools. These departments of school work have great practical value both to the individual and to the nation; but their supreme value is their influence in developing the mind and in training the natural tendency of children to be executive and achieving.

Country children have always had excellent substitutes for the Kindergarten and for manual training. The country child never lacks opportunities for many kinds of work with his hands in carrying out his own plans. Out of doors he is truly self-active until he becomes old enough to work, and even then he is mainly self-active in carrying out the general plans of his adult guides.

Speaking from my own experience, I had very developing constructive training. I cut cordwood in winter, and sold it in Bowmanville, eleven miles away, in order to get money to buy tools. I repaired damages to furniture, I made the woodwork of the ploughs and harrows, when the breakages occurred, and I even made the old fashioned tumbling horse rake. The Kindergarten and manual training will aid in giving city and town children as good opportunities for developing their intellectual powers as country children have always had.

Nearly every country boy had a little stream on his own farm, or on a neighboring farm, by which he could get fine intellectual training. He could be an engineer in making dams across it, he could be a millwright in making waterwheels to be turned by the water passing over his dam, and he could build boats to sail on his pond.

But the spiritual foundations for the highest piety of character that are wrought into the fibre of his nature by his life experiences, and by his every day contact with nature in her beauty and her revealing growth processes, give the farm boy his greatest advantage over the city boy. The beauty of the flowers and trees, the glory of the sunrise and of the afterglow, the vision of the white clouds sailing majestically over the blue sky, are soul kindling far beyond the power of the knowledge taught in the schools, even of literature when taught as a basis for spiritual uplift.

The golden visions of a summer day,
When white clouds slowly sail across the blue,
Are more transforming to a waking soul
Than all the knowledge wise men ever knew

There is a great moral force in having regular duties to perform, and in having to do helpful service to the animals on the farm.

The highest conception of human life is partnership with God; not a selfish partnership solely for the advantage of the individual, but a partnership established to bring beauty and joy into human life. When the farm child plants seeds and sees them become plants, vegetables or flowers, he knows that he did not make them grow alone, but that he was working in partnership with a great unseen power. He may not be conscious of this, and no one should try to make him conscious of it by words. By his act in planting the seed he is working into his spiritual life the germ that, when he is old enough, will enable him to understand partnership with God; and he will know that he is the active partner.

Executive moral power is the only type of moral power that is of real productive value to God and humanity. The farm boy is not a dreamer, he must be a worker, a transformer of conditions into better conditions. Both intellectually and spiritually he is trained by experiences, not words, to be executive. He tries to achieve his ideals and he naturally becomes a leader

It is not fair to city children to leave them without the advantages that the country children have on the farm. Progressive educators everywhere are introducing into city schools the Kindergarten, manual training, and great play grounds for free play; and they are guiding the children in making vegetable and flower gardens at home. These progressive ideals will enable city children to overcome partially their handicap, as compared with the children of the farm.

It would be far better, however, if all city boys over twelve years of age could spend five or six months of each year for two or three years on the farm. They would become better scholars, and what is of infinitely more importance, they would be more healthy, more self-reliant, more resourceful, more forceful, more vitally spiritual, and intellectually and morally more executive.

A course of a few months, each year for a couple of years, on a farm and attending a country school would be equally beneficial to the girl as well as to the boy. There are many things that the country girl does and learns as a matter of course which a city child never dreams of doing or learning and which would interest her as something new and novel; and because of this it would not be to her as work but as an interesting and absorbing play.

Knowledge obtained in this way would be learnt by the child rather than taught to her and would, for this reason, be more thoroughly grasped and assimilated

The companionship of the city child would be of very great benefit to the country child; and the mind of each would be broadened and rendered more understanding and a greater sympathy would be brought about between city and county.

THE BOY THAT WAS SCARET O'DYING

(*Continued from page 16*)

Reuben, "you're foolin'—you're alive this minute!"

"Course I be," says the Benjamin, "But that is neither here nor there,—I've died every year since I can remember,"

"Don't it hurt?" says the boy.

"No, it don't," says the posy. "It's real nice. You see, you get kind o' tired o' holdin' your head up straight, and lookin' pert an' wide-awake, an' tired o' the sun shinin' so hot an' the wind blowin' you to pieces, an' the bees a-takin' o' your honey; so it's nice to feel sleepy an' kind o' hang your head down, an' get sleepier, an' sleepier, an' then find you're droppin' off. Then, when you wake up, it's just the nicest time o' year, an' you come up an' look 'round an'—why *I likes* to die, *I* do!"

But some ways that did not help Reuben as much as you'd think.

"I ain't a posy," he thinks to himself, "and mebbe I wouldn't come up."

Well, another time as he was settin' on a stone in the lower pastur', cryin', too, he heered another cur'us little voice. 'Twan't like the posy's voice, but 'twas a little, woolly, sof' fuzzy voice, an' he see 'twas a caterpillar talkin' to him. And the caterpillar says, in his fuzzy little voice, he says:

"What you cryin' for, Reuben?" and the boy, he says:

"I'm powerful scaret o' dyin'!" he says, "that's why." And that fuzzy caterpillar, *he* laughed.

"Dyin'," he says, "I'm countin' on dyin' myself. All my family," he says, "die every once in a while, an' when they wake up, they're just splendid,—got wings, an' fly about, an' live off honey an' things. Why, I wouldn't miss it for anything," he says.

But somehow that didn't chirk up Reuben, very much.

"I ain't a caterpillar" he says, "an' mebbe I wouldn't wake up at all."

Well, there was a lot o' things talked to that boy, an' tried to help him—trees, and posies, an' grass, an' crawlin' things that was allays a-dyin' an' livin', and livin' an' dyin'. Reuben thought it didn't help him any, but I guess it did a little mite, for he couldn't help thinkin' o' what they every one on 'em said, about how nice it was to die. But he was scaret all the same.

An' one summer, he began to fail up faster an' faster, an' he got tired so he could hardly hold up his head. An' one day, as he was layin' on the bed an' lookin' out o' the east winder, the sun kep' a-shinin' in his eyes, so he shet 'em up. He had a real good nap, and when he woke up he went out to take a walk.

Well, he began to think o' what the posies an' trees, and creturs had said about dyin', and how they had laughed at his bein' scaret at it. An' he says to himself, "Why, some ways I don't feel so scaret to-day, but I s'pose I be."

An' jes' then, what do you think he done? Why he met an angel! He'd never seed one before, but he knowed it, right off. An' the angel says:

"Ain't you happy, little boy?" and Reuben says, "Well, I *would* be, only I'm so dreadful scaret o' dyin'. It must be mighty cur'us," he says, "to be *dead*."

An' the angel says:

"*Why you be dead!*"

An' he wus.

ANONYMOUS.

AT HER FAVORITE TASK

(*Continued from page 37*)

whether it is offered to her or, through her, to the father. If she can watch them grow up without growing away from father, and watch father hold fast to his own youth by keeping in touch with theirs, she may call the child training in her home a real success. She has laid her foundation and carried on her work in a way which ensures her the hearty co-operation of her husband in the future. It is in the future she will need it most—in the strenuous days of wing-testing, fluttering, and unrest among the brood.

How often one hears a harassed parent say: "I had comfort with my children when they were little, their love and laughter were the best things in life—ah me! If they could but stay little! They grow up, grow so big they laugh at our ideas, thwart our plans They know it a'l. We heap advice on them which they never think of taking, and love they forget to be grateful for When they were little they made work, and now that they are grown they make worry -of the two things worry is worst."

The wise wife realizes that to achieve the best results she must, herself, get all the gladness she can out of her children, all the good she can, all the love, all the service.

Into child training should go the three great forces of the world, the force of affection, of authority, of example. Add to these the power of personality and we have a potent thing. Of all these things example, perhaps, means most. To teach a lesson well we must first master it.

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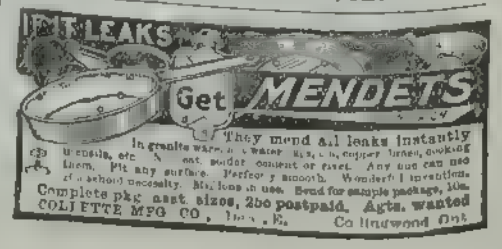


A TRIP THROUGH JAPAN

(*Continued from page 15.*)

the Sacred Bridge, with its posts and rails of beautiful red lacquer, and ornaments of brass. None save the Emperor may step upon this bridge. In ancient times it was open only to the Shogun.

The Iyeyasu Temple is the most gorgeous in Japan. An admission fee of 80 sen entitles one to visit this temple and a couple of others near by. The Iyeyasu Temple was built by the Third Shogun—Iyemitsu—in honor of his illustrious grandfather Iyeyasu, the First Shogun, who was the greatest feudal chief in the middle ages He ruled Japan with a wise but despotic sway for many years.

In order to reach the tombs of these great men, we were obliged to climb farther up the sacred mountain by one of the great stone staircases.

We then walked down to the limpid stream that led us to the granite Buddhas—hundreds of them sitting side by side, solemnly watching the stream as it rushes on.

The shops of Nikko have many curios attractive to the tourist. The shopkeepers have a room in the hotel in which they are permitted to display their wares

Lake Chuzenji is about eight miles from the Nikko Hotel, and before we started the hotel manager gave us all necessary directions and assured us it was unnecessary to take a guide. After going a short distance up the mountain road we noticed an old Japanese following us, and my companion mentioned that it might be unwise to make such a trip by ourselves. This old Japanese finally came to his home and made us understand he would like to take us to the Lake and back in jinrikisha for a small fee. Although we declined his offer he continued with us some distance, pointing out the short cuts. We had several similar experiences, and the courtesy of these humble jinrikisha men gave us a feeling of absolute security.

On the way up the mountain there are Tea-houses placed at advantageous points to command a fine view, where one may rest and indulge in tea and cakes. A jinrikisha may be hired at these Tea-houses in case one does not care to continue on foot.

When we came to the Lake we found it almost entirely surrounded by high and impressive mountains.

In the mountain towns are gutters of running water for the free use of the people. One housewife will be doing the family washing and lower down another may be washing her vegetables in the same gutter.

Kioto is one of the ancient capitals and during the supremacy of the Shogun was the home of the Mikado—the Shogun residing at Tokio.

The largest Temple in Kioto is the Higashi Hongwanji. This is a Buddhist Temple built by the common people who contributed not only money and materials but labor as well. And poor peasant women, destitute of all save their wealth of hair, sent this as an offering to be woven into cables for hoisting beams, etc., in the construction of the Temple.

The work shops of Kioto rank among its most interesting sights and one should not fail to pay a visit to the Damascene, cloisenne and inlaid bronze works, as well as the lacquer and satsuma factories.

Miyajima—an island in the Inland Sea—is known as the Sacred Island, also as one of the three most lovely sights of Japan and it fully justifies its reputation.

It was about daybreak when we made the approach. Sharply chiseled against the sky Miyajima stood forth in all its majesty like a mammoth green and yellow gem resting in a sapphire sea.

The railroad station across from the Island is also called Miyajima.

The Miyajima Hotel operates a launch from the island to Miyajima Station, charging Y1.50 (75c.) for transportation of passenger and baggage. The round trip on the ferry is 13 sen (7½c.) but in taking it one is obliged to walk about a mile to the hotel, as there are no jinrikishas or other means of conveyance on the island. Formerly the island was held to be so sanctified that no births or deaths were permitted upon it. There is still a ban on horses and dogs.

A good trail leads to the top of the mountain, with Tea-houses at various intervals for rest and refreshments. From the apex of the mountain the most wonderful view is beheld of the Inland Sea, dotted with innumerable mountainous islands of fantastic shapes and various sizes.

The temple here presents a unique spectacle at high tide, when it appears to float on the surface of the bay. A big, stately Torii stands in the sea in front of this Temple.

The Hall of a Thousand Mats is a large unadorned hall containing thousands of mats. It gets its name from the fact that while some soldiers destined for China were quartered in this building, they wrote their names on rice paddles and prayed for victory. Visitors frequently buy mats, inscribe their names upon them and place them in some conspicuous place.

A short distance from the Hall of a Thousand Mats is a Pagoda. In Japan these structures are usually five stories high, and they are found near Buddhist Temples. Their presence is supposed to draw down every felicitous blessing from above and repress any evil influence in the particular community in which they stand.

Nagasaki is situated on Nagasaki Bay and from a boat in the harbour it affords a picturesque sight with its terraced rice paddles and beautiful evergreen hills. Its chief industry is the manufacture of articles made from tortoise shell.

We were there during the cherry blossom season and we found the trip to Mogi, which takes only about three hours in a jinrikisha, most attractive. The road led over hills and valleys dotted with numerous cherry, plum and other fruit trees in bloom. Mogi itself is a pretty sight, and is situated on a gulf.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD

(*Continued from page 14.*)

was descending upon them in healing power, and that whoever would lift up his arms and glorify Jehovah would be healed. An indescribable pandemonium ensued. Men shouted and women cried; crutches were thrown toward the platform, and some who had not walked unaided for years, hypnotised by the excitement of the occasion and raised into veritable frenzy, danced up and down in the aisles. The next morning her "Twelve Apostles," as she termed them, were busy nailing crutches and braces of various sorts to the walls of the church. After that her little tabernacle became too small for the crowds that sought admittance. They overflowed into the street, and sometimes she stood in a window and hurled her piercing sentences down among them.

She had a peculiarly capable sense of news values. There was always something in her sermons that the papers could seize upon, and for several months she was a regular help in the time of their Monday edition trouble. She was bitter against the doctors and the preachers; and as time went on her excoriations became rather galling to some of the more sensitive brethren of the city. Two of them, who had been most severely handled by her, at length prevailed upon the police to have her locked up as a public nuisance and disturber of the peace.

I heard about it Sunday night from Pete, and it seemed to me a most unfortunate action. Whatever her vagaries, or those of any other speaker, I have never relished the idea of police interference in the matter of free speech. Moreover, there was no surer way to give form and substance to her movement than by awarding her the crown of the martyr.

It was in this frame of mind that I went home Sunday night. Monday morning I picked up the paper to find her name, as usual, in the paper, and—to my surprise and consternation—my own linked with it.

These were the headlines:

JEHOVASHA ARRESTED

Prophetess Imprisoned for Disturbing the Peace
Says the Lord will send Dr. Jones and Dr. Edgerton to Deliver her.

The reporters were at the telephone before I had finished my breakfast. I put them off with evasive answers, and got Edgerton on the wire.

"What do you think about it?" I said.

"It's a shame she was ever locked up," he replied. "The woman's a drug fiend and probably insane, but she's harmless."

"Just what I think, but what are we going to do?"

He hesitated a moment, and then his great laugh rang out heartily. "I don't see how we can let the Lord fall down on His promises," he said. "I'll meet you at the police station in half an hour."

So we two, Edgerton and I, delivered her, as she had announced that we would do. The inspector brought her out into his own office. As she stepped through the door, I recognized her at once as the "Voice of the Lord," the woman who for a month had written me a daily letter. She was older, and worn, and there were the unmistakable signs that the drug had almost finished its evil work. But her spirit was unbroken.

We talked with her a long time, Edgerton and I. We told her that we had come to deliver her because we believed she had been mistreated, but that we could not agree to go bond for her unless she was willing to leave the city and return to her relatives. At first she refused, but when we made as though to leave she broke down, and, throwing herself upon us, pleaded with us not to leave her in jail. So we arranged for her bail, and adjusted matters with the police officers and the two brethren, who were willing to forget the charge. Edgerton agreed to see her to a train, and to telegraph her people in the city where her name is and always has been an honoured one.

She had stopped crying; while we were busy with the telephone and the legal papers, her eyes followed me from place to place. Finally she spoke:

"I won, didn't I, Doctor?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I told you the Lord would glorify me and that you would be the instrument of my glory. You are, aren't you? A week from now I'll be forgotten around here, I suppose. But to-morrow"—she gave a little chuckle—"to-morrow the papers will say that my prophecy was fulfilled, that the Lord sent Dr. Jones and Dr. Edgerton to deliver me. Won't they?"

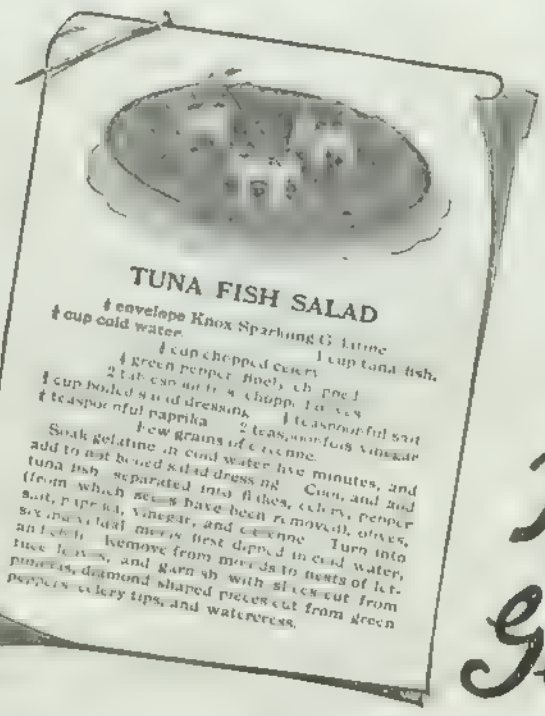
"No, they won't," I answered, "not if Edgerton and I have any influence with the city editors. They won't say anything more about you—ever."

She was silent for a time, until Edgerton stepped over to help her on with her coat. Grasping it with one hand, she turned and raised the other above her head, facing me with a pathetic remnant of something like her old-time fire.

"The Voice of the Lord," she said. "He sent you to deliver me, to be the instrument of my glory. If you don't believe me, ask Him. He will tell you I was sent to restore prophecy upon the earth."

I watched her walk slowly down the street, leaning lifelessly upon Edgerton's arm, until they reached the corner and climbed into a car, and she passed for ever out of my sight.

Here is a New Salad Recipe
for the readers of
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD



TUNA FISH SALAD

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
½ cup chopped celery
1 cup tuna fish,
4 green pepper rings, chopped
2 tablespoonfuls sour pickle, chopped
½ cup boiled salad dressing
½ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful paprika
2 teaspoonfuls vinegar
few grains of cayenne

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add to hot boiled salad dressing. Cool, and add tuna fish separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed), olives, salt, paprika, vinegar, and cayenne. Turn into an oiled mould, first dipped in cold water, remove from mould as to nests of lettuce leaves, and garnish with slices cut from pimentos, diamond shaped pieces cut from green peppers, celery tips, and watercress.

This Calls for Knox Gelatine

Have you sent for your copy of the New Recipe Book?

It tells how to make Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Creams, Candies, also wholesome dishes for the convalescent.

It will be sent **free** for your grocer's name. If you wish a pint sample enclose a 2 cent stamp.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE
180 St. Paul Street, West Dept. F. Montreal, Can.

Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA

My Birthday Party To-morrow, Daddy!

Watch the extra sparkle in the eyes of children—the clapping of the hands and the delighted laughter when Maple Buds are served at the party. Let them eat plenty—they are not harmful in any way; in fact they contain the finest and most expensive cocoa beans, rich, creamy milk, and the best selected sugar blended skilfully.

Grown-ups relish them too—you know that yourself.

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS
A dainty Solid Chocolate

A-51 Name Reg.—Design Pat.

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Let the Children Kodak

Catalogue free at your dealer's, or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED TORONTO

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Saved Hamilton Man's Life

Whole Country Amazed at Wonderful Cure of Mr. John Herman

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Gentlemen:—

I was taken down with Inflamation of the Bladder. During the attacks, which occurred more and more frequently, the agony was unbearable, and I became so weak I could not walk across the floor. The doctors could do nothing to relieve or cure me.

My wife sent for a box of GIN PILLS to try and see if they would help me. From the first they did me good—the pain was relieved at once, and the attacks began to come at longer intervals. I continued taking the pills for six weeks, and then, to my surprise and delight, the stone I sent you came from me and my pain stopped. I have had no return of the trouble, and I have not lost a day's work on account of it since.

There is not the slightest doubt that GIN PILLS saved my life.

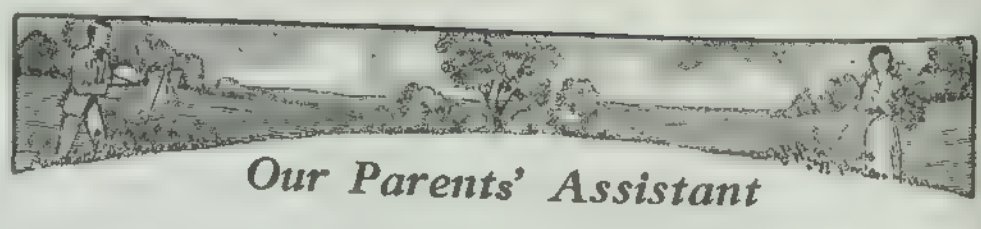
Yours gratefully,

JOHN HERMAN

If you have pains in the back, suspect stone in the bladder, suffer from suppression or incontinence of the urine, or your hands and wrists and ankles are swelling, your kidneys require attention and *you* need GIN PILLS.

If your dealer does not handle GIN PILLS, do not take substitutes, but order direct from us, enclosing the regular retail price—50c. for one box or $2.50 for six boxes. Money cheerfully refunded if GIN PILLS do not do all that we claim for them. Sample free if you mention this paper. 10

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.



Our Parents' Assistant

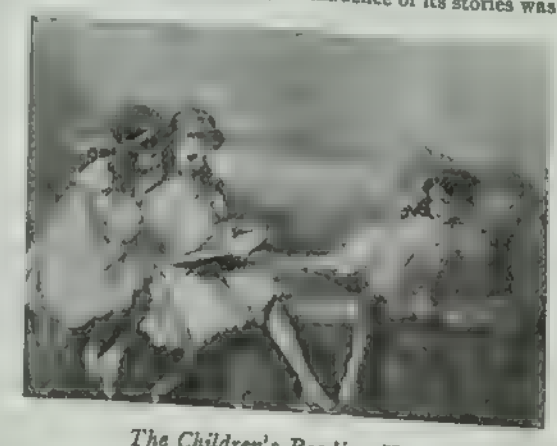
TEACHING CHILDREN TO LOVE GOOD BOOKS

By A. WYLIE MAHON

SOME one has said that to love a good woman is a liberal education. The same may be said of love for a good book, for it moulds the character and shapes the destiny and contributes to the happiness and usefulness as scarcely anything else can do.

Some children grow up in a home where the atmosphere is literary, where the love of a good book comes to them as naturally as their teeth, and far more enjoyably. The first word which Edmund Gosse, the celebrated English man of letters, spoke was "book." Before they could teach him to say "father" or "mother" he said "book," and his passion for his first love increased with the years.

There is no more interesting story in Canadian literature than that of the old rectory at Fredericton, New Brunswick, where the members of the Roberts family were brought up. It was a beautiful home where all the best things in life and literature were cherished in a loving way. Southey himself, who loved his books almost as much as he did his children, and who, when he was unable to read, would take them down from the shelf, and hold them caressingly in his hands, and kiss them good-bye as he put them back in their place, had no warmer spot in his heart for books than had Canon Roberts and his talented wife. No wonder we find that the children of that home were booklovers from childhood. As soon as they were able to read and write they engaged in literary work for themselves, in a childish way, which developed into a little home magazine, which was edited in the garret, to which each member of the family — father, mother and all—was bound to contribute something, either a story or a poem or a sketch or at least a joke.



The Children's Reading Hour

In a literary atmosphere like this it is an easy matter for children to develop a love for good books; they drink in this spirit at every pore; but homes like this are the exception, not the rule. How can children brought up in homes where there is no good literature learn to love good books?

There was a time when no Scotch home was looked upon as well-furnished without a Bible and a copy of Burns, and both were committed to memory, were learned by heart But we are not so well off in Canada. The dust of days and weeks has gathered on many a family Bible, and there is no one to take the place of Bobbie Burns.

In many homes the books and magazines which are read are not the kind of literature to enter helpfully into the life of the family. Eleanor Porter's charming Pollyanna says that Miss Polly must have lived on wormwood and thistles, she was so bitter and prickly. Some children are brought up on books which are far worse than wormwood and thistles, on thrilling tales of impossible adventure, or sensational love-stories which corrupt the taste and morals and furnish false ideals of life. These books and magazines have nothing in them to develop the better side of life, nothing to awaken a spirit of love and helpfulness in the heart This is a serious matter to which home-makers and home-lovers cannot give too much earnest thought.

Good literature is so cheap to-day that no home need be without it. But we are told that it is no use buying good books, for children will not read them. It depends more upon the books than it does upon the children. The man who took home one of Henry James' novels for his children to read, because he heard his minister refer to it as a good book, was of course doomed to disappointment All the candy in the corner store would not have tempted them to wade through a single page of this philosophical story of almost interminable sentences. If he had invested in one of L. M. Montgomery's charming stories, the children would have taken to it as an angel to ministering. No one in Canada has done more than Miss Montgomery to teach girls to love a good book. I have known children to read the "Anne" books over and over again, and to look for a new one as feverishly as some newspaper men look for the first robin in spring time.

The late Professor James De Mille, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, wrote a number of boys' stories —the B. O. W. C. series, the Brethren of the Order of the White Cross—which are ideal books for the young, especially for young Canadians. They describe some of the innocent pranks and thrilling adventures by land and sea, and hairbreadth escapes of the members of the secret society of Grand Pre School. These books are enlivened with a humour which is rich and free from vulgarity and profanity, and contain the most interesting descriptions of historical and romantic spots in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick ever written.

With charming Canadian stories for boys and girls in the home, no one is likely to grow up without some love for a good book.

A distinguished American writer has said that all normal babies born into the world bring with them a love for poetry and music, as is evidenced in the soothing effect of a mother's "Rockaby, Baby." If Wordsworth is right in saying that—

"Trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God who is our home,"

it is not hard to believe that we come into this world susceptible to the musical rhythm of sweet sounds. No wonder poets are declaiming against the scientists who are teaching fathers to take the rockers off the cradle, and deprive these trailing clouds of glory of the sweet lullabies which their poetic natures crave, and also deprive mothers of the darling privilege of rocking the cradle while they rule the world, and at the same time knit socks for the soldiers.

Before children are able to read for themselves a great deal can be done to awaken a love for a good story in the child's heart. What an ideal picture we have of the Rossetti's home, with the children gathered about their mother, listening with open-eyed wonder to the stories which she told. If a mother's heart is the child's schoolroom, no children ever got a finer start in education than the two boys and two girls of that most remarkable family of lovers. Mrs. Rossetti was a beautiful character who taught her children very early to love the choicest things in life and literature. The Bible always held its place in that home as the chief text-book, and the influence of its stories was mightily felt in moulding the characters of the children, and in developing a literary style noted for its sweet simplicity and spiritual grace. Mrs. Rossetti could tell a story well, and a good deal of the information which she imparted in history and literature was put in this form. Long afterwards, her youngest daughter, Christina, in dedicating one of her books to her mother—she dedicated them all to her—put the dedication in these words:

"To My Dearest Mother
In Grateful Remembrance of the Stories
With which she used to entertain her children"

The library in which a child plays has been known to awaken a love for books in the heart. Sir Robertson Nicoll, of world-wide reputation as the editor of the British Weekly, one of the most distinguished literary geniuses of our day, traces his love for books back to his father's library in the old manse in a little Scottish parish. His father was a booklover if ever there were one. A gentleman in Toronto, who was brought up in the village where the Nicolls lived, tells how the present Sir Robertson used to be sent out after dark with a wheelbarrow to bring his father's latest purchase of second-hand books home. It was necessary for the boy to reach home by a back lane that the neighbors might not see him, for his father's parishioners found fault with the way their minister wasted his money upon books.

The responsibility for teaching children to love good books rest with the public school as well as with the home. An American writer has recently uttered an alarming protest about the way Shakespeare is taught in the schools of the United States.

I wonder if we are succeeding better than this in Canada? The writer was singularly fortunate in his college days in having Professor De Mille, to whom reference has already been made, as the author of boys' books, for his teacher.

An amusing illustration is afforded of his genius for making almost any subject interesting in the way he taught his invalid daughter geography and history. He would appear before her as "Mr. Geography" with a map of Nova Scotia, which looked like a rabbit which had forgotten to grow its legs, pinned on his coat. When the subject was history, he would appear as "Mr History," with a box of dates in his hand for which his child had a great liking With mock solemnity he would ask her to swallow one of the dates with each new event in the history of the period Some will wonder how many boxes of dates it would take to make some of our school histories interesting.

Improved methods of teaching children to love good books have been introduced into the public schools, where the teacher selects an interesting story and reads it aloud to the pupils, and then gives them an opportunity of asking questions. Story period soon comes to be the most interesting part of the day's work.

Young people are sadly handicapped who start out in life without a love for good books, who are compelled to seek for companions on the street, and for pleasure at the movies. A love for the beautiful things in literature is the sun and shield of many a life, is the inspiration which goes to the making of the highest types of manhood and womanhood.

Is the most popular
CORSET
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Because it is the best suited to the prevailing fashions, and lends grace with absolute comfort at all times. Whether for street wear, dancing, evening wear or tennis, its peculiar construction and material make it equally desirable. Made entirely of porous woven surgical elastic which gives freely to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure. Boned only at back and front, it affords ample support without uncomfortable pressure. If your local dealer cannot supply you write for free booklet and do not accept a substitute. Six to sixteen inches long. Price $5.25 to $8.00.

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Toronto, Can.

For Good Feet

EACH and every reader is urged to assist us in our fight against the use of high-heeled, narrow-toed foot and deforming boots and shoes. These instruments of torture are sure and terrible in their results, as any medical authority will advise.

Bunions, corns, hammer toes and innumerable pains and aches are caused by them.

We are the only firm in Canada specializing in and encouraging the use of scientifically correct footwear.

The "Natural Tread"

line is designed to keep the feet natural and strong. If you consider yourself a LEADER and an EXAMPLE for better things, wear shoes made like a human foot and stop this silly deforming habit of foot torture.

Get our free books "The feet, and how to treat them" and "The Army's feet and boots" and measurement forms.

All Nurses in Toronto General Hospital wear NATURAL TREADS.

Natural Tread Shoes

Limited
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Keeps Baby From Slipping

Children love to stand up in their high chairs when nobody is looking, and many babies have been seriously injured by either falling over or slipping under the chair table.

You can save your child many falls by having a chair with the **Unger Adjustable Guard,** which absolutely prevents baby from standing up or slipping under.

Ask your dealer for a high chair with the **Unger Adjustable Guard.** If he does not have what you want, write us direct giving us his name and address and your own address, and we will see that your wants are supplied.

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURER LIMITED
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

THE FASHION IN FEET

How We Make Our Feet Fit the Shoes Manufacturers Turn Out

By MARY L. R. BISHOP

THERE is no gainsaying the fact that the average woman accepts unquestionably whatever fashion decrees, whether it be good or bad, hideous, ridiculous or unhealthful, provided it is the "latest thing."

Strange as it may seem, men are the designers and arbiters of the fashion of women's clothing and are responsible for most of the novelties which the great majority of women welcome so eagerly. Manufacturers of shoes turn out lasts with pointed toes and high heels—veritable instruments of torture—and we squeeze and crush our feet into these narrow shoes with a total disregard for the corns, bunions and other foot ills too numerous to mention, which are sure to follow.

Why should we change the shape of our feet any more than the shape of our hands? The foot is a part of the body and its several parts are beautifully adapted to the purposes for which they were intended. The human foot is strong and delicate in construction. The naked natural foot curves under the "ball," but the manufactured boot is not made to fit this curve. The flexible bones of the foot are forced into its unyielding mould and must find some space so are pressed and crushed back upon the arch or on their supporting shafts with pitiable consequences.

Ask almost any woman why she wears pointed shoes instead of those built on natural lines, and nine out of every ten will say "because they make my feet look smaller."

The natural straight feet of the child as nature intended, giving him a chance to grow up with a good firm understanding.

"When a customer tells me she wears a four shoe, when I know she takes a six," a salesman said to me one day, "I don't contradict her. I measure her foot and bring her a larger size. It's hard to get some women to buy a shoe big enough. They want their feet to look small."

High heels, also, are worn to make the foot look smaller. When knee "breeches" came in with garters and felt hats, a rage for high heels followed, and that fashion has been maintained ever since.

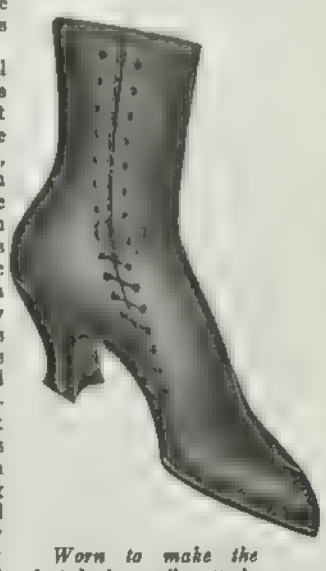
The ankles bulging inward under the weight of the body, which falls to the inside.

This spoils the beautiful lines of the ankles, and is also injurious to health.

The weight of the body falls evenly, and the ankles' beautiful normal lines are retained.

"Hygiene and fashion wage eternal warfare over heels," says Sarah Comstock in 'The Way Feet Should Go.' "While extremists declare that the heel should go, it is the consensus of opinion among conservative, rational physicians and orthopedists that a sensibly placed low heel, broad and not under the middle of the foot, is harmless."

The high heel produces a curious effect on the foot itself. The "Achilles" tendon, that strong tendon which runs from the calf of the leg down to the heel, is thrown up in a false position until in time it actually shortens and loses its vigor. That is why the low heel hurts at first, because the important part of the foot's mechanism has been—for the time being at least—impaired and its vigor can only be brought back by making a practice of wearing low-heeled shoes.



Worn to make the foot look small, utterly regardless of health.

While high heels are bad for all women, they are particularly harmful to the school girl in her formative years for the elevation of the heels gives the body an abnormal tilt which effects the delicate organism and is liable to cause trouble in later years.

You may ask, "What is the proper shoe to wear?"

For some time physicians have been advocating, and some of the more progressive manufacturers have been experimenting on shoes for natural shaped feet, shoes with a flexible sole, a roomy upper, absolutely straight on the inner side to follow the line of the foot, rounding to the outer side, snug fitting in arch, moderate in heel and of lightweight material.

The adoption of this style of shoe by women who suffer from fallen arches, weak ankles, hammer toe and foot troubles in general would give blessed relief. Uncomfortable shoes are an indirect injury to the health, for the tortured victim, is unable to take proper exercise in the first place, and the cramped feet cause nervousness and irritability.

Mothers should see to it that their children's feet are allowed to grow as Nature intended—strong, healthy and beautiful. The two most important things in foot care of children are correct posture and correct dressing. Not so many years ago it was considered the proper thing to walk "turning the toes out." This pose was called graceful and the pigeon-toed child was held up as a terrible warning. To-day extreme toeing out is recognized as a distortion tending toward deformity and the child who toes in, while not to be invited, is choosing far the lesser error of the two. Orthopedists advocate "The Straight Foot." It is being preached by them constantly and is already being taught in many schools and gymnasiums.

To prove that the straight position of the feet is the proper one, Sarah Comstock gives the following experiment:—"Place your own feet in an exaggerated, awkward, pointing posture. What is the result? You notice that the weight, instead of being evenly distributed, tends to fall on the inside. Now look at the inside—the ankle and adjacent portions. They protrude and distort the entire shape of the feet. Next place the feet so that they point forward parallel to each other. You feel the weight of your body resting evenly on the soles, placed thus to receive that weight squarely—you see the ankles straightening up, returning to their normal and beautiful line. Isn't just one look sufficient to prove that this is Nature's position for the human foot?"

Begin by placing your child's feet correctly from the time he first begins to walk. The foot which rests unevenly upon the ground is disturbing the perfect balance of the whole body. This may result in undue pressure upon some spot, causing a corn or an ingrowing nail or that too frequent trouble, flat foot, which results in actual pain and often impairs the entire health by causing suffering and curtailing exercise.

This straight shoe preserves the natural beautiful lines of the foot.

Weak ankles are often the result of constitutional weakness. Frequently nothing but a general toning up of the system is needed to give the floppy ankles firmness. An alcohol rub at bedtime, rubbing up the legs as well as the ankles, is good for local treatment.

Here are some of the exercises recommended by specialists for developing eg muscles:

1. Rise on the toes again and again, increasing the number of times daily.
2. Roll dumb bells with bare feet.
3. Have the child run a great deal. If the weather prevents outdoor running games, let him "run on place" indoors, a familiar gymnastic exercise.

Let the child dance. Any dancing is good but

(*Concluded on page 45.*)

Natural Beauty Is So Comforting!

A naturally youthful and velvety skin makes almost any woman a queen in her circle of friends. She attracts, charms and rules—and is therefore happy.

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream youth-i-fies a sallow, cloudy, aging complexion. It does not cover up. Instead, it *aids nature* in bringing about a natural, youthful clearness and glow.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

This pink cream rubs in and out in its own peculiar way, cleansing the pores of excess oils, blackheads and dust. The face is also exercised, and the tired lines subdued. In short, it gives you a naturally beautiful complexion that is a comfort and a joy. Especially recommended for oily skins. At the stores, 50c, 75c. and $1.00 per jar. An imitation will not please you. Refuse it if offered.

Pompeian NIGHT Cream cannot wake up the skin like Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, but Pompeian NIGHT Cream does soothe and soften the skin *while you sleep.* It overcomes the effects of wind or sun, and gives a velvety softness to harsh, dry skins. At the stores, tubes 25c; jars 35c and 75c.

Both creams are used by many women in a special beauty treatment. First the Massage Cream to cleanse and youth-i-fy the skin, and then the Night Cream to leave on the face over night. Try this beauty hint.

Pompeian HAIR Massage makes the hair healthy and beautiful. It is a clear amber liquid. Not oily. Cannot discolor the hair. Falling hair is often caused by neglected Dandruff or Itching Scalp. Don't wait until too late. Use Pompeian HAIR Massage.

In 25c, 50c and $1. bottles at the stores.

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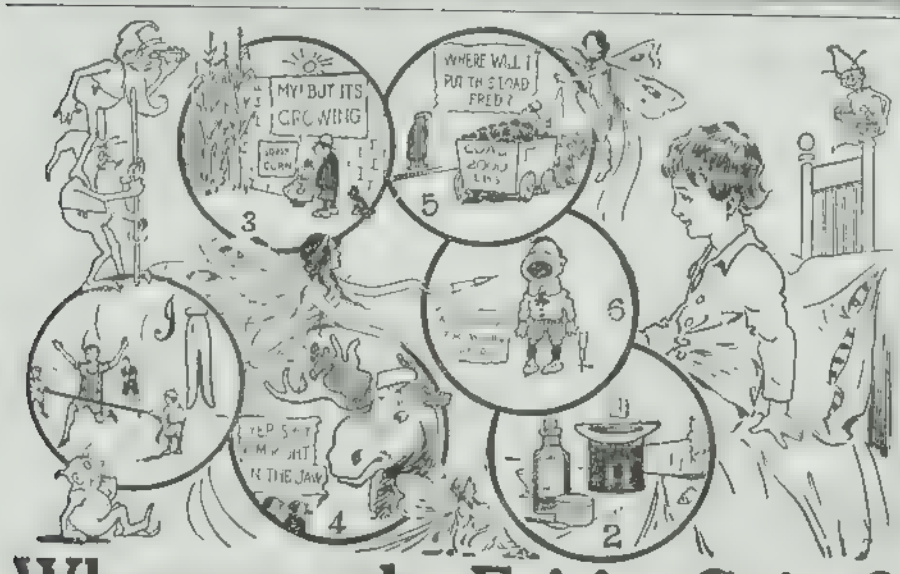

Where are the Fairies Going?

The Fairies and the gentle gnomes
From France have crossed the ocean;
Grim war disturbed their peaceful homes
And so they took the notion

To leave fair France's sunny bowers
And say farewell to sadness,
Now, in this Canada of ours,
They'll charm our hearts to gladness.

And so they came, on bubbles blown,
While you were on your pillows,
One moonlight night, they'd quickly flown
Across the ocean billows.

The bubble pictures tell you where
Each fairy has to go to,
And you can tell by looking there,
The town that each will blow to.

So hurry up! and you shall win
If you can only spot them.
Just think it out and send us in
Your answers when you've got them.

Now Boys and Girls if you can tell
By looking in each bubble,
The cities where each one will dwell
It will be worth your trouble.

$200.00 IN CASH PRIZES

To Boys and Girls Who Can Tell Where the Fairies are Going

Can you puzzle it out boys and girls? The Fairies, each riding a Fairy Bubble, are going to Canadian towns to live. They can't tell you to which town each will go, but in each bubble is a puzzle picture that will tell you the name if you're clever enough to puzzle it out. Just to give you a start, we'll tell you that Fairy No. 1 is going to Winnipeg. If you will study picture No. 1, you will see that it easily represents Winnipeg. Now see if you can guess where the others are bound for. Bubble Picture No. 2 represents a town in the province of Alberta, No. 3 an Ontario town, No. 4 a Saskatchewan town, No. 5 a town in New Brunswick, and No. 6 to a Nova Scotian town. Any good live Canadian boy or girl should know enough about Canada to be able to puzzle them out. It's not easy, but get your Geography book, look up the towns and cities in each province and try. The boys and girls sending the best answer to all 6 puzzle pictures can share in the distribution of the following:

MAGNIFICENT PRIZES

1st Prize	$50 00 Cash	7th Prize	$5.00 Cash	12th Prize	$3.00 Cash
2nd "	25 00 "	8th "	5.00 "	13th "	2.00 "
3rd "	15.00 "	9th "	5.00 "	14th "	2 00 "
4th "	10 00 "	10th "	5.00 "	15th "	2 00 "
5th "	8 00 "	11th "	5.00 "	16th "	2 00 "
6th "	7.00 "			17th "	2.00 "

AND 47 CASH PRIZES OF $1.00 EACH—TOTAL CASH PRIZES OF $200.00

You'll get a free sample package of delicious "Fairy Berries" as soon as you send your answers to the puzzle pictures.

LISTEN! If you would know the reason why For "Fairy Berries" are the fare
The Fairies are so merry,
And dance and sing all days go by
It is the "Fairy Berry.

That keeps them fresh and rosy,
Sweet Fairy berries perfumed rare
As any garden posy.

Next time that you are in the store
Just try the "Fairy Berry"
Ten cents a package, nothing more
And they will make you merry

This puzzle is only for boys and girls who will help us to advertise and introduce "Fairy Berries" the Delightful, New, Cream Candy Coated Breath Perfume that every body just loves. As soon as your answer to puzzle is received we will write and tell you if it is correct and send you a free sample package of "Fairy Berries" to try yourself, and with it just 25 big handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c. each. The only thing we ask you to do in order to compete for these big cash prizes is to introduce just 25 packages of "Fairy Berries" among your friends. You will surely be glad to do this in return for this grand opportunity to win a big cash prize. It is easy. Just open your sample package and ask all your friends to try a "Fairy Berry." They'll be so delighted with them that everyone will buy a package or two at once. Just a couple of little "Fairy Berries" will purify the mouth, sweeten the breath and give it a delicious lasting fragrance. They are so truly delicious that they delight everyone. No breath perfume nearly so fine has ever been put out before. Every man and woman you tell about "Fairy Berries" will buy from you and you'll sell these few in less than no time. As soon as you return our $3.50 from the sale of the Fairy Berries you will at once receive all charges paid, a handsome and valuable reward (we'll tell you about it when we hear from you) and your answers to the puzzle pictures will be qualified to go before the judges who will award the big cash prizes. You can win a $50.00 cash prize. Send your answer to-day.

This Contest is Absolutely Free to All Boys and Girls

We want to quickly advertise and introduce "Fairy Berries" to everybody. This is our plan of doing so. Only boys and girls under sixteen years of age may compete and there are no rules or conditions to fulfil except as stated above. Write your answer on one side of the paper only. Give full name, address and your age. Write your answer in your own hand writing and be neat because in addition to the correctness of your answers, neatness and hand writing are the points which will be given greatest consideration when awarding the prizes. The contest closes at 12 o'clock noon July 31st and the prizes will be awarded immediately afterwards by a committee of three judges having no connection with this company. Send your answers to-day and get in line for a big prize and a fine reward as well. Address The "Fairy Berry" Puzzle

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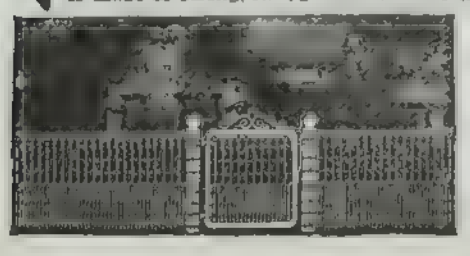

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The Girl Who is Engaged

HER DRESS AND THE EYES THAT GAZE UPON IT

By ELIZABETH BURTON

THERE have been ever so many stories told of what Angelina was wearing when Edwin first saw her. A young man who was telling his favorite aunt, not long ago, of his engagement to the nicest of girls was asked if she dressed prettily. "Why, she seems to wear just what is right," he answered promptly. "The first time I met her she was wearing a blue dress—yes, it was a kind of misty blue."

The question has often been discussed whether woman dresses to please the fancy of man or to excite the admiration (some say envy) of other women Probably there is a mixture of motives. At any exclusively feminine gathering, tea, bridge, or luncheon, the gowns are sure to be as richly adorned and as modern in style as the means of the wearers will allow. Yet you may notice, in any social gathering, where men and women mingle freely, there is an added grace in the attire of the latter, a subtle difference, which is a concession to the sex which is supposed to indulge in the selecting of a life partner. The human race, in fact, rather reverses the usual order of nature, for among the lower creation, it is the male who possesses the showy physical attractions—but when we come to mankind, we find, in civilized countries, that woman has claimed fuss and feathers for her own and has left man to the enjoyment of that sad-colored costume—evening dress.

As to the impressiveness of woman's attire, it is my belief that the average man is rather attracted by what he considers simplicity. Sometimes what he describes as simple may be a costly form of that quality, for there is nothing for which a higher price is asked than the studied simplicity of the most artistic costumes. The conspicuous gown may attract a certain kind of attention which frequently results in far from complimentary remarks concerning the wearer; but it is the becoming, but unobtrusive attire which is remembered as having a certain individual charm. In the early Victorian days it was the white muslin gown which possessed the strongest attraction, if we are to believe the novelists of that period. The heroine wore white muslin in nearly every English love story and was a most bewitching maiden when ringlets and a clustered bouquet of rosebuds were also among her adornments.

The world has known many chances and changes. Kingdoms, empires and republics have arisen and flourished and passed away—but the rule of the maker of modes and fabrics remains, in an ever-altering world. Woman's interest in gowns is not going to be repressed, in spite of hard times or war's demands—it will merely seek simpler forms of expression. There is no question that, for the young girl, the concern about clothes is very closely associated with what "he" will think about the new gown or hat. For the time being the opinion of the one boy friend is more important than the estimate of all the girls. Consequently, the masculine opinion concerning what woman should wear is, by no means, to be treated with contempt. The young man's vocabulary may be very limited when he comes to describing a gown; but in spite of the scarcity of his adjectives, you will find that his views on the subject of feminine attire are quite decided.

Curiously enough, we find romance sometimes attaching itself to what is worn or old. What dress in poetic chronicles is better remembered than Enid's "faded silk"? Don't you remember how that gallant soldier, Prince Geraint, found the fair maiden, clad in that old-time garb, in her father's hall, for they had been despoiled by their wicked kinsman, Edyrn, of all their finery? But the faded silk only made the beauty of Enid seem all the more pathetic and flower like by contrast, and Geraint was all the more led to love her and to look forward to the day when Queen Guinevere herself should give Enid, as his bride, wonderful garments, all bejewelled. But Enid, even when assured of Geraint's love, was hardly happy in her faded silk, and sighed for a garment stolen from them years ago, "all branch'd and flower'd with gold." It came back, as if by a miracle, but Geraint would not have it worn by his lady-love on her journey to Caerleon and insisted on the faded silk instead.

This much may be conceded—that dainty (not necessarily expensive) dress is a means of heightening feminine attraction in the eyes of man. There is little need to fear that woman will ever become too masculine in her attire. Sport, of course, calls for a certain severity of costume; but even for ski-ing or riding, there is a subtle difference in woman's garb which makes it her very own. In fact, there has been no riding-habit devised which quite does away with woman's distinctive taste for an individual style, while the average tobogganing costume is altogether bewitching, with its bright coat and jaunty cap. The girl who is engaged may rest assured that the more feminine she is in her decorative taste in dress, the better her lover will be pleased

The young girl who realizes that she has found favor in the eyes of the "only man" in the world is naturally anxious to appear at her best before him. But will she remember that her best does not imply lavish expenditure so much as time and thought concerning what suits her best? Ler her consider this, that a man is impressed by the general effect rather than by extravagance in texture or trimming.

"Why don't more women dress like that?" asked a young man one day as a girl went by, clad in a simple blue linen gown and a white hat trimmed with a dainty wreath of forget-me-nots

"What do you like so much about it?" asked another girl, rather interested in the masculine point of view.

The question has often been discussed of whether woman dresses to please the fancy of man, or to excite the admiration (some say envy) of other women.

"Well, it's pretty and restful, and makes her look as if her clothes were not a bother to her," was the prompt reply.

The quality of neatness is one which a man is quick to notice and commend in feminine attire. This does not mean primness, which is quite another matter. The old-time fashion of drawing the hair tightly from the forehead, making the unfortunate girl look as if she were being pulled backwards, was a most unbecoming style, quite as much to be condemned as the over-elaborate coiffure, all puffs and curls. It was a Cavalier poet, Robert Herrick, who praised "a sweet disorder in the dress" and who further discoursed on—

"A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part."

The Puritan fashions were painfully prim and plain, and yet Longfellow manages to present Priscilla to us as a very attractive maiden. Of the two extremes, the over-adorned is the more unpleasant, as it is associated with women who hold their favors very lightly.

An Englishwoman, recently commenting on the number of actresses who have married "well" (in the social sense of the word) says:—"It must be remembered that these girls study the art of dress to perfection and are acquainted with all those little touches and devices which make woman most attractive. The best of them do not dress in what is called an 'actressy' fashion, but their gowns have an effect of smartness which is eminently pleasing." There should be a happy medium between the ultra-smart and the slovenly, and happy is she who finds it. There is a quality quite indefinable in English, to which the French give the name "chic," which means more in attraction than prettiness or novelty, and which is possible of attainment or development. This quality is cultivated extensively by feminine members of the theatrical profession, with the result that those of the higher ranks possess an unusual charm of dress and voice. While there are qualities more important from the standpoint of character, still one cannot blame a girl for desiring this particular one, nor a young man for paying it a tribute of admiration.

There is a certain coquetry of dress, which may be pleasing or the reverse, according as the wearer is skilful or clumsy in its display. Dickens, as well as any writer, has shown its charm in the description of delightful Dolly Varden and her artful ways. Dolly's billowing skirts and flower-trimmed bonnets, tied with cherry ribbons, were just the most distracting features of feminine apparel and were enough to turn the heads of masculine London. We are living in a sterner, more practical age, it may be, but the lure of the distinctively feminine, in gown or hat, will never disappear—and the world would be much duller if it were to vanish from the scene.

It may be a depressing consideration at first, to the poor girl, or to her of limited means, that dainty clothing has a decided value as an item in feminine attraction. Yet there are few girls

(*Concluded on page 45*)

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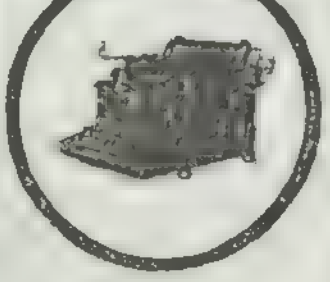

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MAKE SURE OF THE FUTURE

The Best Way Forward

By HELEN WARD

"MY dear, to turn back is sometimes the best way forward. The mistake is not yet irretrievable. If I can help I will, even at the risk of being called meddlesome for my pains," and Mrs. Gladwin laughed her own gay, light-hearted laugh, which was echoed with a funny abandonment of merriment by a roly-poly baby in her arms. "Yes, yes, little man," she continued, tipping the crowing infant backwards and forwards to his huge delight, "we know it will all come right in the end, don't we? When your Daddy has had another chance to think it all out, he'll make quite, quite sure that you, and your sweet little sister and Teddy and Don—to say nothing of your mother—will be all right whatever happens."

But the baby's mother was not so certain. She was a pretty young woman, prettily dressed, but her eyes looked as though she had been crying, and the corners of her mouth drooped as though she wanted to cry again. She shook her head in answer to Mrs. Gladwin's attempts at consolation. "If anything does go wrong, it is all my own fault; I can't get over that," she said. "When Lucy was born, Alfred wanted to insure his life, but our expenses were so heavy, I just begged him to leave it for a year or two. Again a little later, he told me we must be careful and save enough for insurance. It was immediately after I had bought that brown velvet suit you thought so becoming, and he talked dreadfully—about accidents and diseases—and I was cross. At last he said, 'A wilful woman must have her way, but don't blame me if you live to regret this day's work.'"

Mrs. Gladwin stopped dancing the baby. "Be quite frank with Mr. Brown. Tell him you see you were wrong," she counselled. "I have tried to, but he won't listen. He takes it as if I grudged him any recreation. He used to think golf too expensive, but now—" "It's a fine healthy sport. It is a pity it costs so much."

"Everything is terribly expensive," returned Mrs. Brown dolefully, "but that's not the worst. On Saturday night, I had such a fright. Alfred was running for a car and got in the way of an automobile, and was knocked down. Mr. Martin saw it and had him carried right home. He was only bruised a little and stunned, but I thought he was dead, and—do you know?—it was dreadful of me—but it came into my mind like a flash—'Oh, my poor darlings, how you will blame your Mother, when you know it was her fault that Daddy didn't provide for you.' I can't tell Alfred that I thought of it then. I do love him, and I would not hurt his feelings for any money. Yet I can't forget it. It's like a bad dream. We have nothing—absolutely nothing outside Alfred's salary, except the things in the house, and the new dining room furniture is only half paid for. If the children had to depend on me entirely, I don't know what could be done. I should have to take in sewing—or—or boarders."

"The one thing you need to do to-day is to tell Mr. Brown that you want him to insure and that you will help him to do so."

"Won't you tell him, Mrs. Gladwin?"

"No; but I'll help you to tell him, if you wish. Bring him over to tea to-night—an old-fashioned six o'clock tea—and we will get out your confession between us. In the meantime, go home; look over your accounts and see where you can cut down expenses in the housekeeping."

Mrs. Brown blushed. She kept no accounts. However, she spent the rest of the morning trying to plan out a scheme to keep the necessary expenditure within a certain proportion of her husband's salary, instead of continuing as heretofore, in the reckless, happy-go-lucky fashion of spending as much money as she could beguile him into giving her.

Alfred Brown was a careless, easy-going young fellow, with a decided preference for following the lines of least resistance, and on this occasion, though not caring much about the type of entertainment offered, he submitted, with martyr-like resignation, to being taken out to tea.

But his hostess, with her good looks and good cheer, soon charmed him into forgetting that he was a martyr. With Brown, artistic surroundings greatly enhanced the enjoyment of a well-cooked meal, and he complimented Mrs. Gladwin rather effusively on her pleasant home.

This gave her the opening she wanted. "It is a pleasant house," she answered, as she refilled her guest's cup with tea made exactly to his liking, "but if things had been left to my management, I certainly should not be living in it now, and I am frightened to try to imagine what might have become of the children, if their future had been left to my tender mercies. Instead of their being able to stay at school and finally go to the University, I suppose they would have had to go to work in some shop or factory at fourteen."

Mr. Brown looked at Mrs. Brown, but she was studying her plate. "Mrs. Gladwin, what do you mean?" he said.

"It's quite a long story, but, if you care to hear it, I'll be as brief as I can; then we will get to our game."

"I'd rather hear you talk than play any kind of game," protested Brown politely, and just then he meant it.

"Before we were married, my husband was in a pretty good position at Ryecroft's," began Mrs. Gladwin. "He was able to show me all the attention of a lover, and his visits were all pleasant ones, spent with little thought on my part for life after marriage. As a girl, I had never been used to much money, and silly little thing that I was, when I was married, my husband's salary seemed like riches and I wanted to do all kinds of impossible things with it." Mrs. Gladwin's voice took a reminiscent tone, and she smiled rather quizzically as she recalled the unpractical ideas of the young bride that had once been herself. "Tom was seven years older than I, and perhaps he was more prudent by nature. Before we were married, he told me we should have to live very carefully, and I told him I could be happy in the merest cottage, but when it came to working out the practical details, I broke down. I wanted to eat my cake, whether there was any for the future or not, whilst Tom was determined that we should lay by something for a rainy day."

He was able to show me all the attention of a lover, and Tom's visits were all pleasant ones, spent with little thought on my part for life after marriage.

"I know," remarked Brown condescendingly. "To a pretty young woman, Paris hats and tailor-made costumes seem the most important things under the sun, whilst the man, with his larger outlook, realizes the necessity of provision for the days when his earning power will be less, or nill."

"Oh, Alfred!" was all his wife could say.

But Mrs. Gladwin nodded and continued, "That was exactly the way Tom looked at it. He insured his life much more heavily than I thought wise, and even now I can't help feeling sorry that he allowed himself so little pleasure and so few holidays, but it was his great comfort at the last—he lived only a very few years after our marriage—that the children and I were safe from poverty. He was so pleased to think that our little home would not be broken up." Mrs. Gladwin paused, adding, "Ever since it came into my hands, I have felt that money was a sacred trust, for it stands to me for dear Tom's unselfishness. If I had those happy years to live over again, I am sure of one thing, I would not leave all the self-denial to my husband, but oh, I am thankful he persisted in carrying out his plan, for I know now how hard it is for a woman, with no special training, to support herself and two children—"

"——H'm, it would be harder still with four," muttered Brown under his breath.

"—and at the same time to make a home for them. I don't believe I could have done it."

"I think you can do anything, Mrs. Gladwin."

She shook her head. "It would have broken my heart to give them up or to ask for charity, but, if I had had my own way, it would have come to that. The boy was just such a manly little fellow as your Teddy, and my girl was a wee thing of two, with blue eyes and soft yellow curls. What should I have done if I had had to part with them while I went out to work? I can't bear to think of it."

"Alfred," gasped Mrs. Brown, "I have a confession to make. You were all right and I was all wrong when you wanted to—to insure your life. And listen, I've been thinking things over this morning, and I'll be so economical till we are quite, quite safe about the children that you'll hardly miss the premiums. There are bosts of

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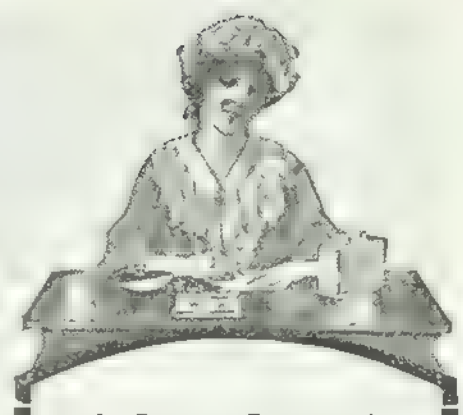

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I have a surprise in store for you—do try and come over to-morrow—you can't guess what it is? A gift for my new home, and I'm so proud of it. I can hardly wait till you come. You remember my telling you that John was going to give me something for our home. Well, what should arrive yesterday but a magnificent Williams Player Piano, finished in a beautiful deep mahogany, and it just matches our living room furniture. Oh! I'm so proud of this wonderful gift, Julia!

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They have a very interesting and educating booklet called "Art and the Critic," with the autobiography of many prominent musicians, and illustrations of their artistic models. They send you this book free, Julia, upon request. Be sure to come over to-morrow and let me play one of your favorite opera airs for you.

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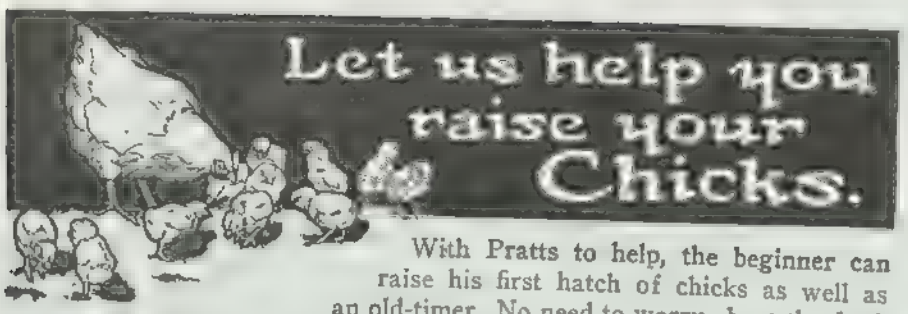

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Poultry

By N. C. CAMPBELL, B.S.A.

A Profit-Making Opportunity

ONE big profit-making opportunity which many poultry keepers overlook is their failure to sell their two-year-old hens during late Spring and very early Summer.

There is great demand for "chicken" at this season. The price is high. Old hens sell at a price almost fabulous, if they are fat and in good condition. Later on these same hens are a drug on the market and will bring only from one-third to one-half of the price that they now command.

We must figure on this matter of depreciation in price; we must, if we are wise, calculate closely the cost of feeding the hens during the Summer and early Fall and reckon on how many eggs they will probably lay should we decide not to sell them now.

Most of us have gotten so used to doing things in the way that grandmother did them and in the way that father always followed, that it takes something akin to a distinct shock to make us think and act so as to make the most out of seasonal opportunities like this which I have just pointed out in the poultry keeping business.

If we face the situation squarely and figure correctly, we find that if our hens have been laying well during this, their second season, including the past Winter, that we cannot expect any large continuous crop of eggs from them after late April. Most of the old hens will want to set and go on holidays and just be content to board with us at our expense.

Now I have pointed out the opportunity; what are you going to do about it? If you need a market for any quantity of year-old or two-year-old hens and wish my help in directing you to a suitable market, you may feel quite free to write me for such services as I can give. In writing be sure to enclose three cents in stamps covering the cost of postage on reply, and to give name and address plainly.

* * *

WITH the chickens hatching out and those still to be hatched many of us have a big problem to solve in brooding. As a rule it is quite an easy matter to hatch chickens. It is much more difficult to raise them.

The best brooding will not make strong chicks out of imperfectly hatched ones; and perfectly hatched chickens require good brooding for entirely satisfactory results. Good chicks can be spoiled in the brooding, whether they are cared for in brooders or by mother hens.

In my experience I have not found it advisable to attempt to use cheap home-made contrivances for brooding chicks. A cold rain and two or three days of unfavorable weather, such as we often have in most parts of Canada during May, are liable to play havoc with the chicks being artificially brooded in make-shift home-made contrivances. I paid my price of experience in this connection before I learned better.

A brooder must furnish plenty of warmth as a matter of course. It must also furnish a constant supply of pure, warm air passing through the hover where the chicks are brooded so that at all times their tender lungs may be fully supplied. Imperfectly heated and poorly ventilated brooders kill millions of chicks every year, because of the air not changing continually under the hover; it soon becomes foul and poisons the youngsters, often causing throat and lung troubles. These troubles in turn cause death, which the poultry keepers sometimes lay to wrong methods of feeding or some other reason.

I like to have my brooders set out in a nice, clean, sunny place. The brooder ought always to be thoroughly disinfected before the new chicks are put in.

If the weather is indifferent, the outdoor brooders are better placed under a shed.

While I would advise following the directions given by the manufacturer of any particular brooder, it may be of use to some of my readers to know that the correct temperature for the brooders is about 90 degrees F. at the time that the chicks are put in. The natural heat of the chickens will raise this temperature under the hover to about 95. This temperature will be right for the first few days. It may gradually be reduced to 90 after the chicks have been in for a week and can be brought down to 85 at the end of two or three weeks; then to 80 when the chicks are three or four weeks old.

* * *

LICE must be guarded against. See to it that they are kept off sitting hens. Never let the lice get on to the chicks and be careful to keep them out of brood coops.

The large head lice, that fasten themselves to the head of chickens, will cause death unless they are destroyed by the use of grease of some kind or by a special head lice ointment.

The body lice, which torment hen and brood, must be killed by filling the plumage of the hen full of lice-killing powder once a week.

The mites that infest the coop must be kept down with liquid mite killer.

Unless we take these precautions and attend strictly to the matter of keeping down lice, we have little chance of satisfactory results in raising chickens

A Tale of Two Fowls.—Ma Duck she lays a bigger egg than the helpful hen can lay, but when she's through she cackles not, but simply walks away. And so we scorn the silent duck—but the helpful hen, we prize—which is only another way to say that it pays to advertise!

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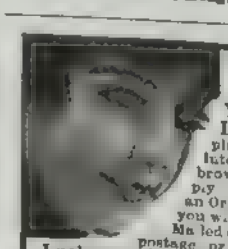

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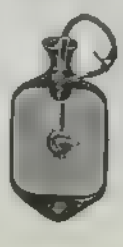

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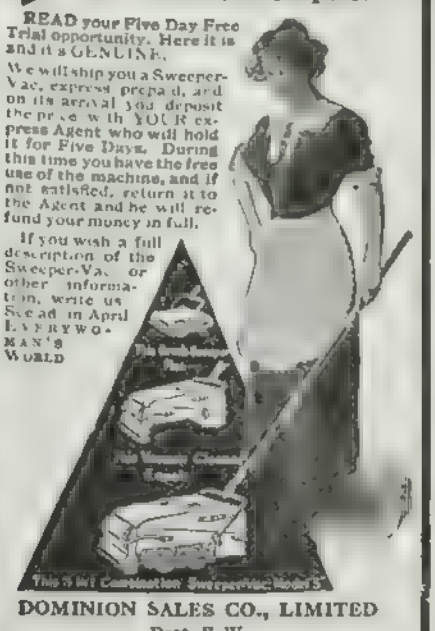

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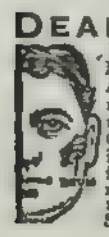


I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD Suite 202, 156 5th Ave., N.Y. City

HER DRESS AND THE EYES THAT GAZE UPON IT

(Continued from page 42)

in the ordinary walks of life, who cannot be dressed attractively—in such a way as to suggest all that is womanly and refined. A young wife referred laughingly one day to her "proposal gown."

"Why do you call it that?" asked an old friend in pardonable curiosity.

"Well, I have always thought that it had much to do with Jack's proposal. We had been good friends for some time, but I really did not know whether he cared a great deal for me, because Jack has a remarkably pleasant manner to everyone. One day we were going across the lake for a picnic, and I determined to wear a pretty new gown, with a tiny pink flower in it. Really, it gave me quite a 'brightened-up' look, as if I were going to a picnic for the very first time. Jack 'took notice' at once, and I felt sure that something serious was going to happen before we got across the lake again. He proposed before the boat got fairly away from the wharf on our return journey—and I've always thought that the tiny pink flower had something to do with it."

"But suppose there had been a storm and the gown had become all bedraggled?"

"Then I should have trusted to good luck and had that gown done up beautifully for the very next holiday occasion. But, honestly, the look in Jack's eyes that day taught me a lesson. Men like dainty and pretty things—and the stronger and more manly they are, the more such things in women make an appeal to them. I made up my mind then that never would I appear without some touch of unusualness or brightness, which would make the difference between something you just put on and a gown which really belongs to you."

"But isn't it a dreadful bother to be thinking always of what to wear?"

"You don't need to be thinking of it always. That is the secret of getting in the way of planning new little collars, or an organdy vestee which makes your old gown look quite different. It does not take much time nor money, and I'll admit it makes a real difference in the day's work to feel that one is looking fairly decent, after all."

"But it keeps one continually looking out for changes in one's wardrobe and, after all, a kimono is a real comfort."

"All I can say," persisted the young matron, "is that it is quite worth while to dress in a way that makes life more interesting for your husband and the household. It does not mean extra expense—it means extra care and the pleasure in the end of knowing that you are giving a little enjoyment to someone else. If there is anything worth doing, it is proving to your husband that he didn't make a fool of himself when he proposed to you."

THE FASHION IN FEET

(Continued from page 41)

gymnastic dancing is especially adapted to the needs of the weak foot. Dr. Kenyon says youngsters should be taught to use their toes as much as possible like fingers. She encourages toe games, such as picking up a ball, a piece of paper with the toes without letting the fingers help.

Next to seeing that a child treads the ground evenly comes the question of dressing the little feet correctly. The baby should go bare-footed while he is in long clothes, unless his feet are cold. His first shoe should be an Indian moccasin or a correct kid shoe. The little stockings, which are also omitted while the dresses are long, must fit perfectly. Avoid having them too tight or over loose for they then form folds which rub inside the shoe.

Some of the little foot ailments which many a mother passes by are the sort that grow like weeds. Soft corns and soreness between the toes are often the result of neglect in bathing. Care should be taken that soap and water get in between the toes, even though baby does curl them up, and that the drying is absolutely thorough. Always trim the nails straight across and keep them reasonably short; but if there is an inclination to press in at the sides, cut a small V in the centre of this straight edge. Nature will draw the nail in order to mend this little nick, and so will pull it away from the ingrowing edges. When the flesh has been actually cut by the nail, an antiseptic should be applied.

Deformed nails mean pressure, as do callouses and hard corns. The one simple obvious remedy is to remove the pressure. Rub vaseline on any spot where signs of a corn are showing and if one has not already formed, remove with vaseline and hot foot baths, never with a knife. A corn which is badly inflamed should be treated only by a physician, and every one should be cured by removing the cause and wearing hygienic shoes.

Pointed toes are the real cause of bunions. When a bunion has formed, have it treated by a physician, but prevention lies in the straight inside edge of the shoe. Overlapping of the toes, often called "hammer toe," should be treated by lacing a strip of adhesive tape under and over until the toes resume their proper position.

The baby's ten little rosebud toes are destined for some of the most joyous uses of life, and it is every mother's duty to give them a fair chance.

MAKE SURE OF THE FUTURE

(Continued from page 43)

ways in which I can help to save, are there not, Mrs. Gladwin?"

"So this is a deep-laid plot between you," said Brown, looking from his wife to his hostess.

"My part has been a very small one," said Mrs. Gladwin, "but if I may take a hand in this affair—"

"I like that. I suspect it was all your doing."

"No, indeed, but one of my pet notions is—'never put off till to-morrow'—"

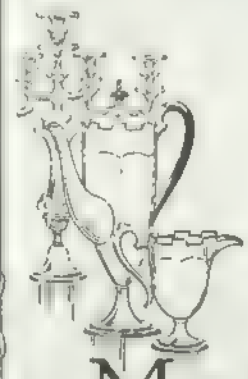
Brown rose from the table. "Seriously, I am rather of your mind in this matter. And I think I'll just run over to a friend of mine, who's in the insurance line, and consult him as to the best form of policy for me to take out.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE V

June Weddings

A Wedding Present is just a little different from any other gift. There is a sentiment attached to it, that remains for a lifetime.

Those, who are going to make some June Bride the happiest girl in the world, will like to feel that their gift has durable quality and intrinsic merit, as well as the sentiment of remembrance.



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BOYS! LOOK!

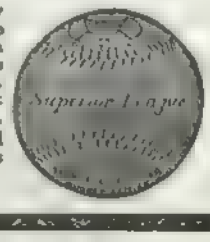
Be the First Boy in your locality to get this League Size Baseball Outfit.

Fielder's Glove made of best olive Canadian leather, strongly stitched, professional padding, protected thumb. A full size glove of excellent quality

Any Boy with Vim in Him can Easily Get it in plenty of time for the First Game of the Season.

Think how much better you'd be able to play if you had this league size outfit — Catcher's Mitt, Fielder's Glove and Superior League Baseball! Think of the fun you'd have if you owned it all yourself.

I want to see the liveliest boy in every locality get one of these fine big outfits. I have a plan that will easily bring it to him in lots of time for the opening of the season. You won't have to pay a cent for it either, I'll send it right to your house.



Write me to-day—a postal card will do—and tell me your name and address and let me show you how you can secure one of these outfits without a cent's cost to you. Be sure to send me the postal to-day.

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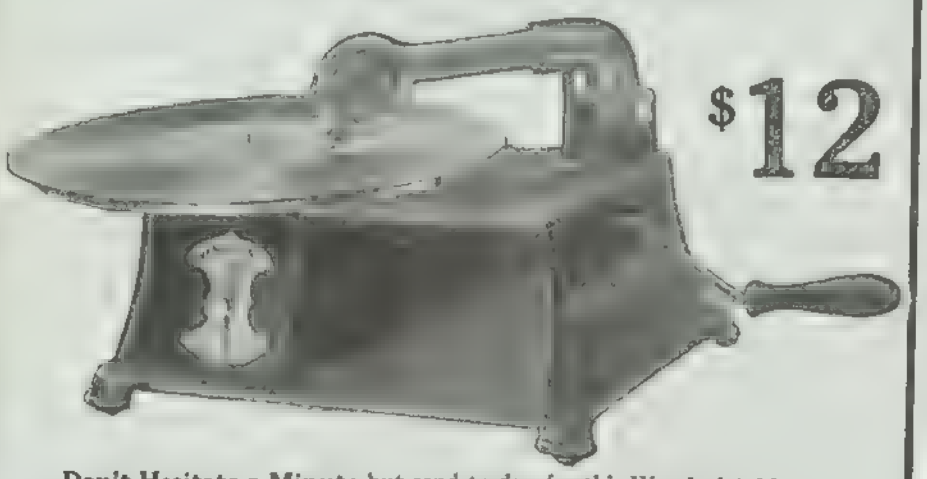

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For sale at the leading Drug Store in every Town and City in Canada. Look for the Vinol Store.

Chester, Kent & Co., Windsor, Canada

PICKED WITHOUT PLANTING

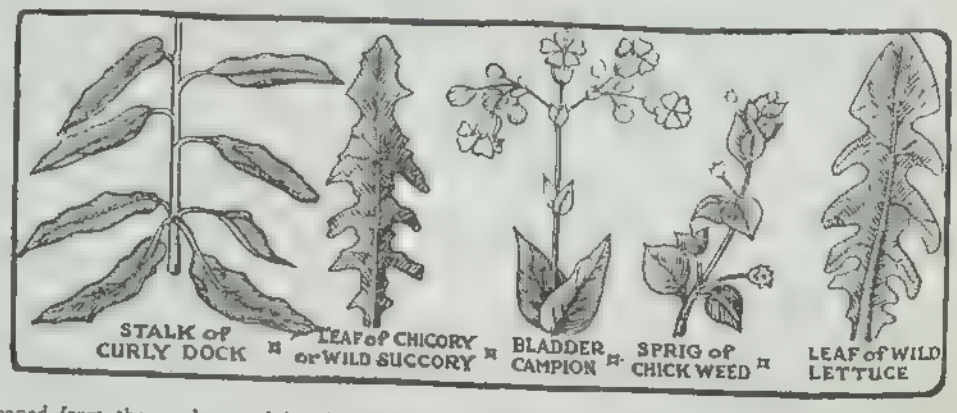
A Study of Edible Weeds

By MARY D. CHAMBERS

FROM early spring until late fall Nature's garden has something to offer us, and many pleasant hours, good for both body and mind, can be spent in searching for these oft neglected treasures.

One of the first of the edible weeds is the dandelion. This humble plant seems specially designed by Nature as a spring tonic. Eaten as boiled greens, or salad, two or three times a week, it is better than anything the drug store affords as a liver stimulant. The strong tasting leaves should be courageously eaten, but for the faint hearted they may be scalded and then boiled for at least half an hour in one or two changes of water. Such treatment makes them very palatable.

Even before the dandelion appears, one may dig up, in moist places, the long, substantial root of the wild horseradish and grate it as a condiment. This is one of the plants which have escaped from the garden, and it still retains the properties of the cultivated variety.



The young shoots of the bladder campion, otherwise known as the cow bell, are just as good as green peas, which they closely resemble in flavor. These may be had soon after the snow is off the ground, and should be cooked by steaming in a covered vessel without the addition of water, so that none of the flavor may be lost, and served on toast like asparagus.

Another springtime delicacy is furnished by the cinnamon, or buckhorn fern. This is the coarse fern of the road and hillsides. If the plant is pulled up by its cluster of young shoots in spring, and the leaves stripped off, there will be found inside the stem sheaths, like the kernel of a nut, a crisp, succulent strip from one and one half to two inches long. This delicacy may be sliced into salad, or cooked like asparagus, or chopped into a milk soup or a clear bouillon. It is a delicious relish, and well worth the time spent in picking it.

The young tops from the wild hop, cut off and boiled in the spring, also make a very agreeable dish. They are particularly good when creamed, or they may be served with butter, like asparagus.

The various varieties of dock are all edible, but the curled or sour dock is the best. It has narrow, lance-shaped leaves, with irregularly wavy or curly edges, and when boiled makes a very good dish, with an agreeable acid flavor.

There are many varieties of mustard, and though they are known as very troublesome weeds, not a single unwholesome plant is to be found among them. The leaves and succulent stalks of both the black and white mustard make excellent greens, without any of the wild taste present in some of the other varieties, and with a certain relishable quality in their flavor. They are considered very wholesome, having antiscorbutic properties.

Another mustard is the hare's ear. It looks something like a miniature cabbage, when young, and the leaves have little ear like tips clasping the stem. The ball mustard and the false flax or yellow weed have the same kind of leaf. Other varieties, with variously shaped leaves, are the tansy mustard, the tumbling mustard, and the wild mustard or charlock. All of these have the characteristic truss of yellow blossoms, and all of them are good to eat.

The ox eyed daisy, like the mustards, is a noxious weed, but nevertheless possesses virtues of the culinary order. Its root leaves, acrid when raw, are quite edible when cooked. The method should be the same as for dandelions.

M. Soyer, that prince of cooks, recommends boiled nettles, and as the stinging property is lost in cooking, a succulent dish results.

There are several varieties of correl, all having the characteristic acid flavor, due to the presence of oxalic acid, to which is also due the acidity of rhubarb, and all of them are capable of being put to various edible uses. Sorrel makes a delicious salad, and combines well with cream cheese, eggs, fish, and other foods of not very pronounced flavors. A sorrel sauce, made like mint sauce by adding vinegar to the chopped leaves, is good to serve with lamb. A piquant and quickly prepared condiment to serve with cold meat is made by mincing the leaves with just one half their volume of sugar, dusting with pepper, adding just a pinch of salt, and moistening the whole with vinegar. Boiled sorrel makes good greens to accompany fish or meat; a cream of sorrel soup is made by adding a cupful of chopped boiled sorrel to twice or three times that volume of thin white sauce; and even tarts can be made from the chopped leaves stewed with sugar. Like rhubarb, sorrel is said to be antiscorbutic, diuretic, and cooling

The leaves of the wild garlic, or onion, used to be so highly valued in England that they were called "sauce alone." There are several species of wild garlic, and though they are rank in flavor unless modified by cooking in several waters, they are wholesome, having the diuretic and sudorific properties of the cultivated sorts.

The field garlic, or wild onion, is detested by farmers, for if eaten by cows, it will taint the milk, but the rather spreading green leaves may be boiled and eaten by the farmer's family with great benefit, and the curious little bulbs which sometimes appear on the flower stalks can also be used on the table.

The wild lettuce is found in late summer in most open places. It grows unusually tall, often much over three feet in height and bears clusters of insignificant light yellow blossoms, which are replaced by little woolly tufts. It has a very distinctive leaf, six to twelve inches long, and deeply waved, with a tip shaped like a triangle. The wild lettuce may be cooked like dandelion.

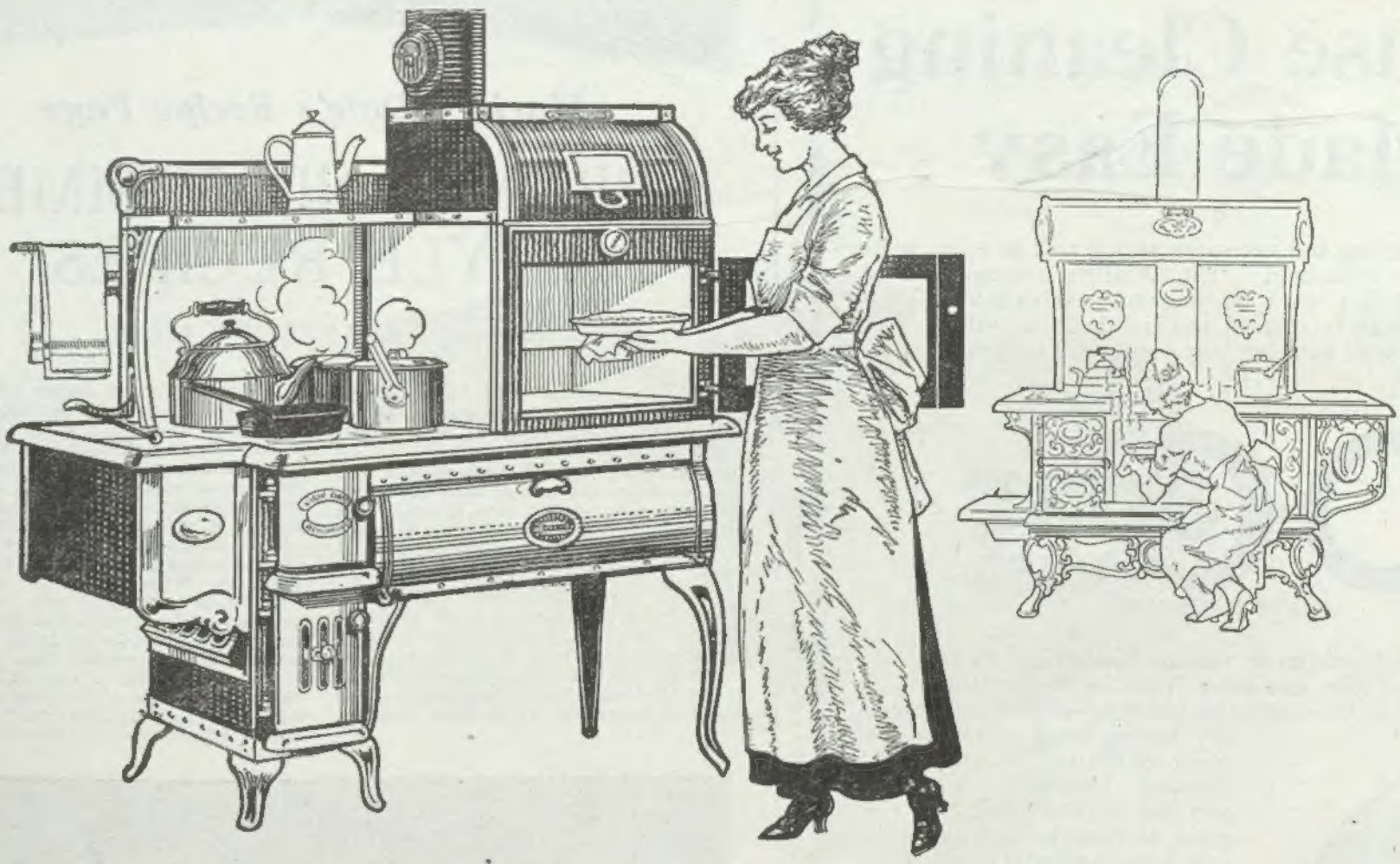
PIG WEED or LAMBS QUARTERS
SPRIG of PURSLANE
LEAF of SHEEP SORREL
LEAF of HARE'S EAR MUSTARD
LEAF of WILD MUSTARD or CHARLOCK
PLANTAIN LEAF

Lamb's lettuce grows about a foot high, and has long, narrow, light green leaves, with clusters of insignificant blue flowers in spring. It makes a delicate salad, or it may be cooked like spinach.

It seems like sacrilege to eat the marsh marigold, the "Mary-bud" of Shakespeare, but its round, thick, kidney shaped leaves make very good greens if boiled. When young, the young flower-buds, too, may be pickled The marsh marigold grows by river sides, and in marshy places, and is often, but incorrectly, called a cowslip

Puslane, or pusley, is a little plant which trails on the ground, branching out in a circle. The stalks and leaves are reddish green, the leaves roundish oval, thick, fleshy, and hardly as big as the thumb nail. The leafy stalks, when cooked, are deliciously succulent, and make a very attractive looking dish. They seem to go particularly well with cottage cheese, cheese souffle, or grated cheese. They also make a good pickle, or may be used raw as a salad, or with a dressing for sandwich filling.

Tansy cakes, a goody from our forefathers' kitchens, were made of chopped liver, potatoes and tansy. The modern housekeeper uses the chopped leaves, which have a strongly aromatic odor, to flavor hash and meat cakes. The plant grows rather tall, has feathery leaves, and button like yellow flowers



Stop stooping - Lighten your housework

Here is the modern way to bake. This is the modern range that takes the weariness out of baking. It is the wonderful LIGHTER DAY Range that burns coal or wood and has a high oven.

Think of an oven you can attend without stooping; an oven with a clear glass door at a height where you can always see through without bending over; the thermometer up where you can see it; all these things at handy standing height;—and that in a range that burns coal or wood. Is it worth while now to keep on using the old style range? Do you wonder that women have taken the Lighter Day into their hearts, thankful for the relief from continual tiresome stooping on baking days?

No range you ever saw was anything like this one. It is entirely new. At every point it is planned to save work, save burned fingers, save annoyance and add to the enjoyment of woman's most interesting work—baking.

It has six pot holes like other ranges, but two of them are inside, where dishes may be cooked without the odors escaping into the house. Look at the illustration and see the warming closet placed just above the oven. That is to save reaching over steaming hot dishes. The dishes may be lifted from the oven to the warming closet above with the least trouble. And this new warming closet is almost like a second oven because it is directly heated by the fire. There is a high shelf as well—useful for many purposes.

The back of the range and the side of the oven are of beautiful white porcelain enamel, the easiest of all substances to keep clean. How simple to keep your range bright and free from rust!

See the deep storage closet under the oven for keeping pots and pans. Isn't this a handy and tidy way to keep these useful articles?

But the wonder of all these conveniences is that they can be used without stooping. What a help they must prove on a busy day!

And the Lighter Day stands up off the floor, giving a clear sweeping space for the broom. This is not only sanitary, but it is the modern idea in all pieces of furniture. The Lighter Day has the fine appearance that conforms to all the latest kitchen appliances.

Can any woman afford to tire herself day after day, week after week, for years attending to an old-style range? Here is the Lighter Day Range to make a world of difference in her day's work. Think of the many, many times she must get up and down to the oven, and then think of doing away with that tiring drudgery. **Wouldn't it be a wonderful saving of strength to have one of these modern Lighter Day Ranges in the kitchen?**

Lighter Day CLARE BROS. HIGH OVEN Range

(For Coal or Wood)

To show every wonderful labor-saving feature of the Lighter Day Range we had photos taken of a housewife actually using the range. These pictures were printed in a booklet, and it is next best to seeing the range to have a copy of the booklet. You may have a copy if you send us the coupon. And if you know of other women who would like to lighten their housework, and will send us their names, we will send them copies of the booklet, too. Certainly the act of tearing out the coupon and mailing it promptly will show you a way to lessen the weariness of your housework and will prove well worth the slight trouble you may take.

GUARANTEE **In the fifty years we have been making ranges, we have never expected any woman to keep one that did not give perfect satisfaction. We guarantee the Lighter Day High Oven Range unconditionally.**

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The Great Contest
"What Did Little Mary Buy?"

The judging of the qualified entries in this interesting Contest, which closed March 31st, 1916, is being completed as this issue goes to press.

The work is being done very carefully, and the judges require ample time in order that the entry of each contestant may receive every fair consideration.

Each qualified contestant will be notified by mail just as soon as the Judges complete their work and hand the winners' names to us. A complete list of the prize winners, names and addresses, will be published in the June issue of "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD."

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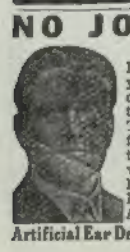

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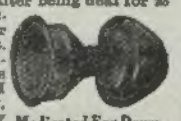

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Marjory Dale's Recipe Page

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE RECIPES

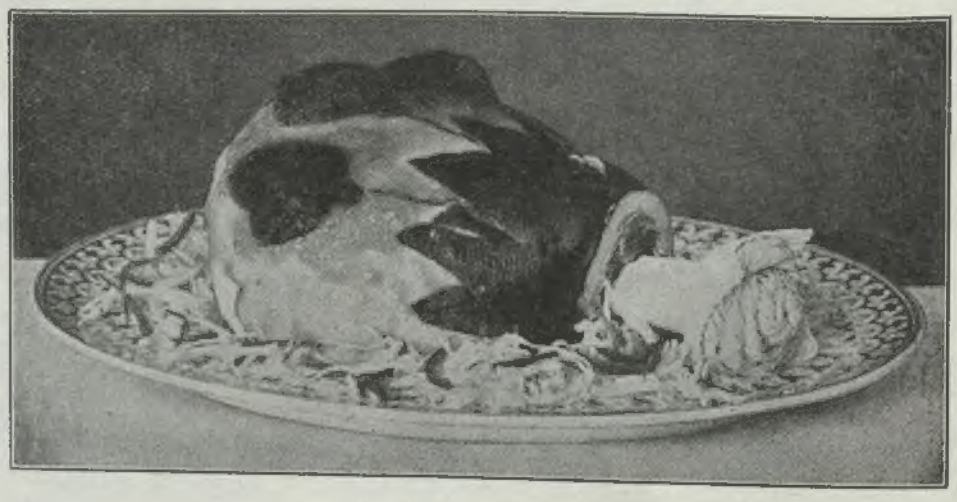
Edited by MARJORY DALE

FRUIT SALAD

Wash both red and white cherries, remove the stems and stones, and cut into halves lengthways. Wash some ripe strawberries. Remove the pulp from oranges. Remove the skins from bananas, scrape with a silver knife, cut in one-third inch slices and cut slices in cubes. Mix the fruits, using an equal quantity of each, and marinate with a French dressing.—*M. B., Winnipeg.*

ONE EGG CAKE

One cupful of granulated sugar, two-thirds cupful of sweet milk, one large tablespoonful of butter, two cupfuls of flour, one egg, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flavoring to suit the taste. Bake in two layers and use any filling desired.—*Mrs. E. R. Gillies, Hamilton, Ont.*



Chaudfroid of Boiled Ham

GREEN PEA SOUP

One pint of peas, one quart of stock, six spring onions, small bunch of mint, bunch of parsley, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a large handful of spinach and salt. Wash the peas, parsley, and mint. Skin and wash the onions. Add one teaspoonful of salt to the stock, in which boil gently the peas, mint, parsley, and onions until the peas are quite soft; about five minutes before they are cooked add the spinach. Pass all through a hair sieve, then bring to the boil again, season to taste.—*L. T., Regina.*

ARTICHOKE SALAD

Use boiled or canned artichokes. Cut into quarter-inch slices and stamp out with a French vegetable cutter. To one pint add two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Toss lightly together and let stand for one hour; drain and serve on lettuce leaves.—*Mrs. M. B., Toronto.*

LETTUCE AND POTATO SALAD

One large, crisp lettuce, one cupful of diced potatoes, two onions, and salad dressing. Shred the lettuce till very fine and keep it in a cool place. Peel and cut raw potatoes into dice shaped pieces and cook in boiling salted water with the onions. Take out when done, remove the onions, pour over the potatoes while they are still hot a dressing of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, and set them to cool. Arrange the crisp lettuce leaves on an oval earthen-ware dish and put the potatoes in the center. Chopped parsley and thin slices of cold hard boiled eggs may be added to this salad as a garnish, or sliced gherkins and capers may be used.—*J. B., Vancouver.*

SURPRISE POTATOES

Five large potatoes, one pound of cold meat, three mushrooms, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to season. Beel and chop the mushrooms, and cook them in one tablespoonful of the butter. Cut the meat into small pieces, add it to the mushrooms, season nicely, and heat thoroughly. Choose five large, even-sized potatoes, wash and dry them; make a small incision in each, place in a hot oven, and bake until soft. Cut each potato into halves lengthways, scoop out most of the center, and rub through a sieve. Season with salt and pepper, add the remainder of the butter and the parsley; replace some of this mixture in the potato skin, leaving a hollow in each. Fill this center cavity with the meat preparation. Place the halves of potato together again, lay them in small fireproof dishes, and put in the oven to reheat.—*Miss M. R., Stagath.*

CHAUDFROID OF BOILED HAM

Scrub and wash a ham; if salt, soak over night in cold water. Set to cook in a fresh supply of cold water; use enough water to cover the ham. Heat gradually to the boiling point, then let simmer until tender. Let partially cool in the liquid, then remove to a board. Cut the skin in points, a short distance from the shank, to leave the larger part of the ham free from skin. Set aside to become chilled. To a cup of hot cream sauce add one-fourth package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth cup of cold water; stir over ice water until it begins to set, then pour over the surface of the ham from which the skin was taken. When cold and set, decorate with three figures to represent roses. Use strips of green pepper for stems and sections, cut from small ripe tomatoes for the petals of the roses; remove the seed portions from each tomato section. Have ready a cup of hot, clarified consomme, in which a tablespoonful of gelatine, softened in cold water, has been dissolved. Let cool in ice water, then use to cover the decorations and sauce. The ham will keep in perfect condition for several days.

This ham is suitable for buffet service at any place or occasion. A small ham thus decorated may be cut and served on the home table for luncheon or dinner. Hot vegetables, as spinach, cabbage, or tomatoes and potatoes, should be served with it. Served with potato salad, it should be preceded by a hot soup. In the illustration, the garnish is cabbage and green pepper salad.—*Mrs. P. T. S., Owen Sound.*

CASSEROLE OF ROUND STEAK

Cut round steak in pieces about two inches square and let brown in salt pork fat or dripping. Remove to a casserole and add broth to cover. Add more fat to the pan and in it brown a small blanched onion for each service; add these to the casserole, cover and let cook about two hours or until nearly tender; add, for each service, two small strips of carrot and half a dozen cubes or balls of potato, parboiled and browned in the frying pan, also salt and pepper as needed, and let cook until the vegetables are tender. If the beef be rolled in flour, it will brown more quickly.—*Mrs. W. B., Ottawa.*

JUGGED CHICKEN

Separate the chicken into pieces at the joints. Take two or three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper and, if desired, a little powdered sage; mix all together thoroughly; in this roll the pieces of chicken, after dipping them in milk or water, then pack them solidly in an earthen baking pot; cover the whole with sweet milk, then adjust the cover and let bake until the chicken is tender.

EASY CHICKEN PATTIES

Sift together three cups of pastry flour and half a teaspoonful each of salt and baking powder; add three-fourths cup (six ounces) of shortening and with a knife cut and mix it through the flour; then add cold water gradually and mix to a paste that cleans the bowl. Turn with the knife on to a floured board, knead slightly to gather into a compact mass, then pat with the rolling pin and roll into a rectangular shape. Have ready from one-fourth to one-half a cup of butter, creamed but not warm nor oily. Spread one-half of the paste lightly with butter, or put on little bits here and there, on one-half of the paste, and fold the other half of the paste over the butter; spread butter in same manner on one-half of this paste, and fold as before, then pat and roll into a rectangular sheet; fold to make three layers, roll again into a thin sheet, and repeat the folding and rolling two or three times if desired, or at once cut into rounds; press them over inverted patty pans, prick with a fork, set on a tin sheet, let chill half an hour, and bake about twelve minutes. Cut rounds for covers; decorate with small figures cut from the paste and brushed underneath with cold water to make them adhere. Chill and bake. Fill with chicken cut in cubes, reheated in cream or Bechamel sauce.—*H. J., Cornwall.*

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